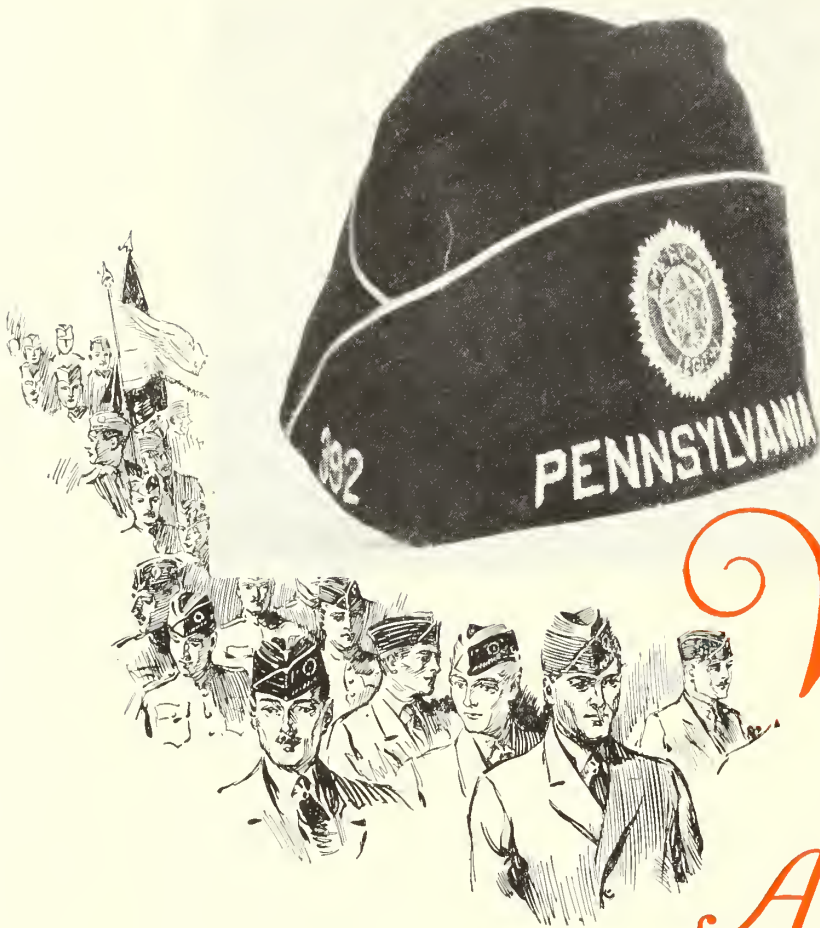


The *25 Cents* *October, 1927*
A **MERICAN**
L **EGION** *Monthly*



Arthur Somers Roche · Richard Washburn Child · J.B. Priestley
Ellis Parker Butler · Knute Rockne · William Slavens McNutt



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THE AMERICAN LEGION
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The AMERICAN LEGION *Monthly*



Contents

| | | |
|--------------------------------------|--|----|
| COVER DESIGN | by Howard Chandler Christy | |
| | <i>The Battle of San Juan Hill</i> | |
| THE MESSAGE CENTER | by The Editor | 4 |
| BLACK HENS AND WHITE EGGS | by Ellis Parker Butler | 6 |
| | <i>Illustration by Walter Jardine</i> | |
| THE HANDICAP | by Arthur Somers Roche | 9 |
| | <i>Illustrations by Clark Agnew</i> | |
| I'VE NEVER BEEN TO AMERICA | by J. B. Priestley | 12 |
| NAPOLEON, JUNIOR | by Marquis James | 14 |
| HIGHBROW | by William Slavens McNutt | 18 |
| | <i>Illustrations by T. D. Skidmore</i> | |
| THE NEW FOOTBALL IS THE OLD FOOTBALL | by Knute Rockne | 22 |
| THE SECOND LINE | by Richard Washburn Child | 26 |
| EDITORIAL | with cartoon by John Cassel | 30 |
| TIME IS MONEY | by Richard Seelye Jones | 32 |
| BRINGING THE CHANNEL TO AMERICA | by Charles Phelps Cushing | 34 |
| THE MONTH OF DISCOVERIES | by Wallgren | 38 |
| BURSTS AND DUDS | with cartoons by F. E. Warren | 39 |
| WHO SAID THE WAR WAS OVER? | by A. B. Bernd | 40 |
| A PERSONAL VIEW | by Frederick Palmer | 43 |
| THEY ALSO SERVE: PART NINE | by Peter B. Kyne | 44 |
| | <i>Illustrations by Cyrus LeRoy Baldrige</i> | |
| KEEPING STEP | by Right Guide | 48 |
| THEN AND NOW | by The Company Clerk | 54 |

THE STARS IN THE FLAG

MARYLAND: One of the thirteen original colonies. In June, 1632, Sir George Calvert, first Lord Baltimore, a Catholic gentleman of England, and his son Cecil received a royal charter. In March, 1634, they and their followers began a settlement near St. Marys. They had two objects in view, to make money in land and trade, and to found a refuge for persecuted religious sects in England. In 1649 the colony passed a law granting toleration to all Christians, permitting them to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences. To settle a dispute over the boundary between Maryland and Pennsylvania, the Penn and Baltimore families agreed on a new boundary in 1767, naming it for the surveyors, Mason and Dixon. This line became generally regarded as the dividing line between the northern and southern groups of colonies. Population, 1790, 319,728; 1926 (U. S. Census Bureau est.), 1,580,268. Percentage of urban population (communities of 2,500 and over), 1900,



49.8; 1910, 50.8; 1920, 60.0. Area, 12,327 sq. miles. Density of population, 1920, 145.8 per sq. mile. Rank among States, 28th in population, 41st in area, seventh in density. Capital, Annapolis, 11,214. Three largest cities, Baltimore, 868,000; Cumberland, 33,741; Hagerstown, 31,357. Estimated wealth (1923 U. S. Census), \$3,090,730,000. Value of all crops (1920 census), \$109,683,574, the leaders being corn, tobacco, wheat and oysters. Manufactured goods (1923 U. S. Census) valued at \$903,405,514, the leaders being men's clothing, steel and rolling mill products, and ships. Maryland contributed 62,034 men to the United States service in the World War. State mottoes, adopted 1648: "Fatti maschii, parole femine"—"Manly deeds, womanly words," also "Scuto bonae voluntatis tuae coronasti nos"—"With the shield of thy good-will thou hast covered us." Named in honor of Queen Henrietta Marie, wife of King Charles I. Maryland has been given two nicknames, the Old Line State, the Cockade State.

ROBERT F. SMITH, *General Manager*

T. H. LAINE, *Advertising Manager*

JOHN T. WINTERICH, *Editor*

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F O R T H E M A N W H O C A R E S

THE MESSAGE CENTER



THE eye is quicker than the hand. We noticed it ourselves, and for three days were congratulating us on our astuteness. Then came letters from Theodore C. Horner of Woodbury Heights, New Jersey, J. A. Zeller of Philadelphia, J. N. Edens of Kansas City, Missouri, John C. Davis of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and anonymous well-wishers in Chicago, Washington, D. C., and Eagle Pass, Texas.

LET Mr. Horner tell what it's all about: "The August Monthly came today and I thought Hugh Wiley's 'Bare-foot' looked good. It was, but as I finished the last sentence (page 79), 'Wonder how fur yo' Willie nephew is run by dis time?' I noted in display type below it the apparent answer: 'He's Run 7500 Miles.' Is this a make-up joke on us fellows or do such things just happen?" Such things, of course, just happen. There you are—just one extra unpremeditated laugh in the August number, and all for the same money.

MR. CHRISTY'S cover design this month is a picture out of his own life. He was the only artist who saw the Battle of San Juan Hill, and in those days one could actually see a battle in the sense that one can see a baseball game. Not that San Juan was just a pleasantly exciting little skirmish. It was war of the sternest, differing from the Western Front article only in the smaller number of troops engaged. Stationed with a battery of artillery on a neighboring eminence—an eminence which was soon discovered by the Spaniards owing to the fact that its black powder didn't permit the Yankee battery to fire without giving itself dead away—Mr. Christy watched the struggle up San Juan through glasses that permitted him to see the advance of individual soldiers. In those days, too, as in the Civil War, if one's eyesight were alert enough he could see a projectile in mid-air, and so Mr. Christy was able to watch the course of the very shell that crashed through the roof of the block-house, as shown in his painting. The flag being borne at the right, by the way, is not tossed in for decorative effect. It was actually there.

IT MAY not be out of order to quote a brief account of the Battle of San Juan Hill in the words of an eye-witness. He is Captain John Bigelow, who was wounded at San Juan, and who retired from the Army in 1904 after thirty years' service. We are indebted for the quotation to

James Ford Rhodes's "The McKinley and Roosevelt Administrations": "The enemy's position was about as nearly ideal as a real position can be. I have seen the famous stone wall at Fredericksburg backed by Marye's Heights. It is hardly a circumstance to this position. San Juan was more suggestive of Gettysburg than of Fredericksburg. Our attack seemed hardly less desperate than that of Pickett's division. At Gettysburg a cannonade of several hours' duration designed to shake the morale of the defence preceded the advance of the attacking infantry which, during this period of preparation, was kept out of fire. At San Juan there was hardly any preparation by artillery, and the infantry and dismounted cavalry, who made the attack, were exposed to the enemy's fire for about an hour immediately preceding their advance, most of them not being able or permitted to fire back."

FOLLOWING William Slavens McNutt's first appearance in these pages in the April number with a story called "A Pass to Paris" there came a letter from P. C. Satterthwaite, ex-603d Engineers, of Tecumseh, Michigan, which we can reproduce with particular appropriateness on this, the second appearance of Mr. McNutt. Mr. Satterthwaite writes: "Mr. McNutt and several other war correspondents happened along in a Cadillac one day and stopped in a wooded area where our pontoon boats were stationed awaiting orders to throw a bridge over the Meuse near Stenay. This was about ten o'clock on the morning of the Armistice—in fact, Mr. McNutt's party brought the first news that such a thing was being thought of. They said they wanted one more fling at the front, so we went with them to Laneville, across the river from Stenay. At eleven o'clock, when firing ceased, we went across the blown-up bridge unto Stenay. In jumping from stone to stone Mr. McNutt lost his hat, so when we reached Stenay he appropriated a silk stove-pipe hat. A little Belgian refugee handed him a violin, and he proceeded to make things very merry." We trust that Mr. McNutt has subsequently sent the mayor of Stenay a nice new silk hat. It must have been the mayor's hat. Who else in Stenay would have one?

ELLIS PARKER BUTLER is not going out beyond his depth in discussing finance. Though better known as a writer—particularly as the writer of "Pigs Is Pigs"—Mr. Butler is also vice-

president of the Flushing (Long Island) National Bank. He is a former president of the Authors' League of America and is still secretary of the Authors' League Fund, which bespeaks added recognition of his financial prowess. . . . Arthur Somers Roche wrote the first serial to appear in the pages of *The American Legion Monthly*, "Dangerous Ways." At present he is sojourning in Biarritz, where, unless Biarritz is a much bigger place than we think it is, he ought to be a neighbor of the Leonard H. Nasons. Mr. Roche served as a captain in the Army Intelligence Section during the war. His C. O. was Major Rupert Hughes. . . . J. B. Priestley served in the British Army throughout the war, rising from the ranks to first lieutenant. He was twice wounded. Since the war he has distinguished himself as parodist, poet, critic, essayist, and, recently, as novelist. . . . Richard Seelye Jones, Minnesota born and Pacific Coast reared, joined an Engineer regiment in 1917 and was subsequently transferred to the staff of "The Stars and Stripes." National Commander James A. Drain drafted him in 1924-1925 to direct the job of raising the five million dollars that now constitute The American Legion Endowment Fund for the care of disabled veterans and the orphaned children of veterans. . . . Run over the names of America's great football generals, past and present, and you won't get very far before including the name of Knute Rockne. Everybody who knows that newspapers have sports pages knows that Knute Rockne has put the University of Notre Dame on the football map in red ink, though not everyone stops to recall that Rockne was once a Notre Dame player himself. . . . Charles Phelps Cushing and A. B. Bernd are frequent contributors to *The American Legion Monthly*.

ATWO-PART A. E. F. crime story by Karl W. Detzer will begin in the November number. There will also be stories and articles by Robert E. Sherwood, Madame Schumann-Heink, George Creel, Chet Shafer, Marquis James, and Joseph Mills Hanson, and another article in Richard Washburn Child's series on the problems of national defense. A detailed account of the Ninth National Convention of The American Legion will be published in the December issue of the *Monthly*.

The Editor

W H E N A P P E A R A N C E C O U N T S



Two Quadrangle Club models. Overcoat is the Harrow, satin yoke and sleeves, fancy plaid woolen lining. Suit is the Varsity, full-cut easy-draping 4-button coat.

YOUNG MEN *created these* STYLES

To be right, styles for young men must originate with them. Knowing this, Adler Collegian designers made an intimate study of young men's preferences and then designed the Quadrangle Club and Alumni Groups.

Go to your Adler Collegian dealer, see these ultra-smart models in the newest colors and exclusive patterns. Suits, overcoats, tuxedos. Through distinctive style developments, Adler Collegian "Two-Pants Suits at One-Pair Prices" reach a new climax of achievement for Fall.

DAVID ADLER &
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MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

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ADLER COLLEGIAN

CLOTHES

they Keep you looking  *your best*

BLACK HENS *and* WHITE EGGS

A FEW days ago a lively real estate firm in my town mailed

me a desk card that had on it a motto that I thought was just about the best advice that could be printed on a card. It said: "Don't waste a lot of time dopping out why a black hen lays a white egg—GET THE EGG."

That motto made a big hit with me. "That's the stuff!" I said. "There's the whole secret of success in, as you might say, an egg shell. 'Get the egg!' Who cares whether the hen that lays the egg is white or black or red or green with pink tail feathers? 'Get the egg!'"

Because if what you are going after is an egg, the important thing is to get the egg, isn't it? You certainly can't get the egg if you stand with your finger in your mouth all day, trying to figure out why a black hen—which ought to lay a black egg—lays a white egg, can you? While you are standing there sucking your finger some up-and-coming fellow who don't give a hang why black hens lay white eggs will dash in and grab the egg and be home and eating an omelette before you know what has happened. It seemed to me, when I read that motto, that the whole spirit of success was in it.

But suppose you are a fellow who has worked pretty hard to save a little money—and have saved it—and somebody comes around and tries to sell you an egg. Tries to sell you a setting of eggs to hatch in your incubator, let us say. And you want to raise white chickens. You mighty soon discover that although a black hen can lay eggs that are white on the surface you can't possibly hatch white chickens out of the eggs a black hen lays.

If I wanted to put in this space a bit of advice that would be of the greatest possible value to you—and that's what I do want to do—I would say: "Before you spend your hard earned money for eggs, spend some time dopping out whether they were laid by a black hen or a white hen." And that is what I do say. I have bought the eggs of the black hen myself. I have been stung and I know how it feels. It feels tough.

By Ellis Parker Butler

Illustration by Walter Jardine

I believe there is more money lost through listening to smooth-tongued salesmen of

worthless stocks in no-account companies than in any other way. I have a bale of them myself and they are not worth the paper they're printed on. There are stocks that are worth money, of course—eggs of the white hens of business—but the chances are that when a man comes selling stocks from door to door they are eggs of the black hen and that nothing ever will hatch out of them. All the man who is selling them wants is his twenty percent commission on the sale—and he may get more than that. You are the poor egg that he wants to get.

He will come telling you of the millions you would have made if you had bought a few shares of Henry Ford stock when Henry was trying to get started, but don't get excited. Henry sold his stock mostly to his personal friends. Thousands of other Henrys have sold stocks that never paid a cent of dividends and are now waste paper. I own some of them. But I am wiser now. I want to know the color of the hen that is laying the eggs.

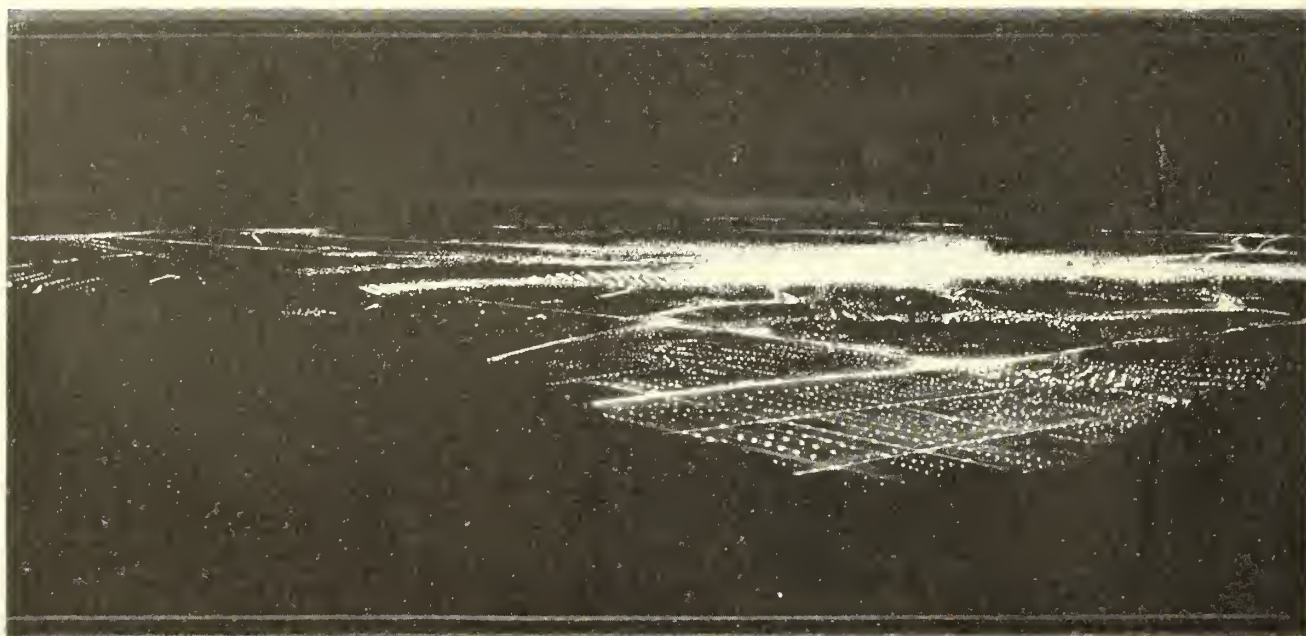
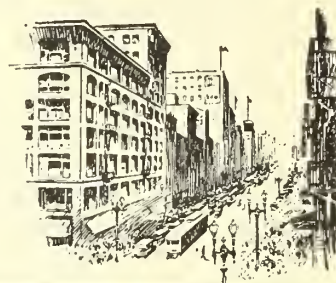
There is one sure way of learning at least a little about the actual value of stocks that are offered to you for purchase. Ask any bank what they will lend you on them. On listed prime stocks a bank may lend eighty percent; on any stocks safe enough to put your money into, a bank ought to loan fifty percent. If a bank won't lend you half what you are paying for stocks, why should you buy them? You would do better if you took the money down to the creek and threw it in.

Every hen cackles over her own eggs. Every lot of stocks offered is the "best ever." So I offer you this new motto: "Don't waste a lot of money buying sterile eggs—ASK THE BANK." And if you take that advice I will have saved the readers of this magazine one million dollars. But if you insist on buying worthless stocks, buy mine.



LIGHTING—

A measure of civic progress



From a photograph by Jos. O. Hickox

Los Angeles is the bright constellation in this remarkable night panorama. At the foot of the mountain lies Pasadena, while Santa Monica, Ocean Park, and Venice are at the right. At the extreme left is Avalon, 75 miles away.

THIS galaxy of twinkling lights is Los Angeles and its neighbors from the top of Mount Wilson. Here live two million people who have expressed in a decisive way their belief in good street lighting. Nearly three hundred and fifty miles of well-lighted streets is proof of a progressive spirit.

Suppose you were looking down upon your own home town. What story would the street lights tell?

Do you realize that street lighting is of vital importance? It means protection against the marauder. It prevents the careless accident. It brings business to your merchants. It increases property values that in themselves pay off the investment.

But street lighting means even more than that. It has become an index of a city's progress. It is a criterion by which men judge. Has your city seized the opportunity which modern lighting offers?



G-E MAZDA lamps make good lighting possible everywhere. Every citizen should know more about street lighting. Discuss it among neighbors, talk it over with city officials, or write for the new booklet "What to look for in City Lighting". Address your letter care of Publicity Department, General Electric, Schenectady, N. Y.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

The HANDICAP

By
Arthur Somers
Roche

Illustrations by
Clark Agnew

THERE can be little doubt about it: a man married is a man marred. He travels fastest who travels alone. You can't give all to your career if you're giving part to your family. The assumption of burdens cannot increase your speed. Oh, there are thousands of reasons why an ambitious young fellow is a fool to marry, and Sid Tracy knew every one of them.

Catch him fooling around, object matrimony? Not while he had his reason intact, thank you. From the proud height of twenty-six years he figuratively looked around him. There was Jennard, as up-and-coming a lad as you'd find anywhere. Headed for success, Jennard was, until one hundred and ten pounds of curves made him keep his eye on the clock and spend the firm's time figuring on building plans and gardens. Jennard would never be a partner, now. Lucky if he ever got beyond being chief book-keeper.

And to hear him drool!


"The Missus said—the Wife thinks—the Ball and Chain believes—wait till I hear what the Little Woman has to say about it—I'd like to, but my Girl Friend expects me—"

You know, the kind of silly rot that every bridegroom pulls, and that makes a strong man feel slightly nauseated. This love stuff! This taking a silly woman, with about brains enough to tell the difference between a marcel wave and a permanent, and making a goddess of her! It made Sid Tracy tired.

Silk stockings, a little hat pulled down over the ears, a curve or two, pouting lips and smiling eyes—not much to offer in exchange for a career. And Jennard wasn't the only one of his acquaintance who took the time-old way. Practically all the chaps in the offices of Kendall and Haley were either married, about to be married, or hoping to be married.

But the fact that a majority approved didn't mean anything to a man of independent spirit. Sid Tracy was independent. He'd proved that sufficiently. It took independence to leave your home town in Maine, where there was a good job waiting for you as soon as you got through high school, and, with only forty dollars in your pocket, essay New York. Of course, plenty of other young men have done the same thing, but that doesn't detract from the bravery of the action. I wonder if anyone ever stops to think of the courage required by the commonplace. Oh, well, we can't all be Lindberghs.

Eighteen years old, over six feet, a bit too lanky, with unruly hair that never knew the unguents of the barber-shop, widely-spaced gray eyes, feet that were a bit too big, like those of a



"You've the strength," she pronounced, "but you can't do anything with that old stroke. I'll have to teach you the crawl!"

puppy, and an awkward but pleasant manner. That was Sid Tracy when he was first employed by Kendall and Haley. Yes, THE Kendall and Haley: importers, exporters, wholesalers, retailers, and everything else. Coffee from Brazil, rubber from Africa, automobiles to China, their own steamships, their own mines, an occasional railway—the biggest firm in the country.

When Sid Tracy had applied for a job here it had been no haphazard inquiry. He had decided, when he turned down the job in Maine, to get in with the biggest, stay there until he was bigger than anyone else, and—who knew? Or cared? He wasn't one of those young fellows who tell themselves that when they're making six thousand they can have a small car, and that when they're making ten thousand they can get the best theater tickets. I'll explain Sid in a sentence: He never craved the headwaiter's

recognition because he didn't know that head-waiters existed.

But no hick, understand. Those hard grey eyes, that thin-lipped mouth, that curving nose and firm chin were not the lineaments of a yap. Listen to me, girls: you'd have liked him. Many a trim stenographer, riding in the subway, wouldn't have called a cop if Sid Tracy had given her the eye. The female employes in the main offices of Kendall and Haley tried hard, take it from me, but he didn't know they were alive.

Take a look at him at twenty. He's gone through the accounting department like Nurni. Best record ever made in two years by anybody that worked for Kendall and Haley. Up at Columbia every night studying. Didn't know where Roseland was, couldn't Charleston at all, and never saw the women down at Coney Island swimmin' . . .

Next station, twenty-two. Weight one-seventy-five now; dresses a little better, because observation told him that the firm liked well-groomed employes, but has the same interest in clothes that a politician has in good government, which is a long way of saying none.

He's working in the correspondence department now. Kendall and Haley, with their enormous, world-wide interests, never put anyone in this department unless the men higher up are watching their employes very carefully. Fellow clerks congratulated Tracy. He was on his way up and, though a bit reserved, he wasn't high-hat at all, but nobody tried to kid him. Good luck to him.

Station twenty-four. A few pounds heavier, and there are lines about the eyes; the mouth seems a trifle grim for youth, too. But the features must show the effect of terrific concentration, and Tracy was the essence of that. He lived Kendall and Haley. He was getting seven thousand a year, and four of it was going into Kendall and Haley stock. Not that he was penurious; he just was content with the same room on Twenty-third Street that he had rented when his salary was twenty dollars a week. He had no occasion to spend money. He didn't know any girls, who would have required dinner, theatres, flowers and candy. He didn't want to know any. Girls were all right, he supposed. Only, they interfered with business, and business was the only thing of any importance whatsoever.

And here he is at twenty-six. He has become secretary to Wilson Burney, one of the junior partners, and Burney swears by him.

"Never saw such a glutton for work. Positively eats it up. Has a greater grasp of the business than I have, and I was born in the firm. Tires me out. Isn't content to master the European



In his city clothes he stepped into a canoe, went in

end; always delving into the South American, Asiatic, African angles. Knows more about miners' living conditions in Colorado than our mine superintendents. Knows the salary of a breaker boy in the Altoona pits—I tell you, we'll have to push that boy ahead."

This to Ben Kendall, if you please, son of the first senior partner in the great firm, and majority owner.

"Pretty young," said Kendall.

"Old head on his shoulders," declared Burney.

Ben Kendall pursed his lips. "Well, we'll see," he said. "He's getting along pretty swiftly now, and twenty-six—it's young, it's young."

Oh, yes, Sid Tracy was a hit. Modest, too. Kept his mouth shut unless his opinion was invited, and then could say more in twenty words than most people can in twenty hundred. Affable to underlings, too. Didn't put on airs, and if somebody made a mistake he didn't raise the roof about it. Patient, obliging—too bad he was such a lonesome crab. Well, you can't have everything. Tracy wanted success and he was getting it.

And then the doctor shook his head sagely.



search of her, found her, made her paddle to shore

"It's the eyes, I'm sure of that," he said. "Better see Underwood. No one better that I know of."

You see, for a couple of months there'd been silvery lines gliding through the air. Once in a while the silver turned to gold, to golden dots and stars. And the top of the head seemed to have something pressing down hard on it . . .

"Aviation vision," said the oculist. "No astigmatism, just eye-strain."

"Then I'm O. K.," exclaimed Tracy joyfully. "Gosh, I knew there was nothing really wrong. Only went to the doctor because my chief thought I looked badly. So I'm all right, eh?"

"Sure," said the oculist. "Of course, you'll be blind in another year, but that's nothing serious, is it?"

Sid Tracy gasped. "What do you mean?" he demanded.

Now Dr. Underwood is more than an oculist. He is a wise old man.

"What's your salary?" he asked.

"Fifteen thousand," replied Sid.

The oculist pursed his lips. "At your age? Excellent. Lose much at poker or bridge?"

"Never play," said Sid.

"What's your golf handicap?" inquired the doctor.

Tracy grinned. He was quite attractive when he smiled, perhaps because he so rarely relaxed his too grim mouth.

"Haven't swung a mashie since I left high school," he admitted.

"Well, tennis, for a young man, is more satisfying. Pretty good at that?"

Tracy's grin grew a shade self-conscious.

"Haven't held a racket in my hand for eight years."

"I suppose you box, or maybe wrestle, then?" persisted the doctor.

Self-consciousness became embarrassment.

"I've been pretty busy, doctor," Sid explained. "Haven't played any games at—"

"Like the theatre?" interrupted Underwood.

"It's like this, doctor," said Sid. "If a man wants to get ahead, he can't play around. And I—"

"Get out," said Underwood.

"Why—why—" Sid flushed.

"What do you think a doctor is?" demanded Underwood. "I spent six years in medical school, five in a hospital, and I've been practicing twenty years. I work as hard as any man ought to. But I work so that I can help *men*, not machines. You're not a man, you're just an automaton. Six feet and more, ought to weigh somewhere close to one-ninety—muscle not fat—and should be able to step three rounds with Tunney. And you're soft, run down, suffering

from eye-strain, and you think I'm going to be interested enough in you to fix you up with a pair of spectacles so that you can continue being a machine.

"Not I! I insist that my patients work as hard for themselves as I work for them. I insist that they bring me bodies as well-conditioned as possible. When you've done six weeks in the country, learned to play some games, hardened your muscles, forgotten your work—come back to me and I'll examine your eyes."

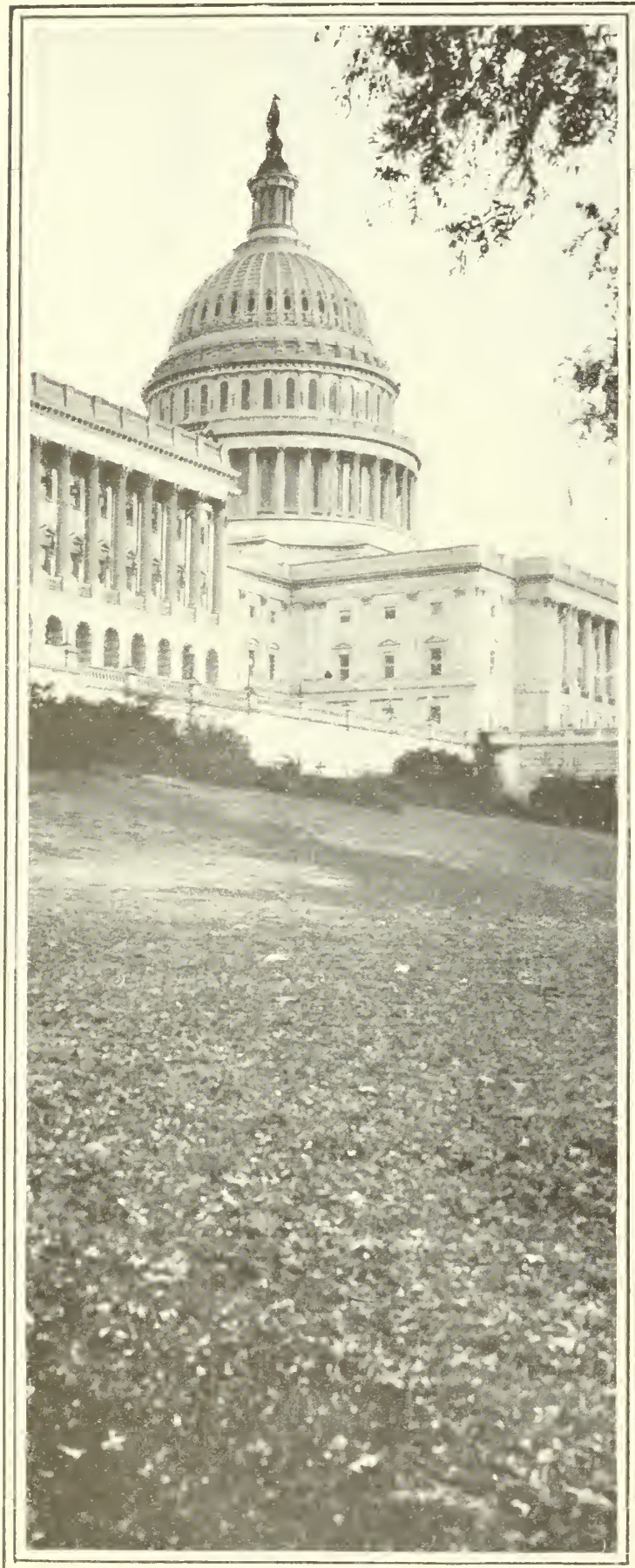
"But, doctor, my business career—"

Underwood cut him short. "I'm not interested in your career. I'm only interested in your eyes, and not in them until you've shown an interest yourself. I tell you you'll be blind in twelve months, but that's your business, isn't it?" He motioned to the door. "Get out," he said again. "I've told you what to do—the only thing to do—now go visit some quack and get a pair of glasses, if you like."

Sid Tracy walked out into the street. Surreptitiously he spread his fingers and then felt his biceps. Pretty rotten sofit for a chap that had been guard on a football team (Continued on page 66)

I'VE NEVER BEEN

By J. B.



The Capitol, Washington

THIS article is by way of being a studied insult. Those readers whose sense of patriotism is not accompanied by a sense of humor—and I am sure there are a few—should turn the page at once because this article is not meant for them. It would only anger them so that they would probably begin boosting again with redoubled energy. And that is useless; there is enough anger in the world, and enough boosting in America, and I should like to see less and not more of either. I am addressing myself to the man who will laugh and then grow thoughtful.

If the name of this paper means anything, there should be a good many men of that kind among its readers, men who went out to France and came back to laugh and then think a bit. I knew the A. E. F. fairly well because I helped to train some of its members in England, crossed the Channel in the summer of '18 (I had been before in '15 and '16) with about six thousand of them, and then saw something of them on the other side. There was a time, too, when I used to swap drinks with American naval officers who were using Plymouth and Devonport, where I was stationed for some months, as their base. I liked all these fellows and they seemed to like me, for we were as thick as thieves. But I cannot help thinking that they are one thing and America quite another thing.

The first question to be answered, however, is why I should be writing this article at all. No doubt the title looks rather silly. There is nothing remarkable in the fact that I have never been to America. Very few Englishmen have been to America anyhow. This is partly because they are not so curious as Americans, who are always coming over here to look at us, and partly because they cannot afford the trip. So much of our money is now going across the Atlantic to pay our debts that we have very little left for holiday tours.

But my case is different. I happen to be an English author who not only publishes his books in America but also writes a good deal for American periodicals, so that I have a chance of visiting America and making money out of the trip by writing and lecturing. At least I am told that I should make money by the people who are always inviting me to go. Some of these people are lecture agents, who are not disinterested, but others are friends, who simply tell me that I would enjoy it. Meanwhile, I read and criticize American books, see quite a number of American periodicals, and meet authors and publishers and other visitors from your side, but I make no move. Some of my best friends spend as much time in America as they do in England, and one or two actually live there. "You'll have to come," they say to me, and I agree, but so far I have not stirred. I think I must be frightened of the place.

Of course I know nothing whatever about America. All my knowledge is second-hand, from books, plays, films, and talks with American friends or English travelers, and it is only the first-hand acquaintance that counts for anything. After one week actually spent in the country I might have to revise every impression and idea of it in my head. The trouble is that what I do know, all this stuff at second-hand, does not encourage me to go myself and so perhaps change my opinion. On the contrary, it keeps me here. It does this by terrifying me. It has given me a picture of American life and character that looks to me like a snapshot of a nightmare. Nearly all the most prominent characteristics of that life are the very things I most dislike, and when I remember too the vast size of the place, the fact that there are so many of you and that you are all so energetic and thoroughgoing, the thought of a six months' stay seems appalling.

to AMERICA

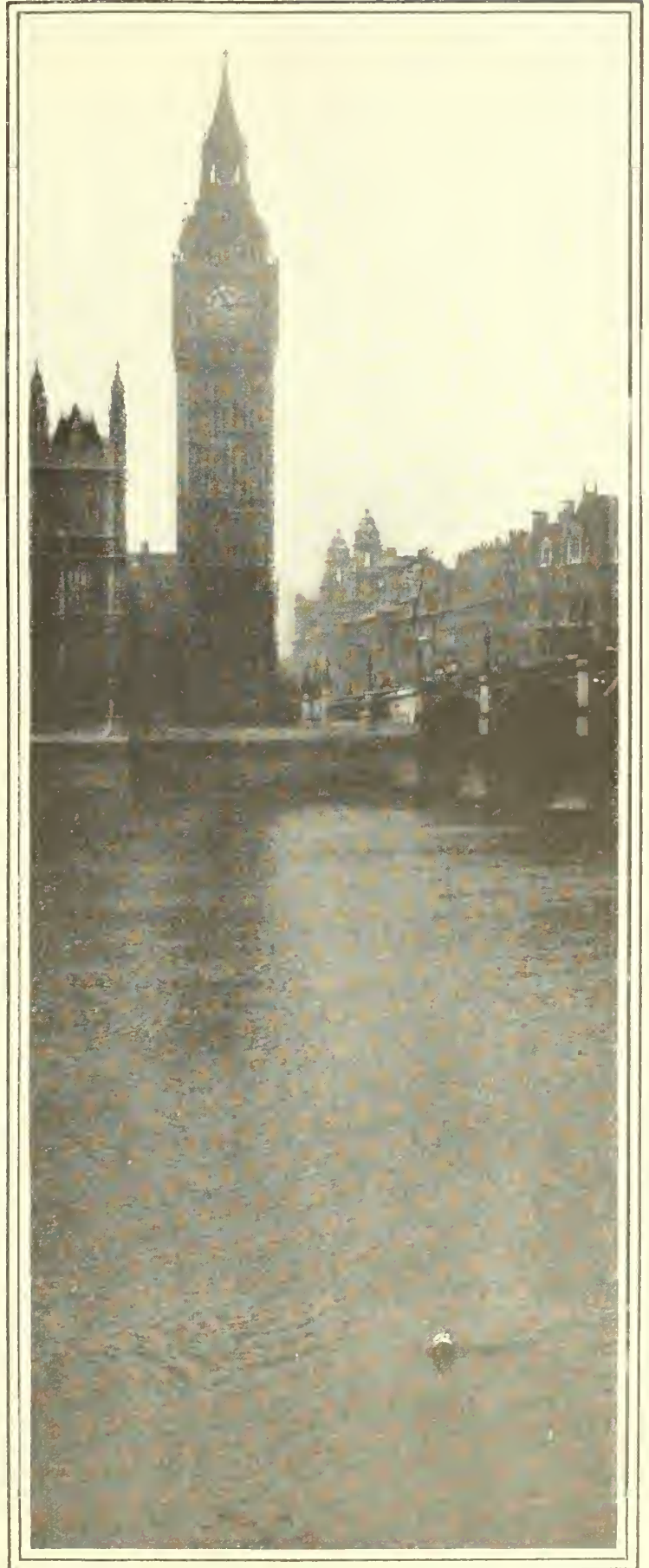
Priestley

To begin with, I am very fond of private life. It is always a pleasure to me to retreat from strangers to acquaintances, from acquaintances to old friends, from friends to my own family, and sometimes from my family to solitude. I prefer to spend some part of the day absolutely alone, preferably in my own room. One of the worst features of life in the army was that you were so rarely alone, had so little private life. England is a comparatively small island with a large number of people living on it, but English life is so arranged that England itself may be said to consist of millions of little islands, each man having his own tiny desert island, his privacy, to which he can retreat.

Now so far as I can judge, there is little or no private life in America. Everybody wishes to spend as much time as possible with everybody else, to live in public. Is this because the country is so vast that you feel drawn towards your fellow creatures? Whatever the reason, it has always seemed to me that the average American citizen had little more private life than the average European prima donna. If he spends much time alone, he is thought to be ill or is considered a queer, morose fellow. The more people he is on shouting terms with—and that does not mean really knowing them—the happier he is. I am told that every house has a telephone and that people are ringing one another up all day and night. That frightens me. Then everybody seems to move about in “younger sets” or “older sets” or “bunches” or “gangs,” and all are so brisk and bright and hospitable and determined to be jolly at all costs that they must get absolutely tired of life. Along with this determined gaiety there may go times of quiet and ease, of slow, intimate talks over the fire, of reverie and day-dream, but somehow one never hears anything about them.

Then I cannot understand why American men have such a passion for joining societies and holding meetings and conventions and annual dinners and walking in processions behind a brass band. They would seem to begin in college and then go on and on, becoming Knights of Pythias, Red Men, Elks, Moose, Foresters and Woodmen, members of the Ku Klux Klan, and I know not what else. There is an old joke here to the effect that most men become Free Masons in order to escape from their wives for at least a few evenings, but I can hardly believe that American husbands are so bent on escape that they have to call into existence all these societies. And even that does not explain the conventions and receptions and processions. I do not understand this passion for parading and fussing in public. We have our own tomfooleries here, of course, but most of them are centuries old, mere picturesque survivals, and even then only the very sentimental take them seriously. But America is a country with a sense of humor. How is it that it can play charades in public so solemnly? Is there a blind spot in that sense of humor? If not, why do so many sober citizens wear absurd robes and decorations and march about and cheer and sing to order, all in dead earnest, without laughing at themselves? How is it they do not feel they are making themselves ridiculous?

No doubt a public spirit and an organized social life are very good things, but I feel that in America they have passed the bounds of sanity and decency. Not long ago, I read an account of how a certain town in one of the eastern States discovered that it had a young Russian countess staying there. Immediately, the most prominent people in the place organized receptions and dinners and dances in her honor, there were cheering crowds wherever she went, and the local press devoted pages to her. All business appears to have been suspended in order that she might be feted, and the whole town thought of nothing but its (Continued on page 58)



Houses of Parliament, London



NAPOLEON,

By Marquis

SOME of the staunchest citizens of New Orleans were gathered about the round tables of the Hôtel du Trémoulet turning the sprightly pages of the *Gazette de la Louisiane*. The good humor prevailing made the four o'clock coffee and cognac taste better. Everyone was smiling over an announcement in the paper.

"The Grand Jury feel it a duty to state that piracy and smuggling, so long established and so systematically pursued by many of the inhabitants of this State," is a bad thing and something should be done. But what to do was a question, since "the Grand Jury find it difficult legally to establish facts, even where the strongest presumptions of guilt are offered."

Nevertheless "the Grand Jury, impressed with a belief that the evils complained of have impaired public confidence . . . corrupted the morals . . . and stamped disgrace on our State, deem it incumbent . . . in this public presentation again to . . . call upon all good citizens for their more active exertions to suppress the evil, and by their pointed disapprobation of every individual concerned . . . remove the stain that has fallen on all classes of society in the minds of the good people of our sister States."

This approached farce. A general compliance with the Grand Jury's solemn suggestion would have had many of New Orleans's best citizens expressing their pointed disapprobation of neighbors and friends. As for the stain that had fallen on all classes of society in the minds of the good people of their sister States—a reconstruction of the Creole point of view would be required to appreciate that. In 1814 a citizen of New Orleans thought himself a Louisianian, not an American, whose language he did not speak and whose culture he regarded as inferior to his own. For ten years he had lived under a régime that accepted the form of American sovereignty but retained the substance of many Creole traditions, including the one deprecated by the Grand Jury.

If the patrons of the Hôtel du Trémoulet smiled, the habitués of the Café des Refugeés must have laughed out loud. The Café of the Refugees was situated in a less fashionable part of the city. Many of its clientele were seafaring men who roared their appreciation of a dancer from Guadeloupe called La Chatine — which was Louisiana

idiom for The Blonde with Brown Eyes. The consensus of opinion at both taverns was that this new effort to impose Yankee morals on the Creole capital would succeed about as well as the last one.

Eight months before, under date of November 14, 1813, William C. C. Claiborne, whom the Government of the United States had sent down from Virginia to rule over its lately purchased lands and subjects, had written a proclamation rumberling with whereases directing notice to the fact that pirates and smugglers "emboldened by the impunity of past trespasses, no longer conceal themselves . . . but setting the Government at defiance in broad daylight carry on their infamous traffic.

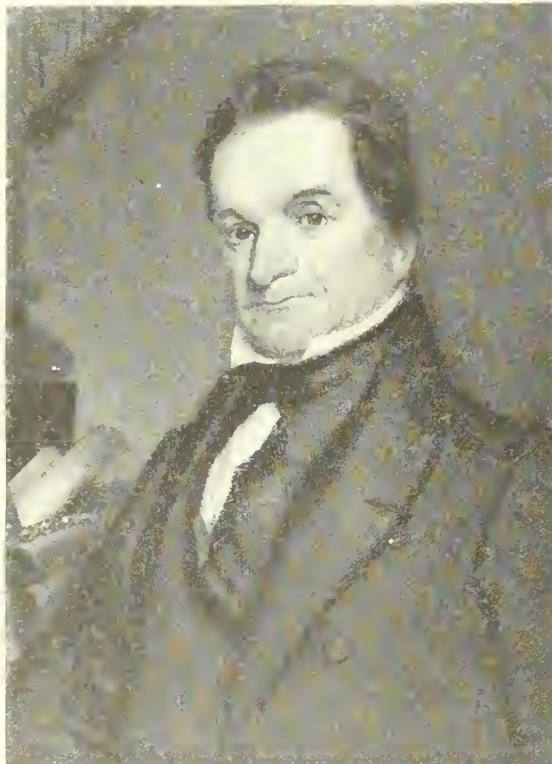
"On the fourteenth day of last month a quantity of contraband goods seized by Walker Gilbert, an officer of the revenue . . . were forcibly taken from him in open day at no great distance from the City of New Orleans by a party of armed men under orders of . . . John Lafitte, who fired upon, and grievously wounded" one of the customs collectors. "And although process has been issued for the apprehension of said John Lafitte, yet such is the countenance and protection afforded him, or the terror excited by threats of himself and his associates that the same remains unexecuted . . ."

But enough of that. Governor Claiborne was prepared to take measures. "I do solemnly caution all and singular citizens of this State against giving any kind of succor . . . to the said John Lafitte and his associates but to be aiding . . . in arresting him & them . . . and I do furthermore . . . offer a reward of five hundred Dollars . . . to any person delivering the said John Lafitte to the Sheriff."

Governor Claiborne was not remarkable for his tact. Monsieur Lafitte understood his countrymen better. Five hundred dollars! He dignified the Governor's proclamation with an answering decree of his own offering \$30,000 for the capture of Mr. Claiborne. The Hôtel du Trémoulet and the Café des Refugeés had a good laugh, which ended that episode.

Lafitte's cruisers combed the Gulf and the Caribbean as usual, seizing Spanish ships and bringing them into the port of Lafitte's outlaw principality of Barataria, on the Louisiana coast west of the mouth of the Mississippi River. After division among the crew the surplus spoil was sold to New Orleans's most respected merchants. Captured goods sometimes were advertised in the New Orleans papers, and dealers invited to inspect before buying.

Lafitte used his influence with the press to combat the unfriendly propaganda of the Grand Jury. "It is the duty of every good man to prevent monopoly," he wrote to the editor of the *Gazette*. "Therefore please to inform the public that several prizes have latterly been brought to Barataria . . . As the public ought generally to share the profits of this advantageous trade, I have thought it proper to inform that notes of any of the Banks of New Orleans will be received for goods sold. This public notice I likewise give to do away with the stupid impression that our trade contributes to drain the country of specie, when the



Edward Livingston, former mayor of New York City, went to Louisiana to make his fortune and become general attorney for the Lafitte organization

JUNIOR

James



General Andrew Jackson at the battle of New Orleans, January 8, 1815. Note the cotton-bale ramparts. In oval, Sir Edward Michel Pakenham, commander of the British forces and brother-in-law of the Duke of Wellington. The Duke himself fared rather better than his relative some five months later in a sizeable skirmish at a little Belgian village called Waterloo

contrary is the truth." This communication was signed "Napoleon, Junior" which was Jean Laffitte's way of acknowledging the editor's allusions to the "Emperor of Baratavia". Moreover Jean Laffitte had been an artilleryman under General Bonaparte. And his brother Pierre had learned seamanship in Napoleon's navy.

But Mr. Claiborne was not so easily shaken off. The revival of the reform wave was assisted by John Dick, the energetic new district attorney. Mr. Dick obtained indictments for piracy against two of the Laffitte captains—"one Johnnes", for capturing the Spanish vessel *Santa* and looting her of \$9,000, and "one Johannot", for looting the schooner *Louisa Antonia* of \$30,000. He obtained the indictment of Pierre Laffitte, who did "willingly aid, assist, procure, counsel and advise the said piracies."

Johnnes and Johannot were never taken, but when brother Pierre Laffitte rashly showed himself in New Orleans he was arrested and put in a cell of the Calabozo, which may still be seen in the courtyard of the old Cabildo, or government house. Edward Livingston, New Orleans's leading lawyer, who looked after the legal interests of the Laffittes, pocketed a \$20,000 fee and made an application for bail for the prisoner. This was refused and Pierre was held for trial. The patrons of the *Hôtel du Trémoulet* sipped their coffee and cognac with grave countenances. The *Café des Refugiés* was deserted, with no one to console The Blonde with Brown Eyes.

Napoleon, fils, was miserable, too. Jean Laffitte loved his brother. Having spent four years in prison himself he knew what the life was, and blamed it for his attitude toward society.

Jean was a native of Bordeaux, the second of five brothers. As a boy he had run off and joined the British navy. He deserted and sailed for a while with shady French captains in the West Indian trade. He served in the French army, and later was back in San Domingo again as a prosperous merchant—shore agent for pirates, most likely. The Spanish authorities put him

in jail, and thereafter vengeance on Spain was a ruling motive of his life.

He got out of jail in 1807 or '08. The English had just cleaned the pirates out of Martinique and Guadeloupe. The buccaneers were homeless and their affairs in a state of confusion.

With the prison complexion still on his face Jean got hold of a ship and was smuggling in a small way in and out of Charleston, South Carolina, trying to get on his feet. He was also in love with a respectable young lady of the place. So was another fellow whom Laffitte killed in a duel, after which the debutante married a third party. This seems to have completed the disillusionment of Jean Laffitte.

He sailed into the Caribbean and marshaled the unhappy pirates under his banner. He re-established their base in Baratavia Bay and restored an era of prosperity to their profession.

The bay of Baratavia is almost shut off from the Gulf by the island of Grand Terre. The best pass into the bay is by the western end of Grand Terre. There Laffitte built a brick fort whose guns commanded the pass. He built warehouses. He built a comfortable residence, with a gallery where he could lie in a hammock and look on the bay. About the fort the palmetto-roofed dwellings of his followers, their women and retainers were scattered without much idea of city planning. Sometimes there were as many as twenty-five sail, counting prizes, in the harbor and a thousand people on land. Ashore and afloat the rule of Jean Laffitte was absolute. The "Emperor" attained this eminence at the age of twenty-nine.

Not all of his constructive work, however, was done in a day or without opposition. From time to time the emperor's right was disputed. One Gambio, a gigantic Italian, led a revolt which Laffitte put down with severity, but for some reason he spared the leader, who became one of Jean's most useful lieutenants. Another mutiny was captained by one known to history as Nez Coupe. Luck went against the program of Nez Coupe



The death of Pakenham at the battle of New Orleans. In oval, General Jackson as he looked when commander on the cotton-bale front.

and he paid the penalty. Laffitte executed him with a pistol before the whole band.

Ordinarily, though, Jean was opposed to violence. He rid West Indian piracy of some of the excesses that had brought discredit upon the calling. He put it on a business basis, introduced efficient methods, and made piracy an agency in the transactions of some eminently respectable people ashore. He even clothed the whole proceeding with a show of legality. And this is how he did it.

The South American colony of Colombia had rebelled against Spain and proclaimed independence. Her port of Cartagena commissioned privateers to harry Spanish commerce. Laffitte's ships flew Carthaginian flags and Laffitte's instructions were that they should attack none but the ships of his personal enemy, Spain. Generally speaking, the ships of other nations were not bothered.

The Carthaginian flag was Laffitte's defense against the charge of piracy. It was pretty thin, but answered the purpose. Jean divided his time between Grand Terre and New Orleans, where he was on the edge of exclusive society, and as the best swordsman in Louisiana instructed the bloods of first families in the use of the steel. The general attorney for the Laffitte organization was Edward Livingston, a former mayor of New York City, who had come south to make a fortune. A grandfather of Mr. Livingston had been less successful as partner and counselor of the late William Kidd.

Nominally Jean and his brother Pierre conducted a mercantile establishment in the Rue Royale. They are best known today, however, for their blacksmith shop in the Rue St. Philippe, where skilled slaves did the work. Jean spent little time at sea. The maritime operations were supervised by Pierre Laffitte and Dominique You, a dandyfied little fellow with a violent temper. His men called him *Le Tigre*. Captain You ranked next in ability to Jean. Pierre was the oldest of the Laffitte brothers, however, and Jean made a show of deferring to his judgment. Pierre was thickset, with an ill-favored countenance and cross eyes. Jean also brought from France his younger brothers Marc and Henri and tried to make gentlemen of them. Marc practiced law and served a term as a local magistrate.

Most of Jean's ambition seemed to center upon the advance-

ment of his brothers, and when Pierre was kept in jail despite everything Livingston could do, the Emperor of Baratavia, with the power of life and death in a realm of his own choosing, was simply a troubled young man.

Governor Claiborne was correspondingly elated and devised a finishing blow at the domain of Laffitte. The governor was happily supported in this project by the fact that the United States was at war with Great Britain. This had brought a small naval force to New Orleans and a handful of Regular soldiers whose officers wanted something to do. The Louisiana militia was not so dependable where hostility to the Laffittes was in question, but the Regulars had no such compunctions. Governor Claiborne conferred with Commodore Patterson of the Navy and Colonel Ross of the 44th Infantry. An expedition against Baratavia was prepared.

Jean's spy service in New Orleans was perfect. He knew every move Claiborne made, but lay in his hammock at Grand Terre and did nothing to forestall them.

Jean knew more than that. He knew that, taking his transgressions in their blackest light, Governor Claiborne was not showing any particular genius by preoccupying himself at this moment with a police chore while his country was at war. Governor Claiborne would have been better employed looking beyond Baratavia to see if he could make out what the British were up to at Jamaica. There was activity there. There were rumors. Jean Laffitte had made it his business to discover something of what was behind them.

So the Emperor had matters to turn over in his mind as he lay in the breeze-swung hammock that overlooked the bay. In these meditations the relief of Pierre was the first thing. After that, continued vengeance upon Spain.

The cloudless summer days swooned by. On the morning of the third of September, 1814, Jean's reflections were interrupted by a cannon shot outside the pass. There was a stir about the fort and a man-of-war under English colors was announced. Laffitte jumped into his perogue and four men rowed him through the pass. The perogue met a gig from the warship, in whose bow sat two officers. One called out for "Monsieur Laffitte." Laffitte

replied unaffectedly that the person named might be found ashore.

The British officers were conducted to the gallery of the comfortable house on the beach. The Englishmen looked into the mild brown eyes of the pleasant-faced young man who had acted as their guide. He was six feet tall, of slender build and had a peculiar habit of closing his left eye when he spoke. He wore a green shirt, open at the throat. His wavy brown hair was tossed by the wind.

"Messieurs," said he. "I am Laffitte."

Captain Lockyer of the brig *Sophia* and Captain McWilliams of the Royal Colonial Marines introduced themselves. Jean Laffitte said the hour of their visit was happily chosen. It was time for lunch.

The three sat down to a meal of fish and game served on silver plate, and washed down with Spanish wine of which the host drank sparingly. They finished off with West Indian fruits and a cordial. Cigars were passed and Captain Lockyer began post-prandial negotiations by handing Monsieur Laffitte things to read. The first was a lengthy document which started:

PROCLAMATION

By Lieutenant-Colonel Edward Nicholls, commanding his Britannic Majesty's forces in the Floridas

Natives of Louisiana! On you the first call is made to assist in liberating from a faithless imbecile government your paternal soil . . .

The second paper was addressed to the "Commandant of Barataria":

"Monsieur: I have arrived in the Floridas for the purpose of annoying the only enemy Great Britain has in the world, as France and England are now friends. I call on you with your bold followers to embrace the service of Great Britain in which you shall have the rank of Captain. Lands will be given you all in proportion to your respective ranks. Be expeditious in your resolves and rely on the verity of Your very humble servant, EDWARD NICHOLLS."

The third document guaranteed the regularity of Lockyer's visit. It was his orders from Captain Sir William H. Percy, commanding the British sea forces mobilizing at Jamaica:

"Proceed . . . without a moment's loss of time for Barataria . . . Communicate with the chief persons there . . . Urge them to throw themselves under the protection of Great Britain . . . Insist on an immediate cessation of hostilities against Spain."

Captain Lockyer then produced a fourth and last communication which addressed Laffitte in a different tone. He must be England's friend or her enemy.

"I hold out [to you] a war instantly destructive . . . but trust that the inhabitants of Barataria, consulting their own interest, will not make it necessary to proceed to such extremities . . . [but will] assist Great Britain in her just and unprovoked war against the United States." In this event "the security of their property [and] the blessings of the British constitution" would be their reward. "Given under my hand on board H.M. ship *Hermes* . . . W. H. PERCY."

The rumored assault on New Orleans was to be a fact. The arrangement proposed met the requirement topmost in Jean's mind—the freedom of Pierre. But to make his peace with Spain? And more than that, to fight on Spain's side—for His Catholic Majesty had become an unofficial ally of the British in this just and unprovoked war.

The young man rose and bowed. Would messieurs excuse him while he consulted with a trusted comrade?

The British officers were left alone on the gallery. A knot of Laffitte's men who had watched the conference from the shade of a palmetto hut came nearer. Others joined them. They were grumbling about something. In a dozen languages remarks uncomplimentary to His Majesty's service reached the ears of the officers. Finally someone yelled to kill the beggars or deliver them to the Americans, and there was a rush toward the gallery.

A young man in a green shirt appeared from around the corner. He was unarmed. He rested his hands on his hips and surveyed the mob. Sacred blue! Was this the reward of their captain's efforts to teach manners to a company of vagabonds! Away!



1000 piastres de récompense
SERONT payées à quiconque arrêtera
PIERRE LAFFITTE qui, la nuit
dernière, a forcé la prison de paroisse et
s'est évadé. Ledit Pierre Laffitte est de
la taille de 5 pieds 10 pouces, fortement
constitué, a un beau teint et les yeux un
peu de travers. On croit inutile d'en
donner une plus ample description, ledit
Laffitte étant très-cou-nu en cette ville.
Ledit Laffitte a emmené avec lui trois
nègres, savoir: Sam jadis la propriété de
Mr Sawza; Cèzar, appartenant à Mr.
Lefebvre; et Hamilcar, appartenant à Mr.
Jarnand. La récompense ci dessus sera
donnée à quiconque délivrera ledit Laffitte
au coussigne, qui payera aussi cinquante
piastres pour chacun desdits nègres.
J. H. Holland,
Geolier.

7 Septembre

William C. C. Claiborne, Governor of Louisiana, who had not been in the region long enough to appreciate the fact that he couldn't catch the Laffittes by offering rewards for their apprehension. At left, an announcement in the Gazette de la Louisiane offering a "recompense" for the capture of Pierre Laffitte (Laffitte)

Jean Laffitte's apologies to his callers were profound. On honor he guaranteed them a safe return to their ship. Would they start now? Laffitte could respond to messieurs' proposals by letter.

He did so the next day.

"Monsieur," he addressed Captain Lockyer, "the confusion which prevailed in our camp yesterday" had prevented his writing even sooner. But "if you could grant me fifteen days, I would be entirely at your disposal . . . This delay is indispensable to send away three persons who have occasioned all the disturbance . . . and to put my affairs in order. You may communicate with me by sending a boat to the eastern point of the pass . . . You have inspired me with . . . confidence . . . Believe me yours, LAFFITTE."

Jean then wrote a much longer letter to his friend Jean Blanque, in New Orleans. "I make you the depository of a secret on which perhaps depends the tranquillity of our country." Mr. Blanque was a member of the State Legislature. Jean enclosed to him copies of the four papers from Lockyer, and related all that had taken place. He had delayed the British two weeks by "assigning such plausible pretexts that I hope the term will be granted." It was.

"Our enemies," concluded Jean, "have endeavored to work on me by a motive few men would have resisted. They have represented a brother in irons, whose deliverer I might become . . . I recommend him to you . . . Be so good as to assist me with your judicious counsel."

With this missive was enclosed another (Continued on page 62)

HIGHBROW

By
William
Slavens
McNutt

GOOD prizefighters come out o' the gutter an' if they come too far they're no good no matter how good they are.

I know what I'm talkin' about. I was a prizefighter once. Just once. A one-eyed alligator up in Oregon talked me into it. He see me win one on the floor in a poolroom from an oversize logger when I was a kid sixteen an' he got me an' gimme the oil.

I told him without bustin' any buttons off my vest. My racket then was nothin' to puff up an' explode about. I was a roustabout in a lumber yard. I was wastin' the daylight hours pickin' up pieces o' ham houses that hadn't been built yet an' puttin' 'em in piles. Every Saturday night the boss'd get tired seein' me around underfoot an' gimme fifteen dollars to clear out an' stay away over Sunday.

When I told this rambler with the solo glim what I do for exercise an' how rich it gets me day in an' day out you'd think he'd smelled liquor on my breath and it gets his goat, the way he acts upset.

"Fame an' fortune in your fists an' you work for fifteen a week!" he says, as though that was somethin' for a jury to worry about. "Why, son," he says, "with me to train an' guide you it's only a step to the top. I only got one eye," he says, "but that's enough for me to see plain that within one year you'll be dinin' on terrapin an' tippin' bellboys with emeralds an' diamonds. All you need to be champion o' the world is a wise manager an' now you got one. That's me."

I was young. O' course that's no excuse but it's a reason. I went back to the lumber yard an' told all the two-by-fours an' laths an' shingles an' such like what they could do for all I cared, an' begun bein' a prizefighter.

For a couple o' weeks I'd go out every day where there was a big tree with some grass under it that my manager could sit on. I'd start from where he sat an' run till I couldn't run any further an' then I'd be strong-minded an' run back. My manager'd wake up when he heard me comin' an' look me over with his single-barrelled peeper, an' shake his head an' say: "We gotta have more pep. Come on, boy. Snap into it." Then he'd fold up that lone fried egg of an eye of his and doze again while "we" shadow-boxed in the road.

We! That was a fightin' word with me for months after this happened.

After I'd trained down till the cemetery gates used to swing open when I passed 'em "we" got a fight.

"We won't get much for this first one," my manager told me. "Only twenty fish. Believe me, though, after we peel this onion an' throw the skin away I'll make 'em dig deep an' pay heavy to get us into the ring. Believe me!"

You wouldn't believe I believed him but I did. I been countin' my change for many a year now but I had faith in my fellow man long after my beard bloomed. The wise guys o' this world are suckers that have been cut deep enough to remember the knife that slit 'em.

My manager told me that we'd lick the guy he'd picked for me in the first round.



"He's just big an' strong," he told me. "We won't have no trouble with him. He don't know nothin'."

We got in the ring an' the bell rung an' I danced out to wash up the cups an' saucers with this big, strong guy who didn't know nothin'. He an' me shook hands an' then the bell rung again. All kinds o' bells rung. I could hear 'em just as plain. Church bells an' dinner bells an' sleigh bells. I remember wonderin' how come it got to be New Year's that time o' year an' then I wake up in the dressin' room an' ask what happened.

The only one there to tell me the story was the big strong guy who didn't know nothin'. He was standin' by the mirror fixin' his tie.

"How do you feel?" he asks me.

I told him.

"You been out near an hour," he says, scowlin' at me as though I'd ask him for the loan of his toothbrush. "You had me worried. I was scared you was goin' to croak."

"Where's my manager?" I ask him.

The guy put on his coat an' picked up his suitcase.

"I don't know if the south-bound train was on time or no," he says. "If it was he's about ten miles on his way to San Francisco."

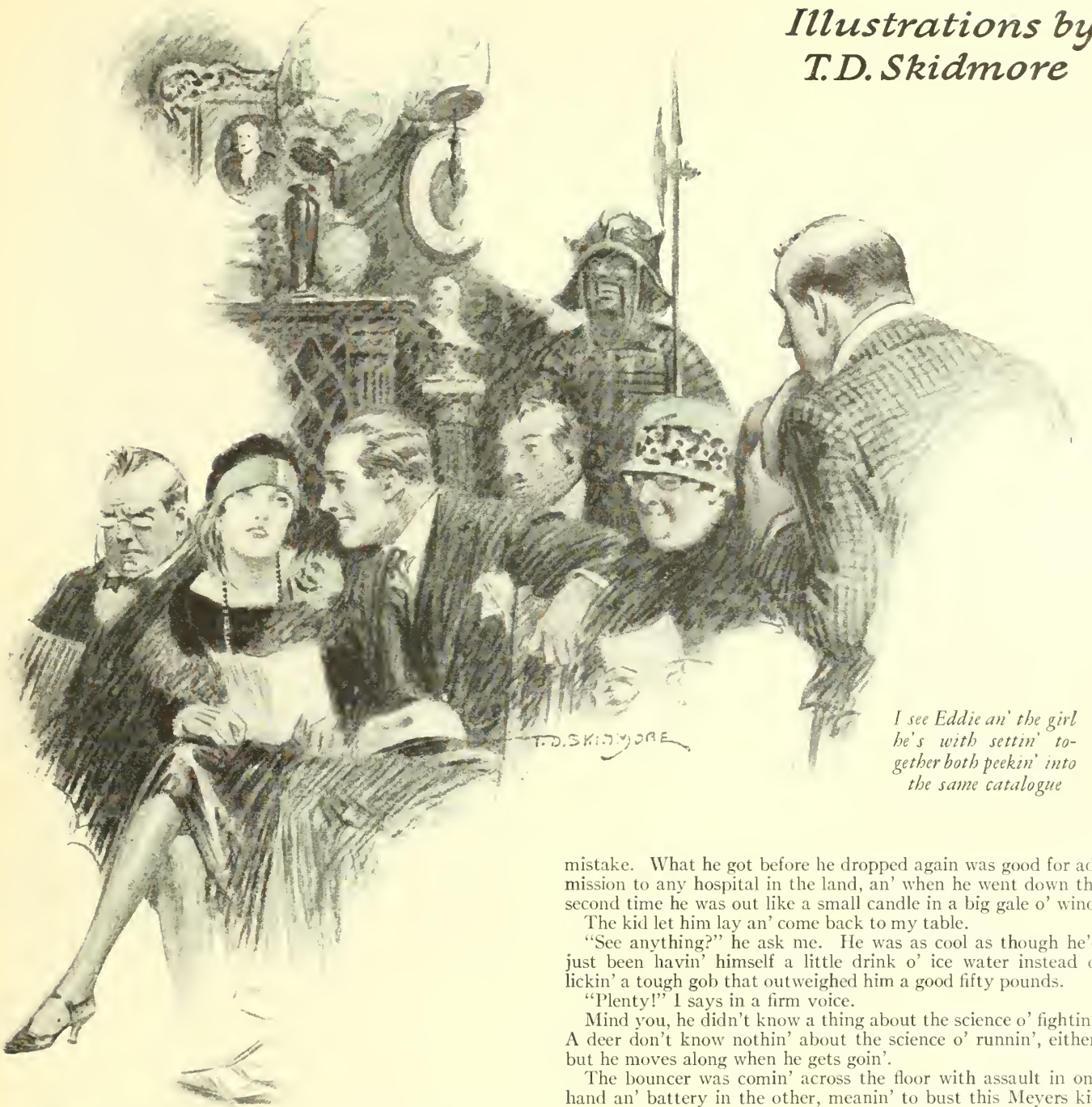
"Did he leave anything for me?" I ask him. "I got ten dollars comin' to me."

"You'll never be broke," the guy says, startin' for the door. "You'll always have that ten comin' to you."

He went out an' I sat there on the bench all alone an' found out I had a brain. Yes, sir. Right there I quit bein' foolish an' begun to think for a livin'. I put on my clothes an' went away from there with my life work all planned out. I'd decided to give up all the fame an' fortune that was hid in my fists an' be a manager.

I done good enough for eight or ten years. Stayed out o' jail an' see plenty o' country travelin' around with my troupe o' trained fist-pitchers. Had a couple o' boys good enough to take

Illustrations by
T.D. Skidmore



*I see Eddie an' the girl
he's with settin' to-
gether both peekin' into
the same catalogue*

East an' get beat for good purses. All the time, o' course, I got my eyesight whetted up for the look of a guy tough enough to point for a championship.

I'm in a rough dump in San Francisco one night throwin' a little party for one o' my boys that just won me a fight an' wants to blow trainin' for the evening when a skinny blonde kid with the soot of a stokehold still on his hide comes over to my table an' ask me to get him a battle. He tells me his name's Eddie Meyers an' he's just in off a freighter from China.

"I ain't ever heard o' you," I tell him.

"You heard o' me now, ain't you?" he comes back.

"Tough talk don't bust any bones, boy," I tell him. "Get yourself a fight an' I'll come an' look you over."

"You don't need to come no place," he says. "Just set where you are an' watch."

There was a big sailor dancin' past our table right then with a little frill in his arms. This Meyers boy step out an' pull his nose. The sailor untied himself from his girl an' give a yell an' start in to eat this skinny little Meyers kid raw.

He swung once an' missed. That was his mistake. This Meyers kid just blew up right in that sailor's face an' all the pieces of him that came loose were fists. Honest, I never see so many knuckles fly off o' one man so fast in all my life.

The sailor goes down an' gets up again. That was another

mistake. What he got before he dropped again was good for admission to any hospital in the land, an' when he went down the second time he was out like a small candle in a big gale o' wind.

The kid let him lay an' come back to my table.

"See anything?" he ask me. He was as cool as though he'd just been havin' himself a little drink o' ice water instead o' lickin' a tough gob that outweighed him a good fifty pounds.

"Plenty!" I says in a firm voice.

Mind you, he didn't know a thing about the science o' fightin'. A deer don't know nothin' about the science o' runnin', either, but he moves along when he gets goin'.

The bouncer was comin' across the floor with assault in one hand an' battery in the other, meanin' to bust this Meyers kid in half an' throw both pieces out on the street. Eddie see him comin' an' squared off to do his stuff again, but I jumped in between 'em an' handed the bouncer a twenty-dollar bill. It was in my mind that I maybe had the makin' of a champion at last an' I wasn't goin' to see him smacked apart with brass knucks if I could buy him out o' trouble. The bouncer put the bill in his kick an' threw out the gob just to keep his conscience clear, an' I took Eddie Meyers up to my hotel, soot an' coal grime, grease an' all.

He turned out to be a snappy-lookin' kid when I got him scrubbed out from under the muck that was ground into his hide an' bought him some city-goin' clothes.

Snappy but tough. Hard as a wolf's tooth. Eighteen years old an' he'd been bitin' an' scratchin' his way around the world ever since he was twelve. Orphan asylum in Baltimore before that. No people that he knew anything about. Just a loose, lean, hard-kicked wildcat of a kid with a greed for some kind of a success that was as leapin' crazy in him as an old snowbird's yen for cake.

"Gimme a chance an' I'll make good," he promised me. "I'll lick anything you put in front o' me or get killed tryin'. I been lookin' for a way up ever since I run off from the orphan asylum an' the only thing I can find is fightin'."

"If you'll work hard an' behave yourself an' try to learn you don't ever need to find anything else," I told him.

"Whatever's to be done," he says, "just tell me what it is an' I'll do it."

I've had plenty of 'em say that to me but Eddie was one guy who made his words good. No tobacco nor booze. No runnin' around nights. An' how he did work! Why, he picked up more in a month than the ordinary boy'd learn in a lifetime.

I dropped him into a few soft spots an' he smacked over everything I gave him in a round or two. Then I fed him some tougher meat an' he chewed that up just as easy as a gorilla mashin' marshmallows. The sport writers begun givin' us a tumble an' all in all it looked like I had a big gun to shoot with at last.

Just one thing worried me. Instead o' gettin' tougher as he went along this Eddie Meyers was turnin' into a kind of a gentleman right on my hands. In the hotel lobbies, in Pullmans, wherever we went that there was anybody with any class to 'em this boy'd watch an' listen an' then start in changin' his ties an' talk to fit what he'd learned.

I told him to stay hard. I says to him: "Listen, Eddie, a prize-fighter ain't got no more use for grammar than a turtle has for wings, an' good taste in neckwear don't get you nothin' but a job in a gents' furnishin' store. Be your type," I says. "You're paid for bein' tough. Get tougher an' drag more dough."

"You run me in the ring," he says. "I'll pick my own way outside."

'Course we got some good publicity out of it. He made good friends with some o' the sport writers an' they played up how he was a gentleman an' could juggle two forks at one meal an' keep egg off his vest an' all like that. That's all good stuff if it's just the bunk. Trouble was this was on the level.

Next thing I knew he was readin' good books an' goin' around with nice people. I got nothin' against good books. They're all right in a library. An' nice people. They got their place. I ain't narrow-minded. What I say is why mix good books an' nice people with a prizefighter? Just 'cause I like salt an' pepper on a steak do I got to sprinkle it over my ice cream too?

Look what happens: I bring Eddie along knockin' 'em all dead till finally he's one o' the two logical contenders for the light-weight championship.

The only guy between him an' a shot at the crown is Spud McGurk, a bow-legged gorilla from Boston. I get Eddie a shot at McGurk at the Garden in New York an' we come East to train. We're right at the next table to the one where they serve the real, rich gravy. All we got to do is take McGurk an' then shoot for the championship.

The night o' the fight comes an' I know Eddie's right. Fit to go as he never went before. McGurk's in the ring ahead of us. We climb through the ropes an' Eddie gets his first flash at the Beantown Harp. He turns to me lookin' like he'd smelled somethin' that had been left off the ice a little too long.

"That's the dirtiest beast I ever got in the ring with," he says. "I'm goin' to carry it to him an' end it in a hurry."

Now I ain't claimin' McGurk was any good model for a collar ad. He was bow-legged and bull-necked an' he had bristly black hair all over him, an' mean little pig eyes an' a mouth that looked as if it had been cut in his face with a dull razor on a dark night. All I'm sayin' is that a few months before Eddie wouldn't have cared what he looked like—or even noticed. Them good books an' nice people had put ideas in his head, same as I was scared they would, an' there he was, ringside, set to carry the fight to this thug just to end it quick so's he could get

away from him. We'd planned to make a long range boxin' match of it an' just cinch the decision.

I tried to talk some sense into his head but no. He didn't think McGurk was a nice boy an' he was bound he wouldn't play with him any longer 'n he had to.

The bell rung an' Eddie went out to murder McGurk in a punch.

What a round that was! Them two just took root there in the middle o' the ring an' slugged. Toe to toe they stood an' whanged away, first one of 'em shook dizzy an' then the other. All the customers was up on their feet, screamin' an' howlin' an' strainin' their eyes to see which one was goin' to drop first.

It was a cinch one or the other was goin' down before the round was half over. Flesh an' bone don't take the hammerin' they was handin' out without wiltin'.

For thirty or forty seconds I was scared till my scalp crawled an' my knees shook like a loose lump o' jelly spilled on the floor of a speedin' Ford. Then I see that Eddie's meltin' him down an' I open my mouth an' join the chorus, screechin' for a finish.

Eddie was in there sluggin' like a longshoreman in a deck fight, tradin' punches fifty-fifty, but with all the blows he was soakin' up I could see his old bean was workin' just as cool an' sweet as a fresh cleaned Swiss watch. None o' the fury he'd turned loose had got above his ears yet, while McGurk had gone ragin' savage clear through to the hair on his ugly head.

Zip! goes a fast straight left on McGurk's thick nose, snappin' his head back. Zowie! Wham! Over goes Eddie's right to the jaw an' the Boston boy bounces on the canvas.

He takes the count o' two lyin' flat. At three he's up on one knee. He glares at Eddie an' starts cussin' an' callin' him names.

I ain't been around in the fight racket all these years without hearin' plenty o' language that could be smelled as well as listened to, but I never tune in on anything as full o' blue flame an' sulphur smoke as the stuff that come out o' this McGurk's mouth. If he'd o' leaned over a mountain brook an' spoke that same piece the water wouldn't o' been fit to drink for a year after an' all the little fishes would o' come to the top bottom side up an' dead from poison. Even my tough old asbestos ears turned pink from the heat an' curled up around the rims!

At the count o' nine McGurk staggers to his feet an' I lean forward to watch Eddie smack him asleep for keeps with one punch.

Right there's where I quit believin' in Santy Claus an' all his aunts an' uncles. 'Stead o' takin' his time an' measurin' McGurk for the wind-up Eddie rushed in wide open, swingin' wild as a loose gate in a windstorm, an' took a left on the mouth that jarred him back. Before he could recover McGurk got inside an' clinched an' when the referee broke 'em he had the fog out of his head an' was set to fight again.

Eddie rushed him like a drunken blind man an' took a beautiful pastin'. Them names McGurk had called him had set his brain burnin' an' he was makin' a sucker out of himself.

He was staggerin' when he come to his corner at the end of the round.

"Hear what he called me?" he says when I shoved the smellin' salts under his nose.

I try to talk sense to him but it's no use. I can't cool him out. Them rough names had set him blazin' an' he was bound to murder McGurk in a punch or commit suicide tryin'. When he come ashore off o' that freighter from China he was so tough he could o' listened to them names an' just laughed, but good books an' nice people had worn his skin thin. He fought the rest o' the route like a crazy man, took an awful beatin' an' lost the decision.

After the fight McGurk's manager come to me in the dressin' room, grinnin', an' says we can have a return match any time we want it.


"My boy's got the Indian sign on your lad," he says. "He could get up out of a sick bed an' lick him with one hand tied."

It looked that way to me too, but Eddie was sure he could take McGurk if they met again.

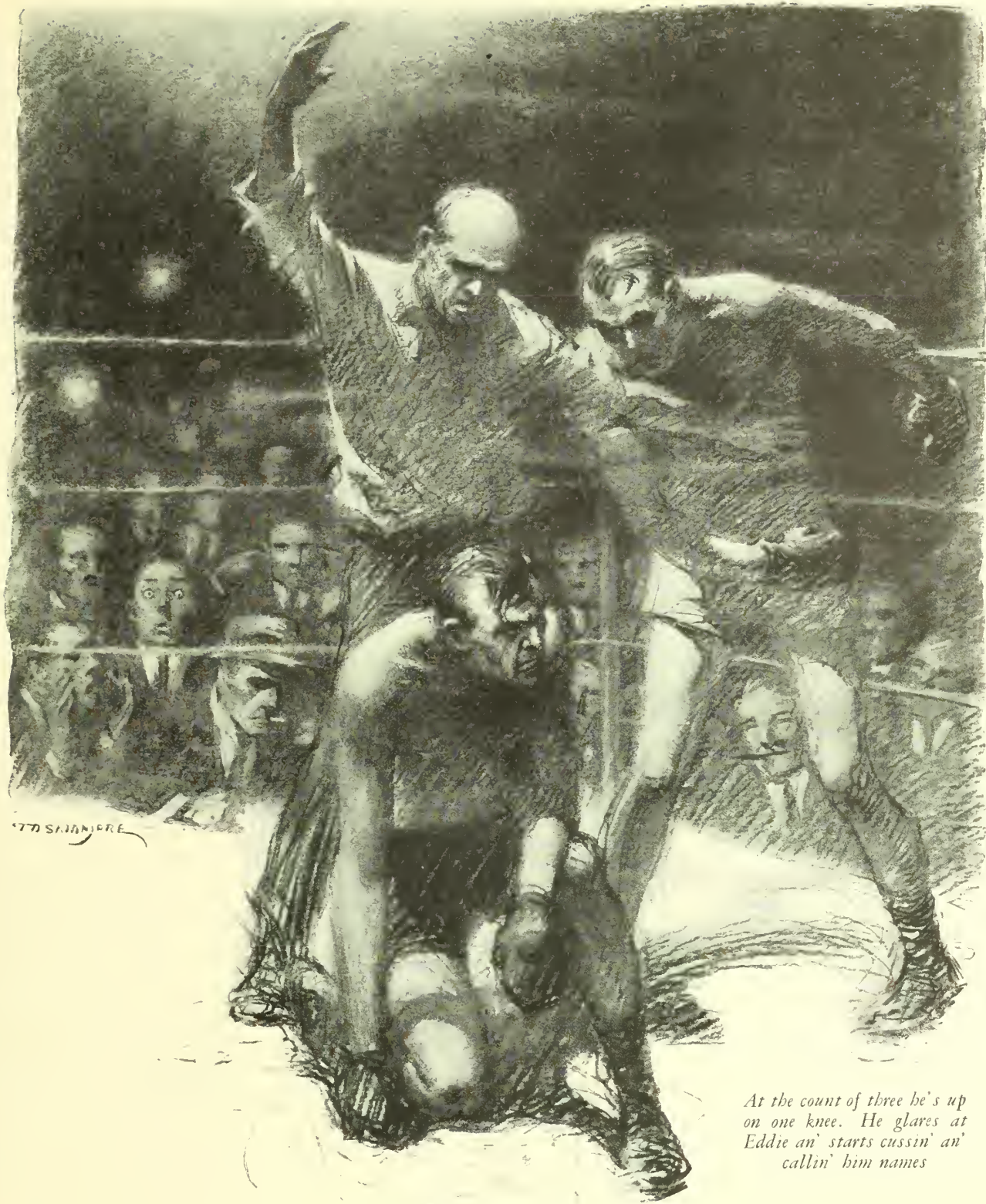
"Get him for me in the ring for a purse," Eddie says to me, "or I'll fight him on the street for nothin'. I may never be champion, but that McGurk is one guy I'm goin' to lick before I quit fightin'."

I made the match but I told Eddie he was in for another lickin' if he let McGurk talk his goat loose again.

"Turn tough again, Eddie," I begged him. "Forget this gentleman stuff. Why, kid," I says, "there's coonskin coats



He meets a frill. Nice-lookin' kid. Dressed neat but not gaudy



At the count of three he's up on one knee. He glares at Eddie an' starts cussin' an' callin' him names

movin' around at Yale an' Harvard an' them places with things in 'em that are born gentlemen, just the same as you were born a fighter. They'd never be any good in the ring, an' why should you toss off the wrapper you come in an' try to wear one o' their labels?"

"You don't get nothin' for this overtime," Eddie says. "Worry about me durin' business hours an' leave me off your mind the rest o' the day. I know what I'm doin'."

We stay in New York to get ready for the next McGurk match that comes off three months later an' we ain't been around there more 'n two weeks before I got more trouble. Eddie's got him a girl.

I get the bad news from Gerry Maloney. Gerry's a sparrin' partner I have helpin' out with Eddie's trainin'. He's just a fourth-rate pug an' outside o' knowin' that two fives make right change for a ten he ain't so bright. But he's a loyal coot an'

he tells me the story of Eddie goin' bad with tears in his eyes.

"I think Eddie's in with a wrong one," he says. "I see 'em goin' in together into a place up on Fifty-seventh Street that don't look right to me. If it ain't a swell hop joint I don't know my way. I took a look in an' there was all kinds o' Chinese junk around. It ain't a restaurant so it must be an opium dump."

The next afternoon the kid knocks off trainin' early an' me an' Gerry follow him. He meets a frill at the corner o' Fifth Avenue an' Fifty-seventh Street. Nice lookin' brown-haired kid. Dressed neat but not gaudy. They walk east on Fifty-seventh Street for a piece an' then they go in a place.

"That's it," says Gerry. "If that place they just went in ain't a Chinese opium dump then I got my homework wrong. Come take a look."

I can't blame Gerry for what he (Continued on page 56)

The NEW FOOTBALL

WHAT have they done with the football rules again?" a fan wrote me the other day. "Here

By Knute Rockne

I have just caught up with the changes made ten years ago and now I understand the Rules Committee has gone and made some more. What's the idea? For what reason were these changes made? Except, possibly, on the shift play. I have heard of no demand from the public, from the coaches, or from the players for any change. And now they have gone and put in some 'lateral pass' stuff and some other changes that the newspapers tell me are going to entirely change the game. Why were these changes made, and how are they entirely going to change the game? Is the old football gone?"

What will be the effect of the recent rule changes? Is the day of the thrill—the kind the American football public has experienced and enjoyed so much the last twenty-five years—to be a thing of the past? Has the Rules Committee changed the game so it will be entirely different? I don't believe so.

I did a lot of experimenting last spring and have had many discussions with other coaches, and I have come to the conclusion as a result that football this fall is going to be just about the same as it has always been. New stars will flash across the horizon of fame. Unexpected thrills and teeming excitement will again be the rule in almost every evenly played college and high school contest. The spectators will enjoy the game just as much as they have always done, and so will the players. There will be no epidemic of Lateral Passitis, as some writers seem to intimate. The only new rule that will seriously affect the spectators is the one moving the goal post back ten yards. This placing of the goal post ten yards behind the goal line will cause the field to have quite a different appearance and touchdowns will be made, not where the goal posts are, but ten yards in front of them.

In my opinion, the Rules Committee handled the shift legislation very intelligently and very fairly. The one-second stop now required of all shifting teams will make these teams come to an absolute stop for approximately one second. Shifting teams depending entirely upon momentum and not stopping have an unfair advantage. This new rule will kill that type of maneuver, but a shift based on deception will still retain its strategic values, and will be used.

I am, however, very much opposed to the two-second stop suggested by some coaches. These coaches evidently wanted to eliminate from football everything that is colorful and involves clever finesse. The two-second stop would ruin the value of the shift, as every defensive player, no matter how dumb, could size up a formation in two seconds. However, in the one-second stop, the defensive team will have just enough players off balance and just enough players lacking in observation to give deceptive shifts the same strategic advantage they have always had.

When James J. Corbett jabbed John L. Sullivan to defeat in 1892 the hero worshippers all howled and said what a shame it was

that a jumping-jack like Jim Corbett should lick a real fighter like John L. "He just jumped in, fainted, hit, and got away before

John L. could hit back." Their suggestion to the rules body in charge would probably have been to the effect that whenever Jim Corbett, or any other clever boxer, fainted, he would have to hold his feint two seconds before he hit. But, without question, the one-second stop should end all discussions on the shift. The game of football will still retain the color and pageantry which comes with the shifting of backs and linemen into a variety of formations. The Rules Committee should be complimented for resisting the pressure of those coaches who evidently wanted to standardize football. Standardizing football would hurt it very much. The criticism you sometimes hear of baseball today is that it is too mechanical—too much the same. Eliminate the shift and practically all we would have left in the way of offense would be Houghton football, Warner football, and punt formation. However, the retention of the shift means that football will still be played above the ears. A small, light, fast, clever man with brains will still have the edge on the powerful, Neolithic cave-man who has the physical figure of a Sandow but the facial expression of a brook trout.

Moving the goal posts back ten yards was done to make teams trying for the extra point use some other means besides the place

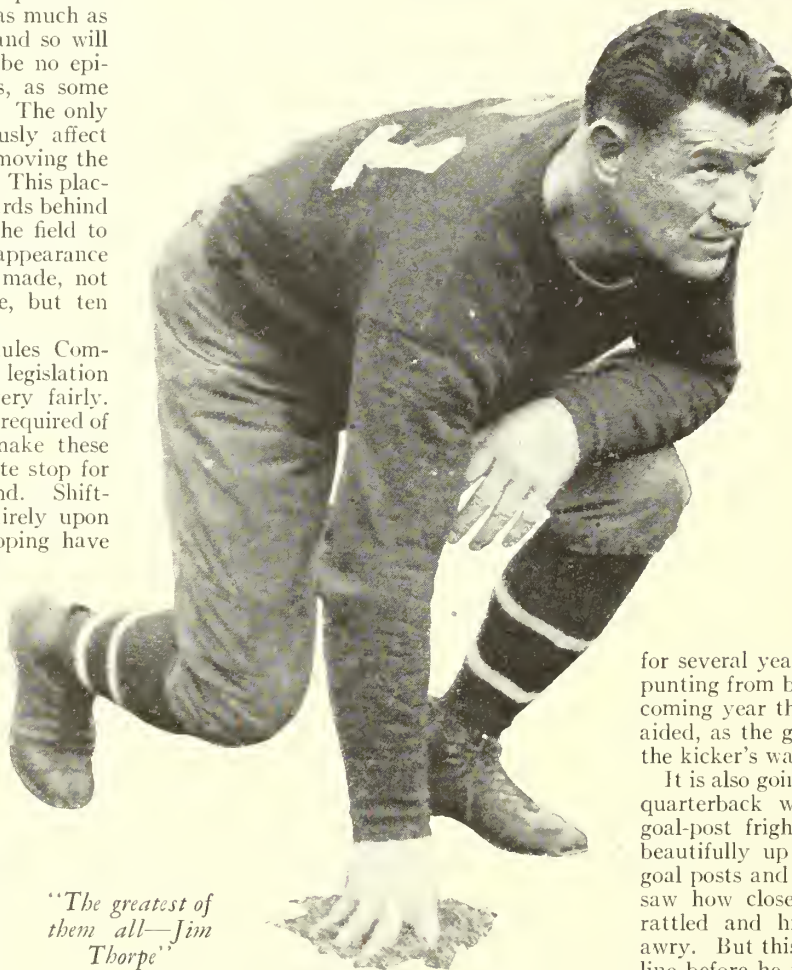
kick. It was also done to lessen the danger of injury when two teams are scrimmaging close to the goal line. The latter reason seems to me to be the worthwhile one, as all teams will continue to use the place kick in securing the extra point. The football fan this fall will have to appreciate that touchdowns will be made ten yards in front of the goal posts, as this is where the goal line will be. Quarterbacks will have to adjust their mental picture of the field or some of them, without realizing it, will be throwing incompleting passes beyond the end zone.

I understand this changing of the goal posts was suggested by a certain member of the Rules Committee whose team

for several years has spent most of its time punting from behind its own goal line. The coming year this same team will be greatly aided, as the goal posts will be back out of the kicker's way.

It is also going to help my team. I have a quarterback who last year suffered from goal-post fright. He would run his team beautifully up to within ten yards of the goal posts and then when he looked up and saw how close he was, he would become rattled and his well-laid plans would go awry. But this year he will be over the goal line before he realizes, and before the goal-post fright can do any harm.

The Rules Committee, in trying to eliminate unearned touchdowns, has ruled that when a quarterback fumbles a punt, the kicking side may recover the ball, but no run may ensue on the same play. This change in the rule is well intended, but I don't believe quarterbacks will catch punts any more this coming season than they have in the past. The changes I have just mentioned all have merit, and I hope they will improve the game.



"The greatest of them all—Jim Thorpe"

is the OLD FOOTBALL



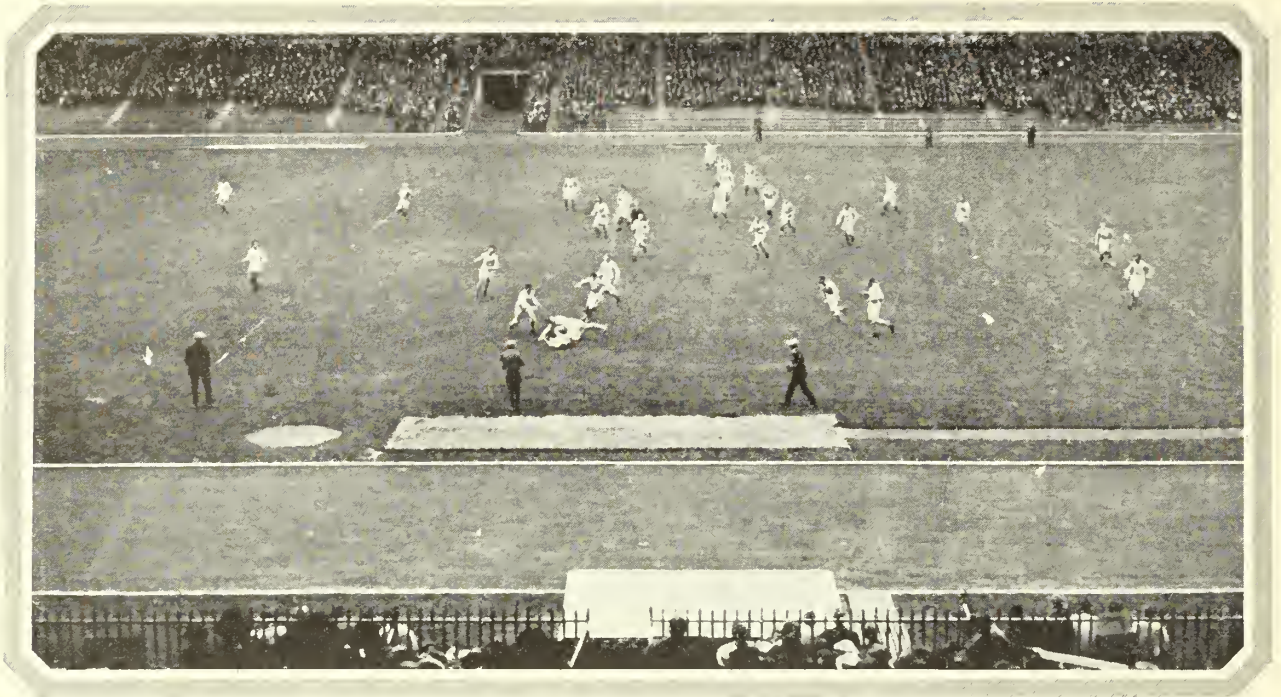
There is one change, however, that I and most other football coaches do not approve of. That is the new backward pass rule. This rule states that on all incompleting backward passes, when the ball hits the ground it is dead, and belongs to the side that had possession of it—that is, of course, except on fourth down. This rule merely subsidizes the lateral pass. I am against it for many reasons. We have always had the lateral pass play and any team could use it that wanted to. The reason it has not been used is because it was not effective. It has been easily stopped. These new rules subsidizing the backward pass, however, will make officiating much more difficult. More new complications will be introduced that will add nothing to the game in any way. It will be almost impossible under some conditions to tell a lateral pass from a fumble. One of the golden rules of football has been, "Hang onto the ball." This incompleting backward pass rule may in time entirely change this. Why devitalize a great game?

Secondly, the American game has been predicated on blocking and interfering. The lateral pass is a part of English rugby. English rugby rules do not allow the forward pass at all, and their line plunging is negligible; the game is based almost entirely upon lateral passing and kicking. English rugby does not permit blocking and interfering except in a certain zone. In other words, the two games are antithetical; they are as different as night and day. The new rule was put in our code through the efforts of two certain schools. I do not know what these two schools have in mind; perhaps they would like to change the American game to English rugby so that they can indulge in international contests with Oxford and Cambridge. Now if these two schools should decide to play English rugby and play international matches, I am sure the American public would be pleased. At least no one could have any objections. But football coaches, players, and fans throughout America do not see by what right two schools can change the rules of a game that is played by twenty thousand schools, colleges, clubs and goodness knows how many sand-lot teams throughout the country. California and Stanford dropped the American game many years ago and took up rugby. They came back to the American game. No one at either institution, so far as I can learn, has any yearning for the return of the rugby game. This is America, and we have a right to play American games as our spirit and fancy dictate. If there are among us those who wish to play rugby and cricket, let them play it. But for goodness' sake, let's have American games for Americans.

What will be the effect of the backward pass rule on the game this year? In my opinion, it will affect the game very little. Teams which run amuck with lateral passes will regret it. It will



The goal posts are now ten yards beyond the line. In recent years the uprights were often pushed back (see oval), the cross bar remaining directly over the line. Previously the uprights as well were on the goal line



"The reason I object so strongly to the lateral pass is because I feel some people are merely using this as an opening wedge to change our whole American game to English rugby." Note the light costumes worn in this rugby match between France and America at the last Olympic Games

take us more than one season to develop the skill and perfection of execution necessary to make it really effective. Teams that use the lateral pass effectively against easy opponents will regret it. The lateral pass will act like the opiate of easy money, and will spoil the boys for the big games later on when they will have to block and interfere in order to gain yardage. Teams which have not paid the penalty for yardage, in other words have had an easy time with lateral passes against weak teams where no solid blocking or interfering was necessary, will find it psychologically impossible to go back to the good old-fashioned solid block in order to pave the way for a ball-carrier when a real team is met. And so I look for the smarter teams to use the lateral pass merely as a threat or as a scoring play. The latter used to be made mostly in the "zone of increased resistance"—the territory close to the goal line.

So, all in all, the game this fall will differ very little from what it has been in the past. The reason I object so strongly to the lateral pass is because I feel some people are merely using this as an opening wedge to change our whole American game to English rugby. I believe we have the right to remonstrate against this very strongly. This fall the coaches should test the lateral pass with an open mind, but if it does not fit in with our American game they should have no hesitancy in saying so to the Rules Committee. There is still plenty of room for original thinking, original ideas, and inventions which will cause the game to sparkle and scintillate more than ever. Young men who are unknown today will be stars in another month, and will be furnishing color to the lives of millions of Americans. Our lives are drab enough as it is nowadays. The Indians used to kill each other in open warfare to relieve the monotony of their existence. I believe we have many reasons for football. But the biggest one I can think of just now is that it gives our lives a background of color.

As I sat deep in thought, musing over the contents of the letter from a football fan which I quoted at the beginning of this article, I was taken back to a snow-covered field in Chicago many years ago. I saw a bullet-like form catapult through the Chicago line and break loose with a clear field except for a small figure which moved rapidly to meet him. The small man sprang to tackle, but the ball-carrier hurdled clear over him, and landing on the other side continued his course down the snow-covered field. It looked like a sure touchdown. Quick as a flash, the tackler who had been hurdled recovered himself, and in fifteen yards had tackled the ball-carrier from behind. The hearts of the spectators went up in their mouths several times while this play was taking place. This was one of those thrills which one experiences so rarely. It was football! The ball-carrier was Heston, probably the greatest

halfback in the old game. The quarterback was Eckersall, easily the greatest quarterback of the old game. Both would have been just as immense in the modern game. I can see Eckersall's high punts soaring fifty or sixty yards down the field as though it were yesterday. I have never seen a faster man on the football field. Very few sprinters can carry a football suit—Eckersall was one of the few. As for Heston, he could do anything; speed, power and deception, he had it all. Never was there a faster back off the mark, and he ran so low he was impossible to handle.

The first time I saw Pete Houser was when Haskell played Chicago in 1904. And what an exhibition of hurdling, diving, and side-stepping he gave! The next time I saw him was in 1907 when he was playing with Carlisle. I am not sure, but I believe he then used the name Waseka. The natural cunning of his race had been made more acute through the experience of several seasons. Although a little heavier, his speed was unaffected. Never written up to any great extent, I believe Pete Houser was one of the greatest backs on the gridiron for all time.

And then there was Ted Coy of Yale, who probably hit the line as hard as any human. What a riot of color he flashed during his brief career. Then the greatest of them all, Jim Thorpe. I never saw Thorpe in his college days. The first time I saw him play was at Canton, Ohio, in 1915, several years after he had left Carlisle. It was in a professional football game with Massillon. I saw Jim several times during the next few years and am convinced he was the greatest of them all. He could do everything all the other backs have been able to do, and he could do most of these things just a little better.

In this game against Massillon, on the first play, Thorpe stood on his own ten yard line and punted the ball. It was fumbled by the other quarterback on his nine-yard line. There was no wind. High as a skylark, the ball had traveled eighty-one yards. A little while later, I saw him flash off tackle with a speed and change of pace that Grange might have envied. He threw passes, he caught passes, and when he interfered he knocked them down and they stayed down. When he tackled them they stayed tackled. It was impossible to complete forward passes into his territory. Early in the second half he dropped back and drop-kicked a ball from the fifty-eight-yard line that seemed to have fifteen yards to spare as it passed over the goal posts.

Shortly after this one of the Massillon players began violating the rules and started playing rough. Several times Jim cautioned and remonstrated. The Massillon player gave the retort discourteous, and, further to show he was no gentleman, on the next play committed one of the most muckerish fouls out of football. Jim said nothing, but bided his time. The game was safe

in the hands of Canton, so Jim obtained the ear of the Canton quarterback. The Canton quarterback barked out the numbers and the ball came back to Jim. It was evident he was going to throw a forward pass. The man who had been abusing Jim was the Massillon center. He dropped back to the side known as the weak side. The ball left Jim's hands, and traveled in a soft arc right towards the Massillon center. He caught it. An instant after he caught it he was tackled by a Canton player. The tackle was heard for a block. The Canton player was Jim Thorpe, who got up smiling. The Massillon center did not get up. He was carried from the field with several torn muscles and a severe shock. It was a clean-cut tackle, but my, what a leg drive! The Indian got even, and no one can say that he was not within his rights.

There was nothing Jim couldn't do. Red Flemming of Washington and Jefferson, who tackled them all in his time, said he would rather tackle anybody than Thorpe. "When I tackled him," he said, "I felt it all the way from my big toe to the fourth ventricle! And if you don't mind, the next time he comes up this way I'm going to slow up a little and just miss him."

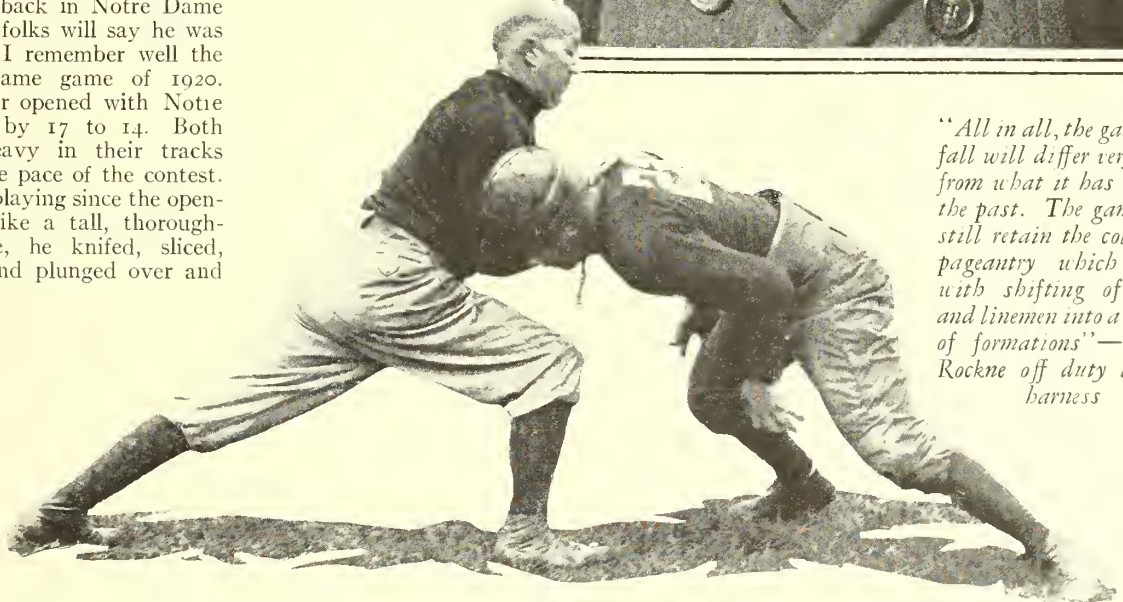
I saw Eddie Mahan of Harvard play just once; he was one of the finest of the fine. His punts averaged well over fifty yards, his open field running was a delight, his poise and ease of movement gave the spectators confidence that Mahan could do anything. Well fortified, he was surrounded by such stars as Hardwick, Pennock, Bradlee, Logan and others. But standing out clear from this great array of talent was Mahan, one of the smoothest and easiest performers the game has ever seen.

The same year I saw Oliphant defeat Notre Dame almost by himself. Egotistical to a fault, Oliphant was one of the few men I have known who could actually do more than he bragged he could. If Oliphant had any weakness neither the Navy nor Notre Dame in four years of football was able to find it. They thought he wasn't game, but no gamer man ever lived. Shortly afterward came Harley of Ohio State, and Gipp of Notre Dame. Gipp and Mahan were about par; everything I have said about Mahan goes for Gipp. He was one of the greatest competitors I have ever seen. Without a doubt he

is the greatest back in Notre Dame history. Some folks will say he was not in shape. I remember well the Army-Notre Dame game of 1920. The last quarter opened with Notre Dame trailing by 17 to 14. Both teams were heavy in their tracks from the intense pace of the contest. Gipp had been playing since the opening whistle. Like a tall, thoroughbred race-horse, he knifed, sliced, twisted, ran and plunged over and around the Army team for two clear touchdowns. And no one who saw that great drive in the gathering dusk on the plains but was inspired by the tremendous

physical vigor and condition of the athlete who led it. Then came Devine and Locke of Iowa, Kipke of Michigan, McLaren of Pittsburgh, Nevers of Stanford, Guyon of Georgia Tech, and Stevens of Yale—all remarkable young athletes who thrilled spectators clear to the peripheral circulation.

Until a certain afternoon in 1924, when Notre Dame played the Army, the Notre Dame backfield was just Stuhldreher, Crowley, Layden and Miller. The morning after that game they became the Four Horsemen. Grantland Rice's name stuck with them and their fame became indelibly fixed in football history. Behind a light, clever, stubborn line, these four backs swept their way to an undefeated season. Their exploits are too recent to be discussed here. But thrills they created and thrills they made, and it will be a long time before they are forgotten. Then there came Red Grange of Illinois, who, in the Michigan game of 1924, startled seventy-five thousand people with feats one might have read about in the old Frank Merriwell series but which had certainly never before been witnessed by mortal



"All in all, the game this fall will differ very little from what it has been in the past. The game will still retain the color and pageantry which comes with shifting of backs and linemen into a variety of formations"—Knut Rockne off duty and in harness

eye. During the next two years there were times when Grange was stopped, and stopped cold, but when he had his day—what a day! There were thrills aplenty and galore last fall, but I don't believe the season furnished any stars who could compare with the list I have just mentioned.

This fall football will be free from attacks. These outbursts will not occur until December. At that time Mr. Pop Off and Mr. All Off, having no other means of breaking into print, will make their annual attack against the brutal, dehumanizing game of football. As one of these chaps once said, "It's a terrible game the way these boys bump each other, and everything."

I attended a pacifist meeting this year at one of the great mid-west universities. I analyzed the crowd as well and as fairly as I could. I found that, almost without exception, they were physically below normal. I questioned about a half-dozen of the chaps regarding football and I found they were just as anti-football as they were anti-military. The thought has occurred to me since that the resentment (Continued on page 95)



"The Army no longer meets the concept even of those who hoped that with voluntary rather than compulsory citizen training we could build an appropriate defensive military machine"

The SECOND LINE

ANY review of our national security must sooner or later decide whether the Army or the Navy is the first line of our defense.

Those who believe that our first line of defense may rest upon a world-will-to-peace, or upon diplomatic negotiation or conciliation within or without an international organization like the League of Nations, or upon co-operative international disarmament or upon our geographic protection, may ultimately be right or wrong, but this series has already indicated that at this day any of these defenses are made of paper, are founded on sand and are mere shadows of expectation of a day to come. They are worthless in face of the certain conclusion that a fat, rich, economically competitive nation not only owes it to its own defense, but to the peace of the world, to maintain today a defensive machine of war quite strong enough to discourage even the idea that it may be successfully attacked. America needs an insurance policy of defense.

We come therefore to the question of whether an army or a navy is the first line of defense of America. I have spent some months to answer this question to my own satisfaction. And I believe that the answer is quite clear and rather more obvious than is commonly supposed. The answer, it seems, is that since our professional Army is not considerably more powerful than American tradition or opinion will support, and since we have not a citizen army of the comparative size and thoroughness of training, say, of the Swiss compulsory training army, our Navy is bound in any case to be considered our first line of defense.

In other articles there will be an examination of the question of how well we are maintaining that first line of defense, of how much we are skimping on our Navy, and how near the danger point that skimping which in the end will require a day of reckoning in naval appropriation is taking us. How necessary some step to consider our national defense as a single unit may become is still another necessary consideration. Just now we may take a look at the tragedy of error in public opinion which keeps our Army, because of the opposition to compulsory training, from being our first line of defense. We must consider also in what respects it is not filling its place even as a second line of defense.

As good a statement of the case for a citizen army as can be

found is in the book entitled "Statesmanship or War" by General John McAuley Palmer. It is said of General Palmer by James W. Wadsworth, Jr.—whose service as Chairman of the Military Affairs Committee of the Senate created towards him a national indebtedness—that "service was rendered by General Palmer in connection with the rewriting of the National Defense Act—a service about which little is known by the public and not much by our military people outside of some of those on duty in Washington in 1919 and 1920." Senator Wadsworth added: "As the years go by and I get a better perspective I become more than ever convinced his name should be blessed by every American who believes his country should be ready to defend itself."

General Palmer's thesis is that the most American, the most effective and the cheapest defense for America is a volunteer citizen army. The most valid answers to that thesis are three in number. First, the Swiss system, upon which it is proposed to model our national defense, is not a voluntary but a compulsory system, and although our training camps so far have been more than filled there is no guarantee that we have or can continue to develop a citizen army strong enough for national defense. Second, if a citizen army is to be the first line of defense with a consequent relegation of the Navy into second place, there is no guarantee that we can hold the Philippines, Hawaii, the Caribbean Islands, or that vital spot the Panama Canal. Third, and most serious of all, the question of national defense is never solved scientifically but sentimentally and therefore politically. In other words, it may be quite sensible to advocate a citizen-training military system and that means a training of youth—to substitute for the professional type of army.

But sense and sentiment meet at this point in political joust. There is always a possibility of advocating a large regular army with a measure of success. Such an army is or may be a real menace to pacifism. And yet, when it is proposed to substitute a citizen army for a professional army, behold all the sentimentalists come rushing forward to say that military training instills in youth the war spirit! All the cranks who are well-meaning and often forgivable come to Congress in a frenzy and, in one case, actually protested against the hymn "Onward, Christian Soldiers, marching as to war" as militaristic and as



"The life blood of an army or of a navy may be quietly sucked away by the noiseless process of starving—by the tempting process of paring down appropriations"

No. 2 in a Series of Articles on **By RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD** *the Problems of National Defense*

corrupting young minds to conflict! In brief, General Palmer, proposing a citizen army, proposes a policy which, however right in its adequate fulfilment and however acceptable to the majority of American citizens, is politically impossible because its inception and, above all, its effective operation will be attacked by the Federal Council of Churches and other extreme and propaganda organizations on the grounds of corruption of youth. Their thesis is that teaching defense and discipline creates belligerents instead of restrained sportsmen. And with their thesis successful, what is left, so far as armies are concerned, is either inadequate defense or else professional armies. It is stupid. It is foolishly passionate, but it is politically effective. General Palmer's peace idea of national defensive machinery in distinction to national aggressive machinery is a sane idea. The peace idea that under conditions as they are, the moral duty of the United States to the world's calm is to keep so defended that no attack will be possible, is a sane idea. Both are assaulted by the professional pacifist partisans, pastors and professors, with extraordinary success.

Political questions like this are not decided by reason and rational and logical conclusion; they are decided by politics. After a long investigation, I am inclined to believe that an adequate voluntary citizen defense is impossible at present—that is, that we must perforce place our reliance on the nucleus of a regular army plus the makeshift of rapid conscription, hasty training, inadequate preparation and pell-mell provision of a citizen army when war comes upon us. I know full well that there are those who disagree with me, but the difference in opinion is based upon my belief that the hope of a citizen army will wither, particularly under the continued petty fire of the fanatic pacifist attack, particularly that attack against all militaristic training of youth. The advocates of a volunteer rather than a compulsory citizen army say that we may expect the idea to grow and may look forward to cumulative citizen military power rather than laxity and lassitude. I do not share their faith. Our national tendency, our economy program and the organized fanatic-pacifist minority, with its influence upon many congressmen, all tend to make us roll over and go to sleep in direct ratio to our distance from the wastes and prodigality which attended our participation in the World War. In that war we met an emergency merely of

the second class, to wit, an emergency which really threatened no attack upon our soil or our possessions. The emergency we must prepare to meet is one we have never met—attack by a first-class power or combination of powers.

Seeing no hope for either a professional or a citizen army strong enough to defend our own territory, to say nothing of our strategic outposts, our political possessions and our obligations, the conclusion is inevitable that however great a cost the Navy is, it must be, whether good enough or tragically not quite good enough, our first line of defense. Hence in appraising the state of our Army, it is as the second and not as the first line of defense that it must be considered.

It is useless to introduce into any such appraisal consideration of what might be. It is useless to say, "The Army would take more standing if there were a single department of Government administering all our defensive forces." For the present, the inquiry is whether the concept and the provisions of the National Defense Act of 1920 and its amendments, together with the operation in practice of this Act, are even a good second line of defense. Let there be no mistake about the attitude here taken. It is that any defense almost good enough is like an egg almost fresh enough—it is no good!

Senator Wadsworth, for instance, when asked for a shotgun opinion as to whether the National Defense was efficient, replied, "It is efficient up to about ten million dollars a year short of the mark in terms of appropriations." Well, even supposing that the National Defense Act at one hundred percent efficiency provides an adequate second line of defense, ten million dollars delinquency does not under our political system tend to cure itself. The exact contrary is true. As a wise political observer said to me, "The ten million deficiency becomes twenty and the twenty becomes forty. The process is the lulling process of apparently permanent peace plus persistent pacifist lobbying." Presently the egg almost fresh enough becomes an egg obviously unable to meet the situation at all. That is the tendency because our American self-confidence and our overstocked faith in a warless world are our worst narcotics.

The tendency is unfortunate—the truth is that our self-defense, large as its total looks in our national budget, is about the cheapest investment in an insurance-policy sense that has ever been



Winter cavalry maneuvers, Fort Ethan Allen, Vermont. In circle, an army sentry in Hawaii. "For every thousand square miles we have forty-four regular soldiers. Even Germany has 549"



known. Whether it costs us \$1000 a year per enlisted man is of no consequence. The old wives' tales as to our spending more on them than on our public school education is a palpable falsehood. The army insurance policy costs us scarcely more than the interest on our investment, public and private, in our schools and colleges. Some idea of the cheapness of that insurance policy may be had from the published statement of statisticians that the annual tax on cigarettes alone is more than enough at this time to maintain our army establishment for a year.

Nor can it be said that the National Defense Act, even if its maximum concept were maintained or realized, puts us under the slightest danger of having an aggressive military machine. That Act, the terms of which will be stated in a moment, is in reality a provision for a minimum of necessary defense, but predicated upon a navy kept up to the mark from which our Navy today has been allowed to slide down. This shifting comparison of first line and second line strength between Navy and Army in the sum total of our national security shows the need of seeing clearly as a whole the sum of the two services. As will be shown later, this need is the first and foremost reason behind those who stand for a consolidated Department of Defense.

It is known to most persons with an active interest in military affairs that the National Defense Act rests upon the idea of maintaining a regular army to act as a current service arm and also as a source of personnel capable of training a voluntary citizen army. Says a War Department order of 1921: "The Army Reorganization Act of June, 1920, marks an epoch in our military legislation. This law provides for an Army of the United States which shall include the Regular Army, the National Guard when in the service of the United States, and the Organized Reserves composed of the Officers Reserve Corps and the Enlisted Reserve Corps. It directs that the Army of the United States as a whole shall always be formed into a sufficient number of divisions and other units to constitute the framework for a complete and immediate mobilization in the event of serious national emergency."

General Pershing and endless other witnesses at Congressional hearings have emphasized that this whole plan of a citizen army, not compulsory as in Switzerland and in conscription countries, depends upon producing enough officers to cover the citizen volunteer soldiery with instruction and leadership. And yet so dense is the ignorance of some fanatic pacifists, and indeed of some congressmen, that it is heard over and over again as if it were a scandal that we have more than one officer for every ten regular army enlistments! Not to see that dependence on a volunteer citizen army for security makes it necessary for us to have trained officers and no dearth of them is to grope about in the night of blindness. What were our experiences in the World War? If we are to look forward to a nucleus army to be augmented in emergency by citizen soldiery, we must above all things remember that future wars will be shock wars. The first few weeks of victory may make the final decision. Nothing could be greater folly than for us to reduce our Regular Army strength, rely upon volunteer enlistment in National Guard training camps and Reserve to build the framework of our defensive military machine, and then be short of men who can instruct and lead. Such a foolish concept is a part of our apparently eternal national backwoods idea about the millions who would spring to arms. As Roosevelt once said to me when discussing this: "There are two difficulties: one is that there are no arms; the other that none of the millions know how to spring."

The very essence of any plan to build a citizen reserve in peace or provide for training a conscripted force in war is to create an adequate constant supply of competent officers and instructors whether they be Regular Army officers or officers of the Reserve.

This is only one opening example of an attitude of ignorance or wilfulness with which the fanatic pacifists and the pinch-penny economists whittle away at our National Defense.

The average citizen sleeps quite soundly while that process is going on. The National Defense Act in which he has pride and which he believes still is kept at the standard set at the time of its creation goes crumbling, and he sleeps on, content! Every now and then the

daily press carries some short item which indicates that we are sliding seriously backward as to materials, as to officer training, as to desertions because our men are not well fed, as to our diminishing war stocks, our old equipment, our unfilled housing plans. It is quite a different matter when we tear off the cover of the box and see what is really there as a whole—

What is there is not at all what the National Defense Act of 1920 put there. What is there has some worms in it.

The Army—our second line of defense—no longer meets the concept even of those who hoped that with voluntary rather than compulsory citizen training we could build an appropriate defensive military machine.



An infantry mess line. "There is no cheaper insurance in the world to protect our lives and our property than a reasonable investment in our machinery of defense"

There are plenty of veterans of our wars who know the costs of unpreparedness; how many of them know our present condition of preparedness? How many voters know anything of the paring and whittling and appropriative attrition process which has been slowly withering the strength of our second line of defense, the Army? How many realize that no matter what an act of Congress may plan and purport to create only the appropriation of money can turn into reality? The life blood of an army or of a navy may be quietly sucked away by the noiseless process of starving—by the tempting process of paring down appropriations.

Something of this process of paring and whittling and nicking out little pieces here and there is not difficult to expose even to the sleeping citizen.

First of all there is the method of Congressional reduction in the size of the Regular Army. Mark it down that under the National Defense Act it is proposed to maintain a skeletonized organization. It was originally intended to have nine combat corps made up of Regulars, National Guard and Reserves. When enlistments are pared down sufficiently the skeleton organization no longer can be maintained and it becomes necessary to reduce the number of combat corps. That means, not only temporarily but permanently, the shrinkage of the whole machine of defense. The area combat corps is built as a fighting unit and when any one of the factors in it reaches the vanishing point the organization itself is broken.

Here are the facts: In 1920 the National Defense Act provided for an army of 280,000 men. At this time, of course, the fear of war was still in our minds and, besides, we had a considerable force overseas.

But in one year from that time we had an army of only 206,000.



A field radio receiving set. "Offering ourselves as bait to a world not yet anywhere near purged of war-temptations is the worst service we can possibly render to peace"

the National Defense Act of 1920 was planned to have between 425,000 and 435,000 men. This was reduced to 250,000. The appropriations of 1926 and 1927 provide for approximately 185,000.

Now as to the Officers Reserve Schools. These were built up until approximately 17,000 were enrolled. But the budget of 1927 attempted to lop off 3,000.

This year it was proposed to cut in half the appropriation for the Army Schools dedicated to applied higher military education and situated at Fort Leavenworth.

Last, Citizens Training Camps, which (Continued on page 82)

Congress passed over the President's veto in 1921 a resolution reducing the Regulars to 175,000, and there was a strong faction in Congress wishing to reduce it to 150,000 or even 100,000, which was our pre-war strength.

Stop here for a moment to consider that when Congress passes on the size of the Army it provides that the Army shall not be over a certain maximum; the inevitable effect of this is to cause the shutting down on enlistments long before the maximum is reached so that the maximum shall not be passed.

In 1922 we were supposed to have an army of 125,000. A year later in June, 1923, we had an army of 111,000 men.

The next step is for a nation, a rich creditor, with post-war obligations, fat and tempting to an invader of our possessions or our rights, to drop back from some 110,000 men now authorized and about 110,000 actual enlistments to an army with less than 100,000, almost precisely its strength when we were caught napping before.

We must not forget either that of this number not more than 40,000 are in the United States available for combat in home defense. The National Guard contemplated by

EDITORIAL

For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy, to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion.

The Only Way

The Red movement must be met and overcome, but that cannot best be done by "viewing with alarm," "red baiting," riding professional martyrs on a rail, and vainglorious flag-waving. Irascible and unreasoning tactics lead to a violence that sinks to the very level of the evil to be wiped out. When an emergency calls for militant action in dealing with the Reds, the function properly belongs to constituted authority, which can always draw on the loyal citizenship of the country to carry out its mandate. The greatest weapon with which to successfully combat Communism and its kindred diseases is education. . . . Conclusion expressed in the pamphlet, "The Threat of Communism and the Answer," prepared by The National Americanism Commission of The American Legion.

THIS doctrine thoroughly corresponds with Legion practice. The hang-them-to-a-lamp-post conservator of patriotism and the teach-em-with-a-club exponents of the Constitution have never been able to persuade the Legion to be false to its own ideals and professions.

Everybody's Country

ASWASHBUCKLING Prussian officer in the Alsatian town of Zabern slashed a shoemaker across the face with a sabre to make him get off a sidewalk. The memory of this bit of insolent militarism burned itself deep in millions of human minds and helped destroy eventually the whole autocratic caste of Prussian militarism.

A government which does not have its roots in the people and an army which does not draw its leadership from the whole citizenship are alike defective and unreliable in time of national stress.

That our army traditions are still true to American principles is proved by the news that the honor man of this year's graduating class at the United States Military Academy, Hans W. Holmer, the man who stood first in a class of two hundred and three members, began his military career as a private in the Thirtieth Infantry of the Regular Army. This conclusion is still further emphasized by the additional facts that the second high man of the graduating class also entered the Academy from the enlisted ranks of the Regular Army, that five other former Regular Army men were also graduated and that five graduates had entered the Academy from the ranks of the National Guard.

The tradition of West Point is also the tradition of the Naval Academy at Annapolis. Both institutions are open on equal terms to every American boy

possessing physical strength, character and personality and educational aptitude, regardless of his parents' wealth or station in life.

The best guaranty of this country's stability is the sense of participation, the sense of partnership, which every citizen has when he considers his Government.

Unsafe

THE American Legion's tradition of law and order never has been upheld more sublimely than on that day in the early summer of 1927 when a Past Commander of the Florida Department, commanding twelve companies of the Florida National Guard, evoked pistols, rifles and machine guns to prevent a mob from lynching a jailed prisoner in Tampa.

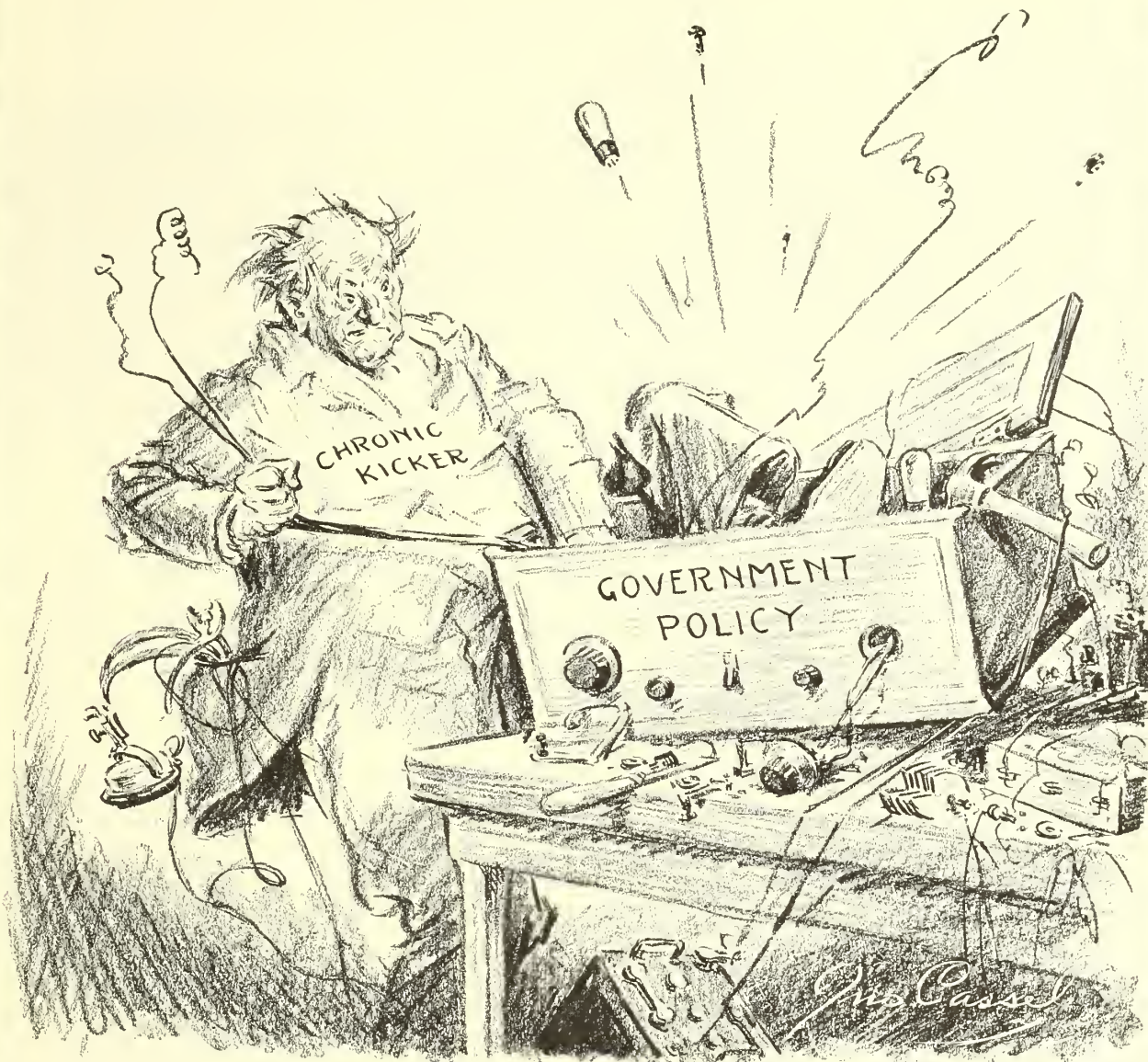
Colonel S. L. Lowry and five hundred Florida guardsmen and county officers did more than disperse a murderous mob. They gave to law enforcement officers everywhere a surpassing example of firmness and devotion to duty in the face of circumstances which would have crumpled timorous or fearful spirits. Five persons were killed and more than a score of others were wounded when the guardsmen in self-defense opened fire on the besieging mob about the county jail in Tampa. The casualty roll was a notice to the nation that lynching is not a safe sport.

A lynching or an attempted lynching may be considered as a tornado of human emotion. The individual who takes part in it has surrendered his own reason for mass insanity. Caught up in the irresistible rush to action, the more temperate, more reputable members of a mob find themselves committed to outrage and murder by the leadership of madmen. And it may be taken for granted that every mob, in the earliest moments of its existence, is composed principally of men who in their daily lives are reasonable and honorable and well-intentioned.

The lesson of Tampa should be told afar. If it is, there should be hereafter fewer wild-eyed attempts to use battering rams on jail walls and doors in the name of Judge Lynch. To make lynching unsafe is to make it unpopular.

The Time is Short

NOT only on Memorial Day but on every day in the year Taps is echoing throughout the United States, and Legion firing squads are rendering final salutes over new graves. With 3,300,000 World War veterans holding adjusted service certificates (the so-called bonus certificates), 1,007 death



IF HE HAD HIS WAY

claims on certificates were approved for payment by the Veterans Bureau in the single month of May. Up to the middle of 1927 a total of 33,160 payments had been made to beneficiaries of certificate holders, and the amount paid had reached the total of \$33,890,593.

Certainly these figures prove that the overwhelming majority of World War service men appreciated the Adjusted Compensation Law sufficiently to take advantage of its provisions. Mothers and fathers, widows and children of more than 33,000 men already have benefited by the thoughtfulness which inspired applications for the certificates. That fact should be an urgent reminder to several hundred thousand service men who so far have not applied for adjusted compensation certificates, most of them because of ignorance of the conditions under which applications for the certificates may be made, indifference or procrastination.

Those who have not yet applied should do so now

as a duty to their dependents if not to themselves. The time to do so is short. January 1, 1928, is the last day on which applications may be filed.

The man who has not yet applied should be reminded that the adjusted compensation certificate is in effect a fully paid-up endowment insurance policy. If the holder of the policy should die before the end of twenty years his beneficiary would receive the full sum in cash which the policyholder himself would have received had he lived.

In case a veteran dies without having made an application, his beneficiaries may apply, but they can receive only about one-third of the amount to which they would have been entitled had the veteran himself applied. Under the law dependents of men dying without holding certificates must make application before January 1, 1928, unless death occurred within six months prior to this date, in which case application may be filed in the first six months of 1928.



The crash of the dirigible Shenandoah in September, 1925, left the widows of two members of the crew practically penniless. Their Adjusted Compensation claims were paid within forty-eight hours. January 1, 1928, will be the final date for filing application for compensation certificates

TIME *is* MONEY

By Richard Seelye Jones

NOBODY hates paper work more heartily than an aviator. It is difficult to get a successful flyer to talk. It is practically impossible to make him write. Lindbergh has written a book, but they had to lock him up and plead with him to get it done. The newspaper memoirs of most of the great birdmen have been written by professional journalists with whom, in the name of comfortable profits, the flyers have been cajoled into conversation. As for army paper work, a man who will spend endless hours in the air, perform unheard-of tasks, spectacular stunts, magnificent feats of daring, will complain violently over the necessity of recording his accomplishments on the forms necessary merely to draw his flying pay.

There was a naval aviator with a very fine war record who had been persuaded that he should apply for his Adjusted Compensation Certificate because it meant more than a thousand dollars worth of paid-up insurance, offered to him gratis by his Government. One day he went so far as to pocket an application form from the desk at his squadron headquarters, and another day he came across the thing in his bureau drawer, among his neckties, and seizing his fountain pen, he started to fill it out.

From personal knowledge and memory he wrote in his name, date of birth, address, and the name of his mother as beneficiary. At about this point he discovered spaces for the date of his enlistment, date of starting overseas, and other matters of war record, and he realized that he would have to look around for the records. He scanned the remaining spaces on the application form, filled in one or two which required no further research, and signed his name at the end. Then he chucked the thing back among the neckties, to await such time as he might feel like looking up the other dates.

A few weeks later, from causes which will always be unknown, his plane crumpled in midair and he fell to his death. He had never completed or filed the application.

His mother found the document among his things, and sent it to the United States Veterans' Bureau to see if it had any value. With much regret the Bureau replied that the United States Court of Claims had decided that the Adjusted Compensation Act required that an application be filed by the veteran, if living on July 1, 1924. If he merely signed it and failed to file it, the law must assume that for some reason he did not want to file it. He had until January 1, 1928, to file it, but file it he must. Otherwise his close kin, if actually dependent on him for support, might only file a claim for his Adjustment Service, which is

unfortunately only a fraction of the total Adjusted Compensation.

The mother of this aviator was not dependent on his support. She really wanted the adjusted service money in order to settle some small debts which her son had left. The Veterans' Bureau, although some folks will insist that it is not human, nevertheless is made up of human beings. One of these beings, having formally and officially and regretfully informed the mother that she had no claim, added to his official duty a human touch. "I would suggest," he wrote, "that you do not destroy this certificate, as there might later be a change in the law or in the decisions." The mother, therefore, saved the incompleting and unfiled application.

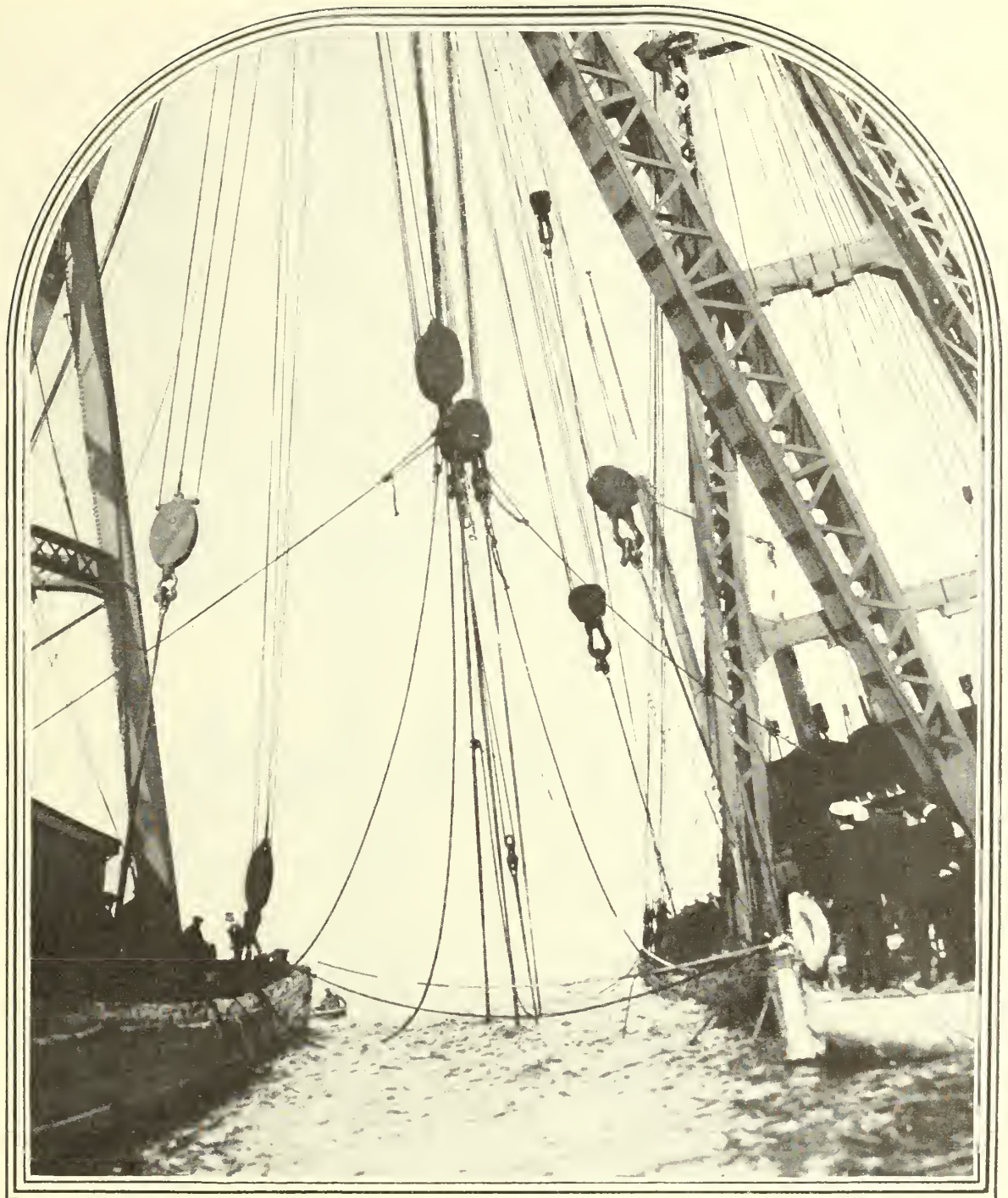
At this point The American Legion took a hand in this and thousands of other peculiar cases arising under what is officially the World War Adjusted Compensation Act, and unofficially the "soldiers' bonus law." Learning that decisions such as that of the Court of Claims, and others by the Comptroller General of the United States and by other powers and authorities, were operating to defeat the spirit of the act, although doubtless correctly interpreting the letter of the law, the Legion through its National Legislative Committee asked Congress to pass an amending act which would clarify the doubtful points.

The amendment of July 3, 1926, was the result. Among many other new and clear definitions, it set forth that an application should be valid if "it bears the bona fide signature of the applicant, discloses an intention to claim the benefits of this Act on behalf of the veteran, and is filed on or before January 1, 1928, whether or not the veteran is alive at the time it is filed."

Happily, the naval aviator had signed the application blank, and had filled in enough of it to disclose his intention to claim the benefits. Within a week of the passage of the amendment of July 3, 1926, the mother had filed the application, received the payment of his Adjusted Service Certificate at full face value, and was enabled to discharge the debts which had worried her.

This case is not so unusual as it may seem. In this mundane sphere death is always unusual and usually unexpected. The circumstances of the bereaved when any man dies are likely to be unusual. Since the World War Adjusted Compensation Act became law in May, 1924, and payments of benefits under it began in January, 1925, payments had been made to 119,001 beneficiaries up to the first of last July, and they are being made daily through the governmental machinery which is now operating smoothly and efficiently for that purpose.

Of these benefits, 8,191 were sixty-dollar payments to the kin



Death claims of beneficiaries of men lost with the submarine S-51 who held Adjusted Compensation Certificates were paid before the craft was raised. Here two powerful cranes are struggling vainly to budge the bulk from its bed of sand—first proof that water had entered the hull and that there was no hope for the crew of thirty-three. The S-51 tragedy occurred twenty-two days after the Shenandoah disaster

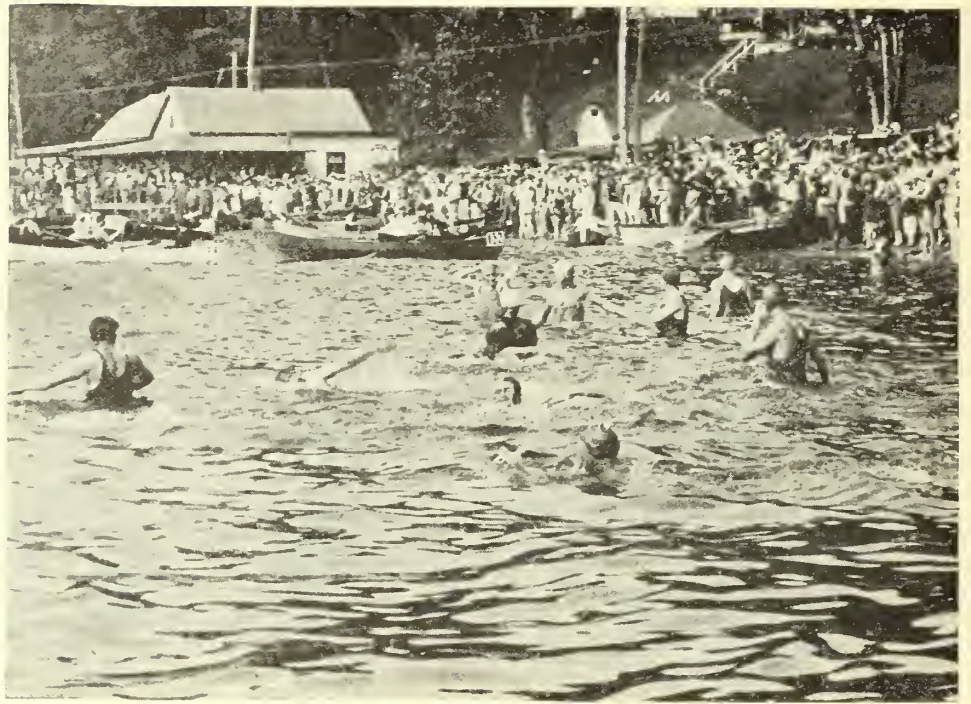
of men who died before discharge from the service and did not receive that discharge pay. Some 77,741 were payments to dependent relatives of veterans who died before applying for Adjusted Compensation, and 33,160 were payments to the beneficiaries of veterans who did apply and receive their Adjusted Compensation Certificates and have since died. This latter class of payment has averaged more than one thousand dollars each, and more than one-half of these payments have gone to the widows of deceased ex-service men.

To every member of The American Legion who had a part in the long-drawn-out legislative struggle for the passage of the bonus law, this magnificent record of relief already brought to these thousands of widows and parents and children must be a matter of supreme gratification. This is the result the Legion strove for, through a half-dozen hectic sessions of Congress from 1920 to 1924, through the discouragement of two Presidential vetoes, through the unfair and often vicious opposition of

profiteering financial interests, so-called anti-bonus leagues and committees, and the less unfair but more effective opposition by interests honestly opposing an adjustment of the soldier's World War compensation.

That long battle for a fair adjustment, taking the form of cash for those of short-term service and paid-up twenty-year endowment policies of life insurance for those of longer service, was won on May 10, 1924, when the Senate of the United States passed the act over the veto of the President, as the House of Representatives had done two days earlier. With the victory there came to the Legion a responsibility for co-operation in the administration of the law, and for later legislative amendment to correct such defects as were certain to develop in such an extensive and long-contested piece of lawmaking. That responsibility has been met and is being met, and at the present writing is assuming a new and very vital aspect.

Applications for adjusted compensation (Continued on page 70)



Bringing the CHANNEL

By Charles Phelps

*About a third of the
Lake George contestants
were women, witness
Ethel Hertle*

IN AN early morning drench of silvery white mist a speed boat, throttled low, nosed northward through the narrows of Lake George. Out of the mist sounded the putt-putt of other motors, the chug of oar-locks, the slap of waves against rocks. The two men forward stood up, peering for channel markers and shoals.

The heavy white veil was lifting. To starboard the bulk of Black Mountain slowly emerged, turning from inky-black to indigo, then to purple. Over the peak's high crest the dim coppery disc of the sun took outline and quickly brightened. By the time the speed boat was clear of the narrows and their Hundred Islands, glittering sunlight lit all the wider stretches of the lake beyond. The curtain was up at last upon a scene of gleaming waters walled about by bristling hills and wooded mountains: James Fenimore Cooper's favorite setting for his Indian romances, and so like Sir Walter Scott's Trossachs that a man from Loch Lomond or Loch Katrine would have rubbed his eyes amazed.

Our pilot, Arthur Knight, with a figure modeled on the ample lines of Chief Justice Taft, glanced back at us; then, cocking his blue Legionnaire cap a trifle more jauntily, indulged the first faint smile in three or four days. No need for words—he pointed to the skies. Some chance now to draw a little fair weather for the long-awaited Big Event. Young Robert Leavitt beside him, a contrast, tall and slim in white flannels, passed back the field glasses. Sighting through them down the lake at the little summer resort settlement of Hague, close in the lee of Three Brothers ridge, the bay adjoining was black with every type of water craft, and the narrow strip of sandy beach walled with spectators like the shores of Coney Island on a Sunday. In the foreground canoes, row-boats, motor launches, yachts, sailboats, a big scow, two hydro-airplanes and a zipping sea-sled were converging toward Hague from every direction.

Thereupon Bob Leavitt tossed aft his white flannel hat, peeled his coat and shed his shoes. In his stocking feet he crawled out forward into a shower bath of spray. Then upon the flagstaff at

the prow he hoisted an oilcloth pennant lettered OFFICIAL, and all that the Lake George Post of The American Legion, Department of New York, and its innumerable allies in this day's large enterprise—Legion auxiliaries, local business men, nurses and doctors, Boy Scouts and Red Crossers—could do in the way of six months of preparation was completed. Impartial outsiders, as judges and starters, must conduct all the rest.

"Let's step on her, Art," Bob suggested.

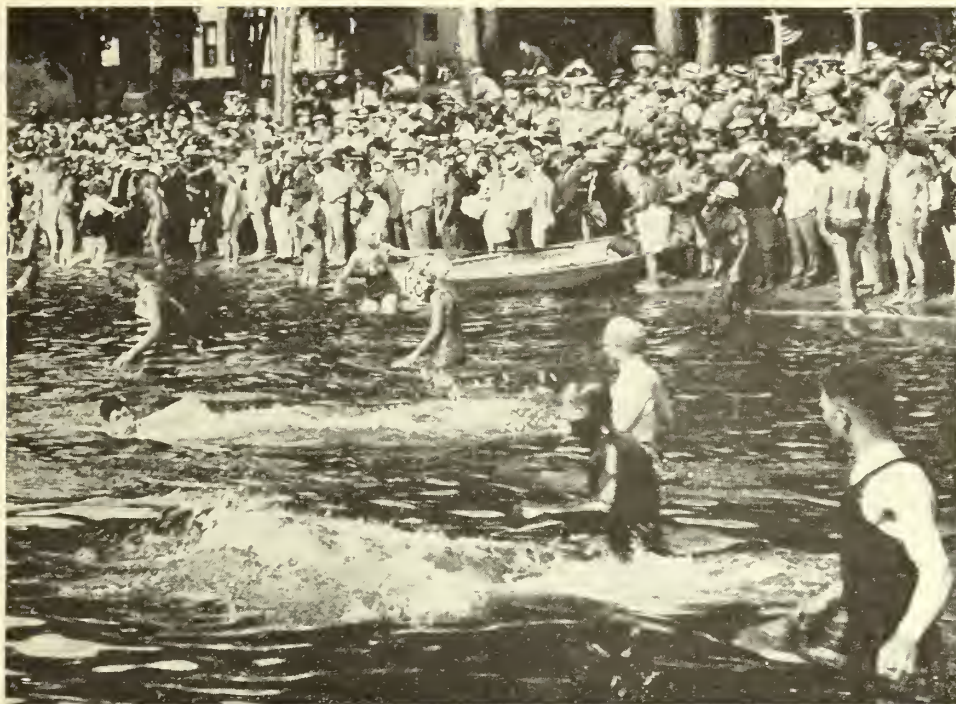
So Art stepped.

Way back in March, while the ice on the lake was yet cracking and booming, the post at Lake George Village had started things. All of such a long start was needed, too. For no less ambitious a project was this than a day-dream of making twenty-four miles of romantic old Lake George, from Hague to the south head of the lake, into a course for an international swimming Marathon.

Item: raising \$10,000 in cash for prizes and perhaps as much more for operating expenses, thus to lure here the most famous distance swimmers available in America or abroad. Stars such as Ernst Vierkoetter, the German champion, and his rival in conquering the English Channel, the Frenchman Georges Michel; Olav Farsted, champion of Norway; Europe's woman champion, Mme. Jane Sion; Canada's champion, Meyer Mendelsohn; and from our native talent such dangerous contenders as Boston's Charles Toth (another Channel swimmer), Mobile Bill Jackson, Southern champion, and the pick of many distance stars from the New York City neighborhood, among them Edward Keating, Miss Ethel Hertle, Mrs. Lucy A. F. Dimond and Mrs. Lottie Moore Schoemmell, originator of the "grease bathing suit."

Item: billeting and entertaining an army of sightseers, by some of the newspapers estimated as high as 100,000.

Other items, big and small innumerable: among them providing advance publicity, railway transportation, rowboats, launches, yachts, judges, observers, programs, numbers, flags, flares, lanterns, badges, police protection, couriers . . . If you've ever tackled the detail work of arranging for a banquet or a post show you have some inkling of the size of this task. But only an inkling, unless you can imagine one of those little affairs multiplied



Start of the first Lake George \$10,000 Swimming Marathon, conducted under the auspices of Lake George (New York) Post. The gun didn't bang until the hundred participants had reached deep water



to AMERICA

Cushing

Edward A. Keating, not only the winner but the only entrant to finish the race

by ten thousand. In short, the idea was to import the English Channel to America.

Long since, that task had attained a magnitude far beyond what a handful of ex-service men in a little up-state New York village with a population of 800 could hope to handle in such time as they could spare from the work by which they earned their living. Everybody with any spark of public spirit in Lake George Village and all the smaller resort towns around, and even a goodly number of business and professional men in the largest nearby city, Glens Falls, with 17,851, had set shoulders to the wheel. The Legion had started it, and under Legion auspices it continued to the end. But if this event should prove to be a success, due credit should be shared by two counties; by everyone in the Lake George neighborhood from Al Sica, ex-service man and Legionnaire who shines shoes in front of the village barber shop on Canada Street (he did his bit as an observer in one of the rowboats), to Robert Bayle, head of the largest department store in Glens Falls, who on the same Big Day also spent many blistering hours on the lake in a rowboat as another volunteer observer. Literally, there were thousands in Warren and Washington counties who dug deep in their pockets beforehand and on the big day put their shoulders to the oars to make this community affair a go.

Our speed boat drove forward, knifing spray, and soon brought up to where a variegated and vari-colored sight-seeing armada lay off-shore bobbing on the waves in a long semi-circle.

When we landed, we found Hague, normally one of the most peaceful coves for boating and fishing in the known world, now a scene of distracting turmoil. Hundreds of motor cars streaming down the ridge from north and south clogged the highway and overflowed, tier after tier, onto the lawns of the hotels and cottages, adding further din of engines to the incessant popping of motor boat exhausts and the loud roar of two hydro-airplanes.

Along the strip of white sandy beach a fleet of rowboats to accompany the swimmers was drawn up to numbered stakes. Though the entries for the race totaled one hundred and fifty, many failed at the last minute to appear; the count of boats on hand for the start was reported to be one hundred and one.

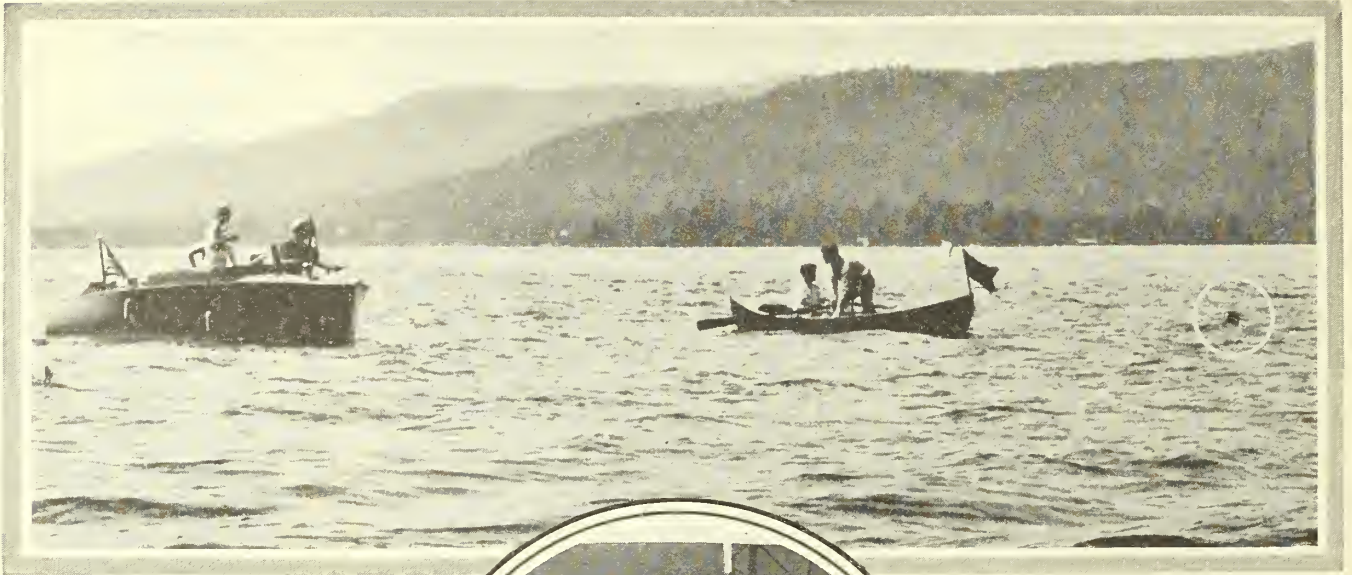
Close by, several thousand spectators milled excitedly; kept pressing down beyond the police lines and in dangerously large numbers out onto the creaking docks. A few state troopers vainly tried to hold the throngs back.

The best deterrent finally proved to be harsh experience. After the swimmers, heavily plastered with grease, appeared upon the crowded beach, large blobs of this grease began to come off in contact with silk frocks and white flannels. Then a little—but only a little—more elbow room was allowed. And when Jack Dempsey, as the nearest available notable, arrived from his Saratoga Springs training camp with Commander Karl T. Crandale in a speed boat, and a flock of eager summer resorters stampeded forward to shake hands, the trembling old dock cracked under their weight, dropping Jack and half a dozen others knee deep into the lake. After that the state troopers, who were the real "heroes" of quick thinking in this emergency, had less trouble to thin out the throng on the piers.

The first announcements of the event had promised a start "between 10 a. m. and 12 noon." Foreseeing the confusion that might ensue at Hague when the list of entries kept lengthening, the committee then wisely moved up the advertised time to 8 o'clock. That three siren blasts from the hospital yacht *Sayona* sounded the half-hour signal on the stroke of 9:15 and the quarter-hour warning at 9:30—and that finally, after all that turmoil, the start actually was made at 9:45, was something to marvel about.

For a time it had seemed an utter impossibility to hold a fair proportion of nearly a hundred swimmers, a hundred trainers, a hundred boatmen and another extremely restless hundred of volunteer observers close to their posts. A few of the observers, in fact, were not yet on hand when the rowboats at the final warning signal shoved off from the beach and the swimmers began to wade out to deeper water to await the starter's gun. When Dempsey finally squeezed the trigger, no one ashore heard the shot. It was drowned in the loud cheering from the gallery of thousands of spectators aboard that off-shore fleet.

The Lake George Legion post's hardest work now was over, and



responsibility for the conduct of the race passed on to the Chief Judge, Major William L. Ross, Athletic Officer of the Second Corps Area, from Governor's Island. Major General Charles P. Summerall, Chief of Staff of the United States Army, had chosen Major Ross for this task and designated him his "personal representative."

After the start, the next high light of that memorable Marathon which decided the fresh water distance championship of the world, for a first prize of \$5,000 cash, was—as doubtless you know from newspaper accounts—a duel in mid-afternoon for the lead. This was fought desperately between the German champion, Vierkoetter, a veteran of the World War, and young Edward Keating, a swimming instructor in the New York City public schools, who at the time Vierkoetter was soldiering in the trenches was an urchin of only thirteen or fourteen, learning to swim and dive from the docks of the East River. In the island-studded narrows beside Black Mountain, now one, now the other, passed to the head of a six-mile-long column of chilled and weary swimmers. At the end of that duel Keating was out in front by half a mile and steadily lengthening his lead.

The second high light of that all-day and all-night struggle was a high light truly weird. It arrived at the first pinkish flush of dawn, with the flickering flares set by the movie camera-men to make it more bizarre. For the last hundred yards between him and his goal, Keating sprinted, his white swimming cap bobbing, white elbows flashing; then a ghostly figure in his coating of white grease, he emerged from the water. His time was eighteen hours, forty-seven minutes; and of all that company of a hundred—which included three famous Channel swimmers—he was the only contestant to cover the whole length of the course.

Only one other entry, another lad from New York City, was left in the race when Keating reached the goal. William Albert Erickson, No. 132, was reported the following morning to be out in the lake swimming slowly but steadily; meanwhile, urgently in need of some chocolate for breakfast. Arthur Knight, with George



The race began at 9.45 a. m. on a Tuesday. The last man left the water at 2.55 p. m. Wednesday. He was William Albert Erickson, and he established thereby a world's endurance record. Above, a good Samaritan in a speed boat is preparing to pass to Erickson's trainer and observer, in the rowboat, a cake of chocolate for the swimmer's Wednesday breakfast. Later, Legionnaire George C. Rammers (left, lower photo) and Arthur Knight, with Mr. Cushing, journeyed out in a hydro-airplane and passed Erickson's trainer some hot chocolate for the swimmer and coffee and sandwiches for themselves. They also left blankets in which Erickson later was glad to wrap himself

C. Rammers, a Lake George Legionnaire who had been forced out of the race early the day before because of cramps, hustled around for the chocolate, rounded up also some hot coffee, sandwiches and smokes and some blankets for the observer and the oarsmen of the accompanying rowboat. Then with the Monthly's reporter, they sped away through the air in a hydro-airplane to deliver first aid.

So confident was Erickson of being able to finish that he requested that word be sent ahead to have the \$1,500 second prize money "all ready for him" when he arrived. Through all of that morning and on until five minutes to three in the afternoon he continued the struggle until he was completely exhausted. He was pulled out some six or seven miles away from the goal line; but the Legion committee, in recognition of his gameness and of the endurance record which he set of more than twenty-nine hours in the water, awarded him a special prize.

Further special prizes were given to six other swimmers who made notable showings. One went to Mendelsohn, the nineteen-year-old Canadian champion, who had struggled on in the night to within two miles of the goal; another to Paul Chotteau of Paris, who had kept up the fight for twenty hours. Vierkoetter was honored for his long pace-setting battle and awarded the silver Carney Cup as the first swimmer to pass the six-mile mark at Sabbath Day Point.

Among the women contestants the judges recognized, with prizes, the memorable records of Mrs. Dimond, Miss Hertle, and Mrs. Schoemmell. Miss Hertle was adjudged to have "covered the greatest distance of any of the women in the shortest time": she had kept ahead of her rivals for many hours and when she was forced to drop out, at 11:20 p.m., only Keating and Mendelsohn were leading her. Mrs. Dimond did not quit until dawn, when Keating was finishing; so to her the judges gave the distinction of being the woman contestant who "swam the farthest and was in the water the longest time." Mrs. Schoemmell was recognized with a prize for her endurance showing, for she is on the records as swimming until 3:30 in the morning. She went into the race at the end of



an unbroken train journey from California completed with a hydro-airplane flight from nearby Lake George Village to Hague, thus arriving just in time to get in under the wire for the start. On the night before she had been able to get only four hours' sleep.

The day after the judges announced their decisions Miss Hertle's manager issued a challenge to Mrs. Dimond and Mrs. Schoemmell for a long distance swim at any time and any place the challenged ones might choose. His computations on how far Miss Hertle and Mrs. Dimond swam differ somewhat from the official figures—they favor Miss Hertle. Upon that point your reporter has no opinion; but he *does* feel that here is an opportunity to be grasped by some alert Legion post. A three-star women's Marathon, for the same \$1,500 stake "to the first woman to finish" as was offered by the Lake George post, would be an event certain to draw a big gallery and no end of publicity. It would not entail, either, the staggering amount of detail work that the large-scale Lake George Marathon required.

For if there is any criticism to be offered upon this affair in the Adirondacks it is that it set too great a strain upon the men and

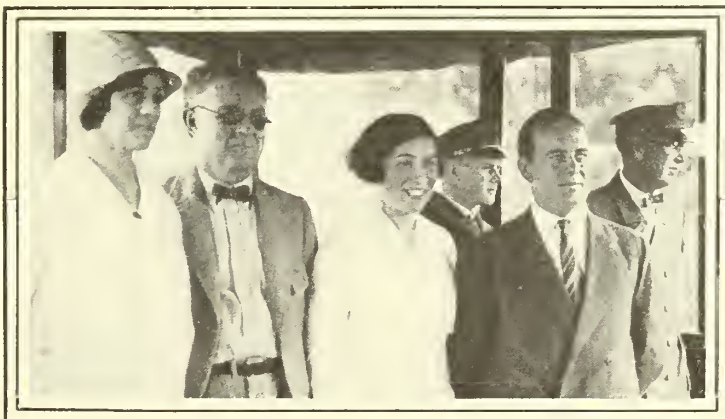
Ernst Vierkoetter of Cologne, Germany, conquerer of the English Channel, led the field for many hours until passed by Keating, but had to abandon the race on account of cramps. He is the first German veteran to take part in a Legion-sponsored athletic event

women who made so many sacrifices of time and money and hard work to insure its success. A pageant never to be forgotten—but what a task! Those anxious Lake George Legionnaires may smile about it now, but at the time it was something almost like torture. In our speed boat, an observer could see Art Knight visibly shrinking with worry—particularly about the turmoil of the start, and about the storm that threatened ahead down the lake in the early afternoon. He worried

himself down from 250 to a mere 240 before dawn; and restless Bob Leavitt, with no weight to spare, became almost a nervous wreck.

But perhaps some of those moments of exultation, which occasionally brightened the proceedings, were ample recompense.

Such as the time in mid-afternoon when the storm ahead blew over, and when from an apparent walk-away for Vierkoetter a real race began as Keating forged forward. If there had been any doubt about whether Lake George could duplicate the difficult conditions of a "Channel swim" in factors other than the length of the course and the chilliness of its icy spring-fed waters, that doubt now vanished. For (Continued on page 89)



Dr. Edward C. Gow, Senior Vice-Commander, Department of New York, standing between Nurses Helen Buck and Rose Strichman on board the Legion-operated hospital ship Sayonra. The Sayonra picked up several dozen entrants forced to abandon the grind

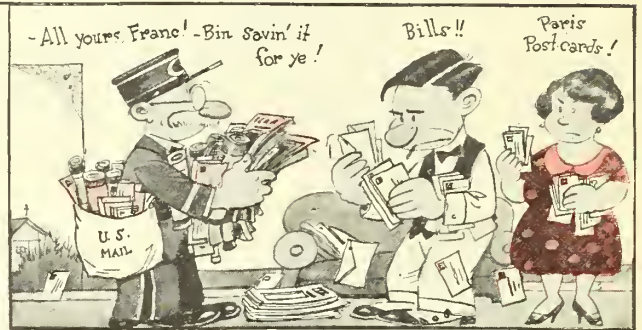
THE MONTH OF DISCOVERIES

Columbus Discovered America in October, 1492. The End-of-Summer Vacationist Returns Home and Discovers It Again in October, 1927

By Wallgren



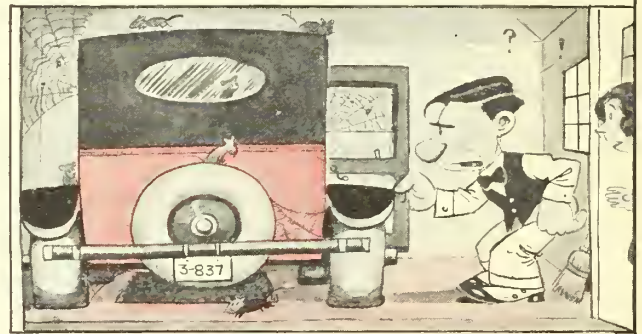
—He discovers that his lawn has become more vertical than horizontal in his absence



—that he receives more mail in a month than he thought existed



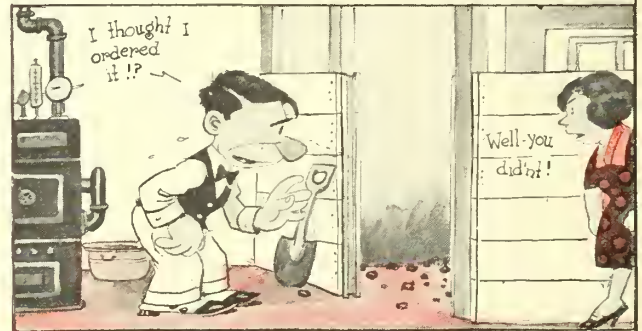
—that his wife's expensive Parisian permanent will have to be repermanented



—that his car has flat tires—battery run down—and is an asylum for mice and spiders



—that the moths have been at it again—his winter overcoat, as usual



—that he has forgotten to order coal—and that his bin is still empty



—that his home-brew has turned to brown October ale



—and that he needs at least another week's vacation to recover from his vacation

Bursts and Duds

DEFINED

"What does 'reaching an agreement' mean, dad?" asked the eternal question mark.

"Reaching an agreement, my boy," replied the man who knew, "is when a woman decides with herself that she'll do something against her husband's wishes."

AND HOW!



"I was in an awful fix yesterday at the swimming pool," confided Warm Winnie in a burst of confidence.

"How was that?" asked Hot Hettie.

"I had to rescue that wealthy old bachelor who was teaching me how to swim."

YOU NEVER CAN TELL

"When a boy gets too much for me I turn him over to my mother," the girl warned her caller.

"Is that so?" he asked interestedly. "I didn't know your mother was that kind of a girl."

THE THIRD EYELASH

"Am I to understand," asked Reggie indignantly, "that you are laughing at my moustache?"

"Excuse me," giggled Edna, "but every time you shut your mouth, it looks like a wink."

THESE LOVELY LADIES

"I feel as if I could go to sleep standing up," he yawned.

"You are most of the time, aren't you?" she yawned back.

VITAL STATISTIC

"And are you happily married?" asked the reporter.

"I believe so," replied the movie star, "but I'll have to let my secretary look it up."

DISTANCE LENDS ENCHANTMENT

"I'd like to see a perfectly proper girl."

"There's one over there. Come on, I'll introduce you."

"No, thanks. I just wanted to see one—not meet her."

ENFORCED EXIT

"At last I have found some one who understands me!" cried a lover.

"Gosh!" exclaimed his friend. "And what train are you leaving town on?"

THE DAYS OF YORE

"But didn't the boys and girls kiss and hold hands when you were young, grandpa?" inquired the flapper.

"Of course we did," the old man answered. "In my day if we kissed we had to hold hands in self-defense."

NOT COVERED BY INSTRUCTIONS

An evangelist, visiting a military camp, approached Post No. 5.

"Young man," he asked, "what would you do if the Angel Gabriel were to blow his trump right now?"

"I'd call the corporal of the guard," answered the sentry promptly.

IT WON'T BE LONG NOW, DEARIE

A writer was nearing the end of his most exciting story when his wife burst into the room with the cry:

"Joe, the house is on fire! The firemen are pounding on the door!"

"That's all right, dear," he replied. "Just tell them I'll soon be finished."

MY COINTREAU, 'TIS OF THEE

"They say Jack has fallen in love with Paris and doesn't want to leave. What do you suppose is the reason?"

"It's a clear case of Triple Sec's appeal."

WHAT PRICE CHARITY?

"Put me down," said Abou Ben Adhem, who didn't know what he was letting himself in for, "as one who loves his fellow men."

"Fine, sir!" snapped the modern angel, whipping out a subscription blank. "And for how much?"



NOT SO DUMB

Among the conservation measures of the World War was a gasless Sunday, when citizens exhibited their patriotism by leaving their automobiles in the garage and hitching up Dobbin. In one Southern camp orders were issued that gasoline-driven vehicles would not be allowed inside the gates.

A couple of women drove up in an electric auto, and were promptly and importantly stopped by an M. P., who told them it was gasless Sunday.

"But," the lady driver remonstrated, "this car doesn't use gas—it's an electric."

"Aw, you can't fool me, lady," retorted the M. P. with gusto. "Where's your trolley?"

SALES RESISTANCE



"Here, boy," growled a tightfisted buyer of a newspaper, "what's this you were yelling about 'Great Swindle—Sixty Victims'? I see nothing in the paper about it."

"Great Swindle!" shouted the youth, even more loudly. "Sixty-one Victims!"

BUSY CORNER

"Say, Sam," whispered a hotel guest to the porter, "I'd like to throw a little poker party tonight and I wonder if you know where I could get a quart."

"Kin Ah?" grinned Sam. "Boss, Ah knows a co'nah down de street whah de bootleggers am so thick dat if yo' happens to put yo' hands behin' yo' back, somebody slips a bottle in dem an' den comes roun' front to collect."

TOURING

Mr. Uppity was about to pass into the Great Unknown.

"Doctor!" he cried. "I'm going—I'm going—call my car."

CALL TO ARMS

"Would you enlist in another war to end wars?"

"I don't know," admitted the veteran, "but I'm about ready for a war to end war movies."

NO SALE

The salesman was enumerating the merits of the car.

"Why," he emphasized, "it runs so smoothly you can't feel it, so quietly you can't hear it; it has such perfect ignition you can't smell it, and as for speed, my dear sir, you simply can't see it!"

"Then," retorted the victim, starting for the door, "how can you know for sure the car is there at all?"

CONSIDERATE



"Are you going to give your daughter away at her wedding, Henry?" asked Abe Mudge.

"Not by a jugful!" snorted Henry Hinkledam, the proud parent. "If she's smart enough to make that young feller believe she's twenty-two years old and never had another beau I'm not going to disillusion the darn fool!"

A. E. Adams, Chef de Gare of Voiture Locale No. 280 (Columbus, Georgia), applies the hood-wink to a lowly P. G. for the grand Forty and Eight wreck at Fort Benning. A hard time was had by all



WHO SAID *the*

By A.B.

AW HELL, you can stand it," they said. "More than two hundred men have been wrecked by this Voiture during the last few years and practically all of 'em recovered."

"But the doctor told me I have a weak heart," I objected.

"You went through the war, didn't you?" My chest swelled in one hundred percent pride. "Well, this won't be any worse than the war."

"Still," said I, "that was a number of years ago, and I was considerably younger. I hadn't smoked so many cigarettes then, or tasted the joys of prohibition, or lost my hair, or—"

"Well," they interrupted, "do you or don't you want this story?"

Duty, which called so insistently in 1917, was this time disguised as an assignment from the editor. If I had then put on O.D. to save the world from the Hun, I could now put on dungarees to save this story for millions of palpitant readers.

"All right," I said. "Do your worst. I have already converted my insurance."

They pushed home their victory.

"You really should feel honored," they announced. "The Columbus Voiture takes in members only by invitation. Moreover, it will accept only men who have done some remarkable service for the Legion. In your case, knowing you as we do, we think your willingness to go through this ordeal is remarkable enough. Be at Fort Benning at 2.30."

Charles S. Harrison Post of the Legion, at Columbus, Georgia, is parent to Voiture Locale No. 280 of La Société des 40 Hommes et 8 Chevaux. Harrison Post lays claim to fifth place in point of membership in the whole Legion. Of its 1316 men, Fort Benning furnishes about forty percent.

While the mood is for superlatives, it must be added that Fort Benning is the largest infantry training school in the world. Situated along the banks of the Chattahoochee nine miles south of Columbus, its 97,000 acres provide area for such intensive training and war games as America has never known elsewhere. Every officer in the infantry and many of its enlisted men come here for instruction at some time in their careers. In course of construction now is a semi-circular brick barracks building which will be large enough to house an entire regiment. Meanwhile the only full war-strength regiment currently maintained by the Army, the Twenty-ninth, occupies the completed part of the structure in addition to a number of such wooden barracks as the

National Army knew while the National Army existed.

Besides furnishing Harrison Post a large part of its membership, Fort Benning this year provides its commander, Captain Bert M. Lennon. A system has been arranged whereby the military personnel of the post and its civilian quota share equally in its duties and its rewards. Meetings alternate between the city and the fort. Delegations to conventions are usually selected on a fifty-fifty basis. A professional commander means a vice-commander in mufti, and, without any intention to pun, vice-versa.

As Columbus lies on the Alabama border, all Forty and Eight Voitures in that State as well as in Georgia had been invited to send voyageurs and prisonniers de guerre for the grand promenade and wreck. Albany, Dawson, Americus, Rome and Macon, Georgia, as well as Montgomery and Auburn, Alabama, responded to the call for fresh fish.

"I must apologize to you miserable men," said A. E. Adams, Chef de Gare of the Voiture, when seventeen timid P. G.'s were lined up before him in Assembly Hall No. 2 at Fort Benning. "The rules prescribe that all prisonniers be garbed in fatigue uniforms for this ordeal. Unfortunately we've not been able to get hold of denims. We've got convict suits instead and any of you who wish to may put them on. If you don't like stripes, of course you needn't wear anything at all."

There was a drizzling rain, and I take cold easily. Better disgrace than disease—so I donned a chic black-and-white suit which fitted like an issue uniform. The other P. G.'s did likewise. One tall fellow, of tousled head, caused some dismay. In the Army he had undoubtedly been a mule skinner. Nothing else would have comported with his fierce and unempt bearing.

"We'll have trouble with that guy," said Chef Adams to Captain Stanley Saulnier, who was aiding in these first moments. "Better give him two gendarmes instead of one."

For the benefit of the uninitiate, be it here said that each P. G. is honored, on his voyage through this new war, with a personally attending gendarme, selected from the voyageurs of the Voiture. The gendarme's duty is to stick to his P. G. Some of them do.

Arrangements were accordingly made to provide two guardians, the heftiest on the grounds, for the mule-skinner.

"Physical examination first," said someone. "You men are about to go into the Army . . . Say 'Ah-h-h-h-h-h-h!'"



WAR *was* OVER ?

Bernd

According to the philosophy of those whom I now came to regard as my torturers, one war is not enough for a lifetime. The Forty and Eight initiation was to be a

complete war on its own, parodying in all essential details the violent events of the last decade.

For such purposes, Fort Benning provides ample paraphernalia. There were, for instance, stethoscopes and rubber gloves and sledge hammers for thumping flexed knees; unlimited supplies of tear-gas and smoke bombs, high explosives and machine-guns, barbed wire, pup-tents, flares, rifles and bugles; a complete system of trenches, equipped with duck-boards, dugouts, parapets, listening posts, and the thousand other trifles which made life so delightful in France; and, pièce de resistance, a railway train which ambled aimlessly along forty miles of thirty-inch trackage, behind a locomotive with peanut-parcher whistle which would instantly qualify it for service on the Paris-Lyon Méditerranée. Through the courtesy of Brigadier General Edgar T. Collins, commandant of the Fort and a member of Harrison Post, all the equipment and grounds had been placed at the disposal of the Forty and Eight.

For my part, the general need not have been so generous. I should not have complained if the program had been limited to a few simple words and a brotherly handclasp.

Evidently our fearful mule-skinner felt likewise. At any rate, while the P. G.'s were undergoing the rigors of physical inspection, a commotion arose in the skinner's neighborhood.

Wonder flew fast.

"Has he knocked out the doctor?" "I told you we'd better look out for that guy!" "We oughtn't to have taken in such a husky!" And so on. But the rumor proved untrue.

The mule-skinner, overcome by the anxiety of these first moments, had keeled over under the first application of the stethoscope, and had been removed, by his two gendarmes and several other helping hands, to the comparative quiet of a neighboring blacksmith shop. Thenceforth he was to watch the proceedings from the sidelines.

These tidings, of course, were inspiration to the rest of us luckless P. G.'s. We fainted as one man; but the voyageurs refused to believe the authenticity of our swoons. The moral of this incident is plain: If you're going to faint, be big enough to make folks believe it.

"Apply the hoodwink!" came, in commanding tones, from

someone; and I was thereafter numbered among those that walk in darkness.

"You shouldn't mind this blindfold," said my gendarme; "it's made of horizon blue cloth." If it was horizon blue, the sky must have been dark and murky.

To comfort us, Chef Adams then announced that we were honored by such a draft board as had rarely assembled in similar cases. Associated with him were Joe R. Walters, Chef de Train; J. M. Hunter, Correspondant; John Magoni, Conducteur; Palmer Mullin, Commissaire Intendant; Norman Quincy, Garde de la Porte; J. Crane, Commis Voyageur; and George Gilbert, Chef des Gendarmes. To lend impressiveness to the occasion, this draft board had the added presence of Conducteur National S. C. Crockett, known as Fish; Joe M. Carr, Grand Correspondant and Adjutant of the Georgia Department of the Legion; and Earl E. Cocke, Past National Vice-Commander. Really, they told us themselves, it was a peculiar privilege to be initiated by so many notables, each one of whom had a good right arm. Before the day was over we suspected that many of them were prize-fighters by profession.

The draft board did its work.

I pondered a while on duty. Of course the Legion Monthly had given this story as an assignment, but isn't a man's first obligation to himself? Well, so far I was alive. Perhaps I could go through with it.

Into the train they piled us. The locomotive gave a piping blast of delight, much to the amusement of those members who were not undergoing the indignities to which we P. G.'s had been consigned.

"Voyageurs in the front coaches," someone called. "P. G.'s and their gendarmes in the rear."

These cars had some advantages over the princely carriages from which La Société takes its name. There were seats along the sides and therefore little hope of awakening at any moment with a hobnailed boot in one's mouth. There were no bulky packs and blanket rolls to take up space originally intended for chevaux. There was no need to crowd three regiments into an apartment just large enough for a platoon.

But, as we later discovered, the roadbed was as rough and rugged as any ever laid over reconquered terrain. Two or three starts and the concerted grunts of all passengers were needed frequently to affect the ascent of some treacherous grade. And the day's rain, evidently requisitioned by the Columbus Voiture



Not long after the Fort Benning ruckus, a Legionnaire named Pershing was put through the Forty and Eight mill in Washington. The obsequies were performed by the competent wrecking crew of Voiture Locale No 1 of Philadelphia, here shown gathered about their victim.

to give verisimilitude to the occasion, poured in through open sides and leaky roofs, alike on jubilant and joyless.

I could not see the spot where we were, after fully half an hour's journey, unloaded. Undoubtedly it was the original briar-patch home of Brer Rabbit. Heretofore I had given much time and effort to keeping my convict pants from falling about my ankles. Now the grasp of thorns and prickles aided the natural attraction of gravity. Existence became a losing battle between the superior forces of nature and a desire to retain the vestiges of human dignity.

They told us that we were newly enlisted men. We had to listen to orders. We were given rifles and made to drill in some fashion which caused endless merriment to the heartless on-lookers. They laid us out in pup-tents and awakened us, rudely, at reveille. I was aching in unexpected places, and I knew the Wreck was only just beginning.

Did my obligations to the Monthly really go this far? "Tis a great and glorious thing to die for one's country," some Latin poet had said. But he hadn't mentioned dying for one's magazine. Was the story worth the sacrifice of a life scarcely begun? I was still young, you might say.

"Everybody back to the train!"

We mopped brows which our torturers said were covered with the sweat of fear, but which we knew to be moistened only by rain. We walked again through the briars and thickets.

"Whatever happens," someone said, "you P. G.'s stay in the train. We don't want the responsibility for broken bones and crushed legs. Remember this is not going to kill you. Weaker men than you have lived through the very ordeal which you are now about to submit to. So be sure to keep in your places and take your medicine like men. . . . And a word to the gendarmes: Don't let go of your men. Keep hold of their arms. Watch them carefully."

The wheels clanked and we were off again. Then a shrill blast from the whistle—and someone in a front car called back to the gendarmes,

"Adjust your gas-masks!"

I must have been overcome with a broad sorrow for the general lot of humanity, or a great compassion for my suffering fellow-mortals. Exactly what the cause, I do not know—or, at least, am not at liberty to say. At any rate, I burst forth into such a flood of tears as would have rivaled a Mississippi rampage itself.

Some of us coughed. Some, in an effort to get air, climbed on the back of our precarious seats. Some groveled on the floor of the swaying car. I think one man near me prayed.

Really, wasn't my mission accomplished already? Didn't I have enough of a story to satisfy that swivel-chair guy in Indianapolis who had wished this thing off on me? I remembered Emerson: "When Duty whispers low, 'Thou must,' the youth replies, 'I can.'" Still, Emerson never went into the Forty and Eight.

Machine-guns began popping over our heads. There was something that felt like blood on my face, but I didn't care much. Heavy shells were bursting all about us. My ear-drums were splitting—had split. I could hear nothing except the terrific roar of the battle-front. Had I dreamed the Armistice and the ensuing years? Was this still France?

Smoke filled our nostrils, even while we wept and fidgeted. The tight grasp of a gendarme held me steady. . . Well, maybe I had only simulated that fainting spell back in the Assembly Hall. Now I could show them the real stuff. . . .

And then the train stopped, the atmosphere cleared, the noise subsided, and that horribly persistent voice which we had grown to hate shouted:

"All out for the trenches!"

Was there mud in Flanders Fields? Then the trench area at Benning, which copied actual war conditions in all other respects, was no slouch on this score. Down through the muck we were led into so complicated a system that Marshal Foch himself would have been lost.

The noise and the smoke and the gas began anew. We attacked and were repulsed. We took prisoners and were taken prisoner. We gave the cold steel and felt the butts of muskets over our heads and certain other parts of the body. Afterwards they said there had been less than half an hour of (Continued on page 88)

A PERSONAL VIEW

by
Frederick Salway

A NORWEGIAN OR Dutch immigrant gets a more costly free education in his motherland than the American born.

Keep on Spending

Those who complain at our expensive school system may consider that where we annually spend \$57 on each pupil, Norway spends \$63, Holland \$60, New Zealand \$58, and Sweden \$57. A dollar goes farther in those countries than in ours, too. Turkey, Russia, Nicaragua and other backward nations spend from twenty-five cents to five dollars. Plough back earnings into the greatest national investment. There is no danger of being spendthrift in the right kind of public education.

THERE IS NOT a single genius, a single great man, in the world today, thinks Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University. It seems to me there have never been so many

Plenty of Great Men

great men as in this age of education, wonders and progress. We have now so much talent to draw from in the increasing capability of the average man that one, two or three great ones do not stand out above the others as in the past.

WHEN DR. BUTLER says there are no great men, what of those who gave us flight, speech through the air, and made electricity our servant? What

What is Greatness?

of the organizers of our vast modern enterprises and movements and those who delivered us from scourges of disease? What of himself as head of a University with more students than in all America 150 years ago? The team play of progress makes a fierce competition for individual triumphs. Each emergency summons a leader from trained recruits. It was easier to hold a place at the peak when only a small number could read and write and the mass had no initiative. True greatness is in the greatness of the whole. This is the greatest age and has the most great men.

EVERY AGE HAS complained that it has no great men. It took history to find them out. Who thought in Queen

Time Names Them

Elizabeth's day that the plays Will Shakespeare was writing would be immortal? That odd old printer, Ben Franklin, with his quaint sayings and his sending up a kite to catch the lightning, was not considered "great" in his day. Washington left the White House under heavy criticism. The North was worried over the unfitness of that rail-splitting Western politician, Abe Lincoln, come to the helm in a civil war crisis. What place Wilbur Wright, bicycle mechanic, father of flying, fifty years hence? What place J. J. P., who led two million men to victory in France?

SEVEN AMERICAN DEAD exhumed from a shell hole in the Meuse-Argonne battlefield. England dedicates a gate at Ypres bearing the names of all the dead who marched into the shambles to be mashed beyond recognition. Grim reminders of the price that youth paid and that it is youth that always pays the price in war.

Grim Reminders

FOUR YEARS BEFORE the first message by wireless a New York editor refused—on the ground that it was a "piece of inventive lunacy"—to publish the prophecy that soon ships at sea would be able to call through the air for help. Men may not be dreaming when they say that we shall get through the air the electric power to run the washing machine in the farmhouse or the sawmill in the remote forest.

Respect the Prophets

IT IS STILL farming. Its product brought twelve billion dollars in the last fiscal year, a five percent decrease. For labor it paid more than a billion and in rent and interest more than the four largest corporations on their bonds. But the net return for their labor brought the farmer and his family ten percent less net than in 1925-'26.

The Biggest Business

LETTERS OF THANKS—sound and healthy, Legion like—have come about my paragraph on "Little Cootie Mencken" and that tribe of writers.

A "Cootie" Follower

I quote from the one exception, which is from a Mencken follower. Conrad Allen, writing from Mangum, Oklahoma, tells me that what I wrote "will doubtless ingratiate the morons devoted to your bilge."

As the champion of the Mencken school of "intellectuals," follower Allen misspells grammar when he says that I am "a hack whose grammer denotes a schooling interrupted at the eighth grade." Follower Allen says, too, that when I called Mencken a "cootie" I gave him "excellent advertising," which I do not question may be true of the Mencken idea of advertising. Follower Allen, in parasitic herd loyalty, supplies more of it.

Finally, he says that "Legion conventions are carnivals of bootleg and crap-shooting enhanced by the presence of filles de joie (*light women*). The dog returns to his vomit; but there are two-legged beings who swallow the vomit of other two-legged beings."

I am sorry for Follower Allen's mother. But I am not sure that I should be sorry for him if he strolled into a Legion meeting with such views. If he were "deloused," what would be left of him? (Continued on page 76)

They ALSO

By Peter B. Kyne



CHAPTERS I-XXX IN BRIEF

ROGAN, the invaluable top sergeant of Battery F, —th Field Artillery, and Tip, the little pack mule that had shared his fortunes in many campaigns since '08, have just gone west, in the story which The Professor, California ranch horse, is telling of his service with the American Army in France for the benefit of his two companions. The Professor, owned by Rogan's buddy, Sergeant Ern Givens, has been lent to the battery commander, Captain Sam Burwell, for the war period, and in the operations on what is supposed to be a quiet sector of the front has received several wounds from a shrapnel burst. Nurse Mary Vardon, the captain's fiancée, is in France and by chance has run into the battery on its way to the front.

CHAPTER XXXI

IN BATTLE, O'Malley, one has no time for grief. There is work to be done and one may not knock off work to analyze one's emotions. Almost before I could realize that my buddy, Tip, and our friend Rogan would never march with the battery again, I was galloping ahead of the battery, followed by the battery detail, seeking a new position. The enemy was retreating and we had to maintain contact with his rear guard and keep him on the move. Men, horses, material—nothing was too sacred to expend in our important task of keeping up with the infantry, smashing machine gun nests, pill-boxes and strong points on their front and immobilizing enemy batteries with gas when we could not reach them with shell.

In static warfare, Ern Givens, as stable sergeant, spent most of his time with the echelon in the rear—a situation which, because of my love for my master, I found particularly gratifying. In static warfare the first sergeant, too, spent most of his time with the echelon, which was generally hidden in a place where the risk of battle was reduced to a minimum. In open warfare, however, that was changed, and to prove it, there was First Sergeant Rogan lying in a welter of blood and dust on Tip's neck while the caissons went rolling along.

Just as the veterinary captain had his pistol ready a woman's voice cried sharply, "Don't you kill that horse!"

Yes, Rogan and Tip had made their last transfer in the service. They belonged to the Sanitary Train now! The first sergeant's office was vacant, so presently The Skipper sent an orderly down to the echelon with instructions to the battery clerk to write out an order appointing Stable Sergeant Ernest Givens first sergeant vice Rogan killed in action and a request to regimental headquarters that Corporal Condon be appointed a sergeant, vice Givens promoted to first sergeant. These documents, when typed, were to be brought up to the firing position for the captain's signature and Ern Givens was to report to the captain immediately.

"You ride The Professor back to the echelon," Sam Burwell ordered the messenger. "I don't care to risk him any longer up here, so bring me back a battery mount and tell Sergeant Givens to select him for me. He will understand. If you're smart you can dodge the shell-fire. Most of the overs are meant for the reserves in the rear."

So the orderly mounted me and away we went across the fields, leaping ditches, old trenches and shell-holes, keeping a sharp lookout for the line of enemy artillery fire and avoiding it shrewdly. The battery clerk was in the kitchen, yarning with the cooks and Ern Givens when we pranced in with the skipper's message. Without a word he went to his typewriter, wrote out the order and request, and handed them to Ern Givens, who read them.

S E R V E



*Illustrations by
Cyrus Le Roy Baldridge*

"How did Rogan get it?" he asked the orderly, incredulously.

"I don't know, Sarge. I was up ahead with the battery detail and you know how it is. A fellow can't see everything that goes on in the outfit. All I know is that him an' Tip an' Harmony has gone west. Rogan couldn't lose the diamond for any other reason."

Ern nodded and two big tears rolled down his cheeks, as we walked over to the picket line and commenced inspecting the horses.

Now, the campaign had commenced to bear heavily on our animals. The best horses were up with the battery and those remaining with the echelon were in poor flesh, some of them slightly wounded, most of them with galls, scalds, shoulder sores and burns. Some, too, had been gassed.

Ern shook his head. "Skipper needs a real horse and there's nothing here strong enough to last him a week. Here, son, you saddle this animal—he's the best of a sorry lot—and ride back with me. I'll take The Professor back to The Skipper." He leaned his wet cheek up against my nose. "The tail goes with the hide, old pal," he murmured chokingly. "A good horse is needed as never a good horse was needed in this battery before; you've had the best of it always, you're in good flesh and not on sick report so I'll not play you for a favorite."

I didn't want him to. We were both in the war for all we had to give, and if it was going to be our luck to transfer to the Sanitary Train and Ern could make the transfer without whimpering, then I could, too.

We rode back across the fields and intersected the road, down which the battery had traveled, about a hundred yards north of where Tip and Harmony and Rogan lay among the wreckage of the reel cart. I could see an ambulance halted there with the driver and his buddy just getting out to look at Rogan.

When we found the teams parked behind the high, battered

stone walls of a farm compound, Ern and the orderly dismounted and made their way on foot up to the battery. Two lieutenants were out on each flank, observing the fire bi-laterally, and the captain was at the guns. He signed the order making Ern Givens top sergeant while the battery was firing a salvo; then he corrected for range and deflection as the observation of that salvo came in from the flanks and signed the other paper.

"I brought The Professor back for the captain," said First Sergeant Ern Givens. "I understand why the captain sent him back to the echelon."

"If he were my own horse, Sergeant—"

"He IS the captain's horse. Sentiment must not interfere with this job we've got to do, sir. Unless wounded or otherwise crippled, The Professor will be carrying the captain long after all the cold-blooded saddle animals in this battery have died by the roadside. He's eating government rations, sir. Let him earn them."

"Thanks," said The Skipper. "So be it."

So, until the enemy dropped back to the Hindenburg line and another big drive had to be organized to rout him out of there, I assure you, O'Malley, I was a pretty busy horse. I got a whiff of phosgene gas at Cantigny and was on sick report two weeks, but after that I simply HAD to go back to duty. And the first day I was back I was hit four times with machine gun bullets in my hind quarters, consequently when the battery pulled out of the ruins of Cantigny I could not march and had to be left behind.

It was touch and go with me that day. The Skipper sent for the salvage squad to come and look me over. You will want to know what the salvage squad is, of course. Well, that's a detail from the Remount Service, probably—that follows up the advance. When they come across a wounded horse, or a horse or mule that has dropped from exhaustion and starvation, they examine him and if they think he can be nursed back to health, they get him up on a horse ambulance, carry him to the rear and do their best by him. If, on the other hand, they decide the animal isn't worth trying to save, they put a pistol in his ear

and end his troubles tout de suite—which is French and means P. D. Q.

Well, when the officer in command of the salvage detail looked me over and said I could be saved, I was in a fair way of being looked after decently until he made the discovery that I was not a government horse. He was one of those conscientious wretches that infect the Army and try to hobble it with red tape—always burying their cold noses in the Regulations. He declared he had no authority to waste government time and money on private mounts.

Ern and Sam Burwell took counsel together. "That horse-thief knows the battery is moving and that it's impossible to take The Professor with us, sir," said Ern. "He knows we'll have to abandon the horse. Sir, I have a hunch about that man. He knows horses—and his eyes fairly watered when they roved over The Professor. The minute the battery pulls out, he'll have the horse in an ambulance. And he'll cure him up and use him as his own mount, hoping the captain will never be the wiser."

"There's sense in what you say, Sergeant Givens," Sam Burwell replied, "but what are we going to do about it? The horse is too stiff from his wounds to move."

"I'll put him out of his misery, sir. I'll not leave him here alone to suffer—and I'd rather kill him than see that inhuman salvage man possess him."

"He's your horse. I'm helpless, Sergeant," Sam Burwell half groaned. "With proper care he'd recover and be as well as he ever was, but without care he'll develop tetanus and die a horrible death. I—I think, Sergeant, he's worthy of a better fate than that."

Ern Givens nodded and walked over to me, pulling his pistol as he came. "What you going to do to that horse, Sergeant?" the veterinary of the salvage detail demanded.

"Well, since you won't be a good fellow and take the poor brute in charge," Ern Givens replied, "I'm going to blow his brains out—and at that he has more brains and more heart than you, you cur, will have if you live to be as old as Methuselah."

"You're talking to an officer," the veterinary almost yelled.

"If you weren't an officer I wouldn't be talking to you, man. I'd be taking you apart to see what makes you go. I suppose you know you're a dirty animal."

"I'll have you court-martialed for this."

"Great. Fly at it, but remember I haven't cussed you out in front of witnesses and my word is as good as yours any day you care to file charges. Man, but you're a lousy pup. You're without bowels of mercy."

He took my head in his arms and stroked me and held my jowls close against his. "You know it breaks my heart to do it, don't you, Prof," he whispered. "But this is war, pardner, and in war we can't pick our own path out of a dirty situation. God, what a horse you've been! And now you're thin and stiff and crippled from a mess of flesh wounds that'd heal in a month if this skunk would only be human and give you the chance he could

give you if he wanted to. If I abandon you here, he'll be riding you six weeks from now; he'll claim you and take you back to God's country and sell you for a couple of thousand dollars. By God, I'll not let you be ridden by anybody but a man. I'll—I'll—"

And then poor Ern commenced to weep. "I'd rather a heap kill him than you, old pal," he whispered to me, "but if I kill an officer they'll shoot me—" and he held my nose close in the crook of his left arm while his right hand went up and I felt the cold barrel of his pistol feeling for my ear.

O'Malley, I didn't want to die. I felt that if I could but delay matters something would happen, so I threw up my head and Ern had to start honeying me again to get it down. But as often as the pistol barrel crept into my ear I tossed my head, and finally Ern stepped out in front of me and I knew he intended shooting me through the forehead!

He was suffering so, my heart went out to him. No, he didn't want to do it. I knew that. All the fighting he'd been through—all the fear he must have felt secretly under fire—was as nothing compared with the ordeal he was facing now. His poor face was twitching, and each time he raised his pistol, the tears blurred his eyes and he had to wipe them away in order to sight. And that veterinary from the salvage squad, who had put his pistol in the ears of a thousand horses and was calloused, stood there stolidly watching my beloved master's misery.

Suddenly Ern Givens turned on the man. "I'm going to count ten," he announced quietly, "and if you're here staring at me when I finish, I'm going to put six in your guts, so help me God!"

If I had been a human being I would have roared with laughter at the precipitate manner in which that man removed himself from the scene!

I refused to lower my head so Ern could shoot me between the eyes. I was stalling for time—stalling for something to happen. I didn't blame Ern for wanting to kill me, of course. He was uncertain about me—uncertain as to what would happen to me when the battery pulled out—and he preferred to see me dead rather than suffering or in alien hands.

He took hold of my headstall and tried to draw my head down but still I refused. Then he got a green cabbage leaf and tossed it on the ground before me, thinking I would lower my head to nibble it. But again I disappointed him.

"Prof, I think you know," he sobbed, and stepped around to my left side to shoot me through the heart. But, notwithstanding the pain it cost me, I turned and continued facing him—and suddenly he put his pistol back in the holster and walked away. At the corner of the street I heard him say to somebody: "Take him, you dog, take him. I haven't got the heart to kill him."

And then he was gone. Half an hour later a horse ambulance pulled up and some men commenced urging me to make the effort to step up into the low truck. The veterinary captain was superintending the job. But I would not move a leg, even though they beat me, for something told me that if I continued to stall for time, something would happen.

The veterinary lost his temper. "Balky damned brute," he cried angrily. "Quit monkeying with him." He pulled his pistol and stepped out in front of me, and at that moment a woman's voice cried sharply:

"Don't you kill that horse."

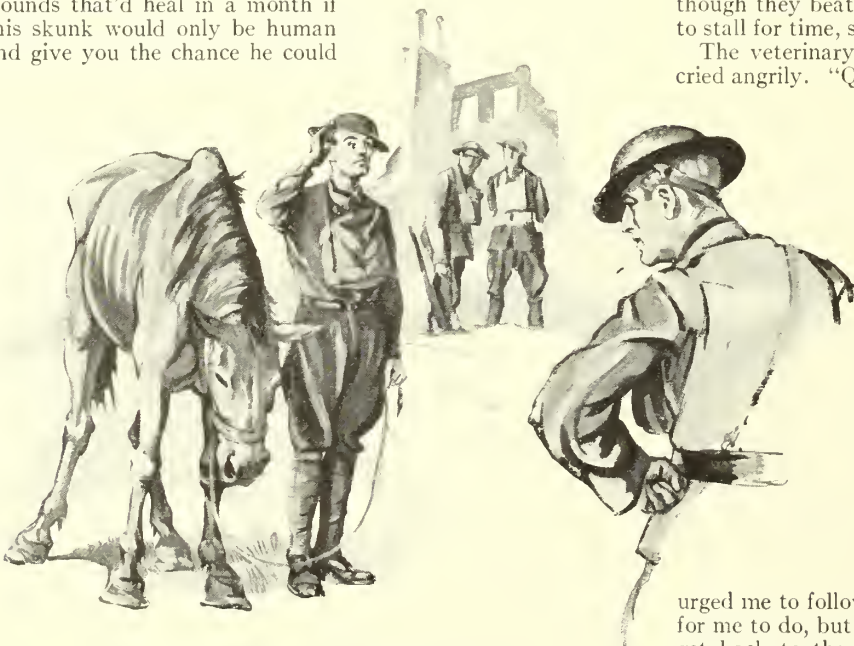
I turned my head in the direction of the voice—and there stood Mary Vardon, in her nurse's uniform.

"My dear lady, his case is hopeless—" the veterinary began, but Mary Vardon cut him short.

"I don't care whether it is or not. He shall have his chance. He's a private horse and his owner has just given him to me. I'm here with the field hospital. I'll take care of that horse. You leave him to me. I know horses."

Her eyes were blazing so any fool would have known better than to have opposed her.

"He wears no government brand, Miss. If you want him, help yourself," the veterinary replied and walked away, when Mary Vardon took me by the headstall and urged me to follow her. It was a mighty hard and painful thing for me to do, but in obedience lay my one chance to survive and get back to the battery, so I obeyed. My steps were short, halting and infrequent and more than once I fear I was weak enough to give voice to my distress, but presently Mary managed to get me to the edge of the town and house me in what was left



"Take him back," The Skipper commanded. "You're the worst horse thief in my battery."



Mary used to come every morning and every night to dress my wounds and bring me water and feed

of a church. I began to feel that I'd pull through and amount to something after all.

A soldier, watching her, was asked to see if he could find some straw thereabouts for my bed, but evidently he was a horseman, for he replied: "If that horse ever gets down he'll not be likely to get up. Horses have some sense and this animal knows he'll be better off standing up. A horse can stand up indefinitely, Miss. I tell you what I'll do, though. I'm with a wagon train and I'll drop off a couple of bales of hay and a couple sacks of oats for him tomorrow night."

He did. Mary used to come every morning before going on duty and every night after coming off duty, to dress my wounds and bring me water and feed. At the end of ten days I was able to move around a little. The Germans had given up hope of recapturing Cantigny so the town was now what they termed quite quiet. The field hospital was in a huge chateau on the edge of the town and the Germans respected the Red Cross flag flying over it and contented themselves with throwing a few salvos of long range stuff into the town from time to time, in the hope of catching troops passing through. I began to have hopes of

getting back to Ern Givens and the battery within the period of six weeks.

CHAPTER XXXII

AS THE zone of operations moved further north, the field hospital moved too. But Mary Vardon did not abandon me. Knowing she would no longer be in position to care for me she made arrangements with a couple of soldiers to do the needful. They belonged to a G. P. F. regiment far forward, engaged in harassing, with their long range fire, the German troop concentrations in the back areas, and the particular job of these two bucks was to haul ammunition in a truck up from the railhead for those G. P. F.'s. The day the hospital was being moved these two soldiers had stopped there to drop off a load of wounded somebody had sawed off on them, and after delivering the cargo they stood around taking an eyeful of Mary Vardon, until the medical officer in charge ordered them to get busy and load hospital supplies in their truck. Thereupon they explained to the medical man that they were line troops, engaged in

(Continued on page 90)



KEEPING STEP

BOTTINEAU, North Dakota, needed a new waterworks. It already had some sort of waterworks, but the water that it delivered was unfit for drinking or cooking. Yet only a mile from the town was Turtle Mountain, where pure springs flowed endlessly. Almost everybody agreed that it would be fine if the spring water could be brought to the homes of the town, but nobody seemed to know how that could be done until Bottineau Post of the Legion took up the problem.

The post got expert engineering and banking advice, found out that the construction problems involved would not be difficult and that the cost of the project was easily within the reach of the town's taxation capacity. The Legionnaires took the lead in an election to determine whether \$42,000 worth of bonds necessary to construct the waterworks should be authorized. The post itself unanimously approved the project at a meeting and then made a canvass of all the homes of the city to induce citizens to vote. On election day tags were distributed to all citizens. When the election ended, the count showed 406 votes for the waterworks project and only ten votes against it. Nobody said the antis were undertakers.

The town is fortunate because its new waterworks does not require a pumping station, with the consequent heavy expense for coal and labor. The reservoir for the new waterworks is 240 feet above the highest point in the town and the spring water flows by gravity, to the town's homes.

AMAZINGLY fast the roads of yesterday are becoming the high-speed motor highways of today, over which automobiles hum day and night. So fast has the rebuilding of roads progressed that everywhere one sees old and narrow wooden bridges, relics of stagecoach and horse and buggy days, anachronisms in this age of asphalt and concrete and steel. Now and then one sees an old covered bridge, picturesque but perilous, as forlornly out of date on a modern automobile highway as a squire of Andrew Jackson's day would be on a golf course. Of course these old bridges are disappearing as rapidly as county and state appropriations can replace them, but the surviving ones continue to roll up a yearly toll of dead and injured in narrow bridge accidents and bridge collapses.

In Delaware County, Pennsylvania, American Legion posts

took part in the dedication of a concrete memorial bridge that replaced a wooden covered bridge that had spanned Plum Creek on Baltimore Pike for scores of years—an old bridge of a type which once bore signs stating, "Lighted lanterns shall not be carried across this bridge, nor shall horned cattle be driven across it." This old bridge belonged to the large family of covered bridges descended from the original covered bridge built by Theodore Burr at Waterford, New York, in 1804.

The memorial bridge is one of several scores erected in Delaware County since the collapse of a bridge in Chester six years ago, a disaster in which twenty-four persons died, and in which Chester Post of the Legion did heroic rescue work. It is an outstanding example of the tendency to make bridges architecturally beautiful. Its center arch, seventy-one feet high and sixty-six feet wide, was inspired by the Arch of Triumph in Paris and the Peace Arch of Valley Forge.

Appropriateness of bridges as memorials was emphasized several years ago when the American Battle Monuments Commission, headed by General Pershing, gave notice that it would approve for erection in France only structures having a utilitarian character, such as fountains and bridges.

Legionnaires of Delaware County read on the bronze tablets which the bridge bears the names of the Delaware County men who lost their lives in the World War. The bronze tablets are placed in niches on opposite sides of the arch facing the roadway. Most of those whose names appear on the tablets were members of a single National Guard company.



Posts of Delaware County, Pennsylvania, helped dedicate this concrete memorial bridge over Plum Creek which bears bronze tablets recording the names of the county's World War dead.

THROUGHOUT the length and breadth of Minnesota, wherever disabled veterans are living on the farms they took after they began their training under the Veterans Bureau, the name one hears most often is the name of Julia. There are many little girl Julias on the farms, and there are quite a few other Julias who are seen in barnyards and meadows. They are complimentary Julias, the girls and the cows who bear that name, tributes of the gratitude which scores of service men's families bear for a Minnesota member of the Auxiliary who has given four years of work to help them. She is Mrs. Julia Williams, but to the disabled service men of Minnesota farms and their families she is "the cow lady." Officially she is Chairman of Colony Activities of the Minnesota Department of the Auxiliary.

To understand about Mrs. Williams, one has to know, first of all, something about the disabled service men farmers of Minnesota. That State originally was the seat of a series of farming experiments. With the co-operation of the Veterans Bureau and a Minnesota banker a series of farm colonies for service men took form—first at Veteransville and Silver Star, later about such centers as Bemidji, Grand Rapids, McGrath, Aitken, Brainard, Mankato and Orchard Gardens.

One must also learn about the Auxiliary's revolving cow fund.



KEEPING STEP



Four years ago, Dr. Helen Hughes Hielscher, of the Mankato Unit of the Auxiliary, was given a fund of \$200 by her unit to be used in supplying cows to the farm trainees at Silver Star and Veteransville. She made a trip to the colonies to find out how best to distribute the sum at her disposal. She discovered the trainees lived on farms scattered over a wide area. Roads leading to many of them almost impassable. Dr. Hielscher mounted a horse and made her way from farm to farm. The money would have purchased four cows. Dr. Hielscher discovered about four hundred were needed. She proposed at the next department convention the creation of the revolving cow fund. The idea was adopted. Mrs. Julia Williams was selected to put it into operation. She has been in charge of it ever since. Now let Mrs. Williams tell something of her work.

"The first year one thousand dollars was given to the fund and fourteen cows were bought for men who needed them most," Mrs. Williams says. "These men had children who had to have milk. In four years the fund has grown to almost ten thousand dollars, and up to July 1, 1927, loans made totalled \$10,564.70. These loans were made to 237 men and 140 of them have already repaid the loans, returning to the fund \$11,040. Eighty-eight loans are still outstanding, and our experience proves that these will also be repaid reasonably soon so that the money may be loaned anew. It will be seen that every dollar in the fund works over and over again, purchasing cow after cow. We now have enough money to take care of all loans for stock which the men will need. All the families are now getting along very well and many of them tell us that the help given by the fund proved to be the turning point in family fortunes."

IN the A. E. F.'s cemeteries in France lie the bodies of fifty men who left their homes in Somerville, Massachusetts, in 1917 to fight with the Twenty-Sixth Division and other outfits which took part in America's earliest battles. All Somerville looked forward with unusual interest to the second A. E. F.'s

visit in France because that visit gave the city an opportunity to pay a tribute to its sons who never came back from France. A delegation of Legionnaires from Somerville Post, leaving for the Legion's National convention in Paris, carried a fund subscribed by Legionnaires, the school children of the city and fraternal organizations for the purpose of providing flowers and wreaths for the fifty graves of Somerville men. The location of all the graves was learned from the Graves Registration Service.

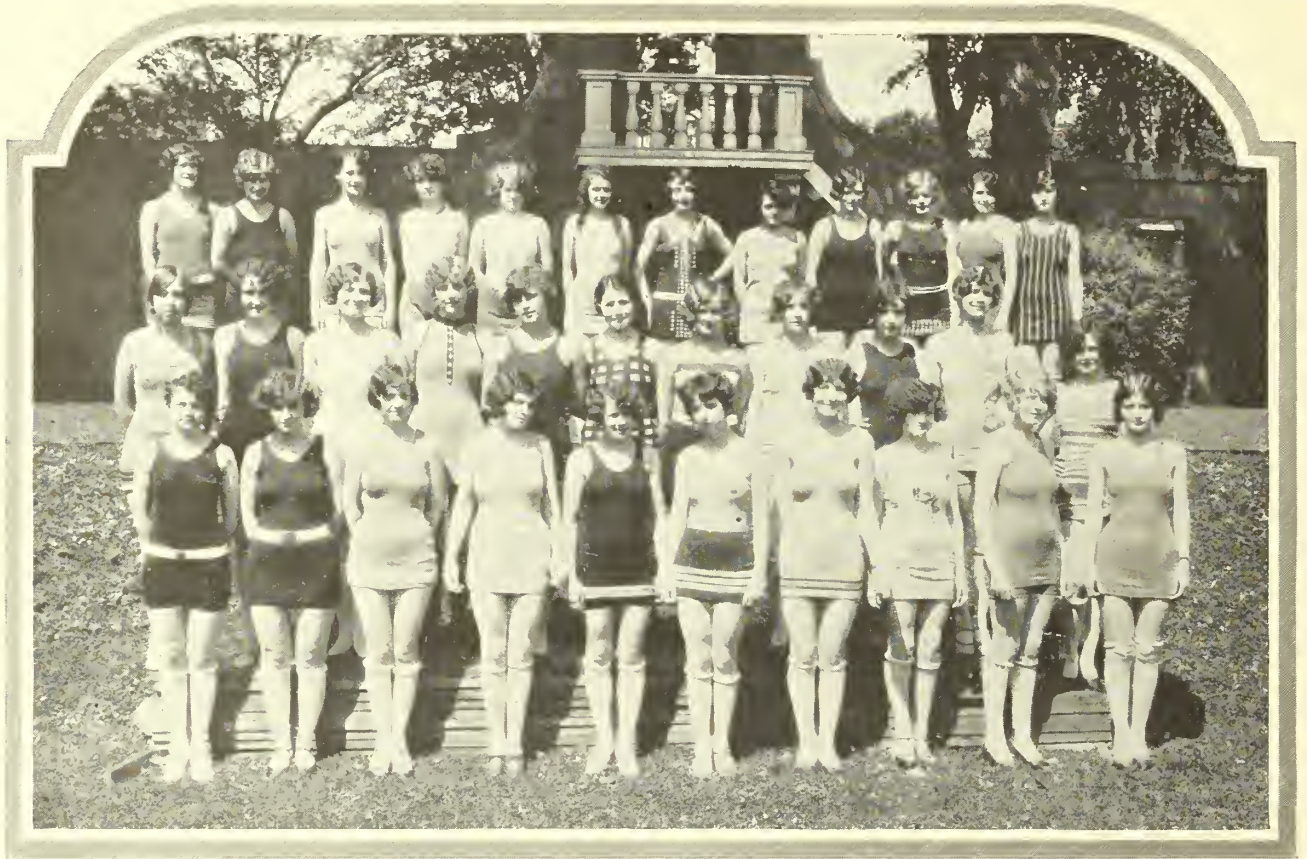
WHEN Chief of Police Joseph T. Gordon died at the age of forty-three in Pepperell, Massachusetts. The American Legion lost a member who had managed to crowd into a short lifetime more action than could be found in the biographies of a score of fireside citizens. Veteran of nine wars or near wars, starting with the Boer War in South Africa, he was carried to the grave in a coffin draped by an American flag which had been presented to him by Theodore Roosevelt for bravery in the Spanish-American War. But not in wars alone did he find the action his nature demanded. During and between hitches in the Navy he managed to become the light-weight wrestling champion of America, winning 216 straight victories, including two from Frank Gotch. His belt, the symbol of his supremacy, was thirty-five inches long and nine inches wide—made of silver, a striking trophy.

Gordon was President Roosevelt's personal bodyguard and also served as chief master of arms of the *Mayflower*, the presidential yacht. He was captain and catcher of the *May-*



No, this is not a photograph of the vintage of 1918. Nor was it taken in the No Man's Land of the Hollywood movie battlefields. It shows members of Charles S. Harrison Post of Columbus, Georgia, on dress parade in a post membership campaign, four of them in outfits they wore ten years ago

K E E P I N G S T E P



"If eyes were made for seeing, then beauty is its own excuse for being." This photograph shows the prettiest girls of South Dakota—each representing a Legion post—who took part in the annual beauty contest of the South Dakota Department Convention held in Yankton this summer

flower's baseball team. During the World War he served as lieutenant commander in the Navy, but after the war he asked to be given back his old grade of turret captain. During his twenty-three years in the Navy he went around the world twelve times.

Gordon served as chief of police of Pepperell two years. Legionnaires from Fitchburg Post joined with Pepperell Legionnaires in giving final honors at his funeral.

ROOSEVELT Post of New York City claims the honor of being the first Legion post to broadcast the entire ritual of a post meeting. It broadcast the complete ritual from Station WJZ on July 11th with the assistance of Legionnaire S. L. Rothafel, who is known to all radio fans as Roxy. Legionnaire Rothafel conceived the idea of the complete broadcasting when he attended an initiation meeting of Richmond Hill (New York) Post. After some study, he passed his idea along to Arthur E. Brundage of Newburgh, New York, Commander of the New York Department, and Clyde R. Hunt, chairman of the New York Department's radio broadcasting committee. Mr. Hunt arranged to have Roosevelt Post do its stuff in Roxy's studio. Roxy, himself, acted as master of ceremonies and his thirty-piece orchestra supplied music, including a snappy version of Hinky Dinky. There was a lot of other entertainment and F. Trubee Davison, Assistant Secretary of War, Philip McCook, New York State Supreme Court Justice, and Department Commander Brundage spoke on the aims and ideals of the Legion.

Hundreds of listeners-in, as far south as Florida, as far west as St. Louis, telephoned, telegraphed and sent letters of praise for the ritual broadcasting and other parts of the program. Roxy decided the event was so successful that he would try to arrange to broadcast the installation of the new national officers of the Legion in October, following the Paris convention.

As everybody knows, Roxy several years ago raised a fund of several hundred thousand dollars to provide hospitals with central radio receiving plants and bedside apparatus. After a large number of installations of equipment had been made, the balance of the Roxy fund, amounting to \$90,000, was turned over to The American Legion Monthly two years ago for administration. Since then the fund has provided additional apparatus for hospitals valued at \$60,000. New installations are still being made in hospitals on recommendations of Legion posts in or near the hospitals. Recalling what Roxy has done for the disabled men and for the Legion, the National Executive Committee of The American Legion voted last May to present to him a trophy shield and an engrossed testimonial of appreciation. These were presented to Roxy in May by Department Commander Brundage and Mr. Hunt at the new Roxy Theater in New York City.

AFTER Commander Dean Crary of Belleau Wood Post in Guide Rock, Nebraska, finished composing the words and music of a new song which he hoped would be adopted as the official song of the Nebraska Department delegation attending the national convention in Paris, he didn't want to waste a day in his plans to publish his composition. But it happened that his arranger, the man who prepares his musical scores for the publisher, lived in Kansas City and couldn't arrange immediately to make the two hundred and fifty mile journey to the Nebraska town.

There was a day when Commander Crary might have waited impatiently for the chance to have his song put on paper. But this is 1927 and Mr. Crary didn't have to wait. He simply put his problem up to the telephone company officials in his town. A special telephone line was run to the piano in Mr. Crary's home. Mr. Crary played his composition and his arranger, at the other end of the wire, two hundred and fifty

K E E P I N G S T E P

miles away, took it down in fifteen minutes. Then the arranger played the song back. Telephone company officials stated that Mr. Crary was the first man to transmit a song to his publishers over the telephone.

ONE lone and apologetic automobile took part in the Frontier Days parade which was a feature of Willits (California) Post's Fourth of July celebration, but there were plenty of other vehicles recalling the transportation difficulties of the 49'ers. Stage coaches, covered wagons, bull teams, chariots and many other vehicular relics passed in procession before the eyes of the citizens of Willits, and thousands of children got a better lesson in historic transportation methods than they ever had learned from their school books. The collection of old vehicles carried two hundred and fifty actors who took part in the Frontier Days pageant which followed the parade.

THE historian who wants to keep pace with Woodlawn Post of Chicago, Illinois, has to keep his foot on the accelerator. Not long ago the Step-Keeper mentioned that the post had a drill team of fifty members that had more than one claim to fame. Past Commander Melville Muckleston bulletins that the drill team has been growing as fast as the post and probably is unique in the Legion.

"We now have an Infantry Battalion composed of four companies," writes Mr. Muckleston. "All the men are armed with captured German rifles. With the drum and bugle corps and band, we have a total of two hundred men in uniform. The post itself has a membership of almost fifteen hundred. The post gave a boxing exhibition at Wrigley Park in Chicago to obtain funds to take the drill battalion to Paris for the Legion's national convention. It might interest other posts to know that our post only had eighty-four members in 1925, that it grew to 884 in 1926 and that, with our present membership of 1,500, we haven't stopped growing."

Woodlawn Post draws its membership from a large business

and residential section of Chicago. Thousands of persons attended its Exposition held for nine days this summer. Features were a military parade and review, a style show and fashion review, a baby show, a domestic pet show and parade, a contest for women automobile drivers and a prize costume contest. The post takes a leading part in all civic activities in its section of Chicago.

THERE is no magic way of raising chickens. A man who knows quite a bit about the theory of poultry raising, who is willing to put in a lot of hard work and be ordinarily careful and watchful, who is lucky enough to get the breaks when things threaten to go wrong—such a man can raise chickens profitably. But chicken farming takes years. A man learns by his losses and mistakes, and in time he gets on top of the hill and is confident his troubles are over.

Roy W. Foster of Wolfeboro, New Hampshire, had reached the top of the hill this year. There were over a thousand chickens in his flocks. The hens were laying regularly and prices were good on the chickens Foster was selling on the market. Foster was a Past Commander of the Legion post in Wolfeboro and everybody in town knew how he had fought his way to success and wished him well. Foster might have been pardoned for feeling a bit proud of the way things had gone.

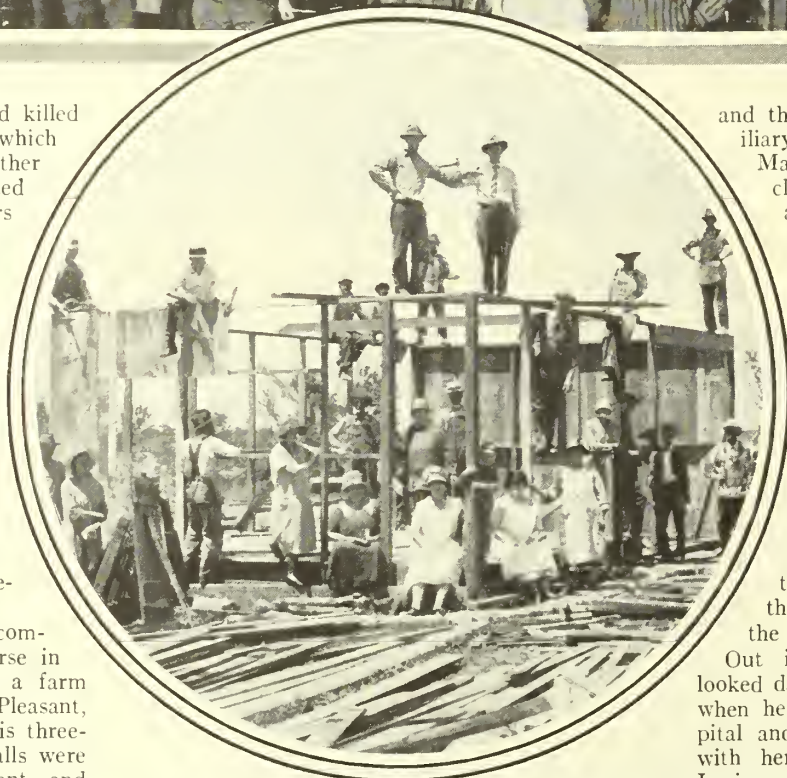
Then a storm came to Wolfeboro—a tornado that blew down buildings and trees. Directly in its path was Foster's chicken farm. In a few moments the work of years had vanished. The storm killed more than a thousand chickens, ruined the young orchard Foster had planted and wrecked seven of the ten chicken houses on the farm.

Despair held the Legionnaire chicken farmer as he came from his cellar after the wind had passed. One man couldn't do much to pull himself out of wreckage such as he saw all about him. Then the members of Wolfeboro Post of the Legion began to arrive—many auto-loads of them. Working in a rain, Foster's comrades rounded up the surviving chickens and



Legionnaire S. L. Rothafel—Roxy, himself, the best known man in radio—receives from Department Commander Arthur E. Brundage of New York (right) and Clyde R. Hunt, Chairman of the New York Department's Radio Committee, the trophy shield and engrossed testimonial awarded to him gratefully by the Legion's National Executive Committee

KEEPING STEEP



put them under cover and killed and dressed the chickens which had been crippled. On other days additional details visited the farm, built new shelters for the chickens, repaired fences, gathered up the bodies of dead chickens and buried them, saved for lumber the timber which had been blown down and policed up the place.

THE Legion's helping hand that softened Roy Foster's misfortune in New Hampshire was extended in like fashion in Iowa and California recently.

Berton Marshall, after completing a government course in poultry raising, moved to a farm four miles from Mount Pleasant, Iowa, with his wife and his three-year-old son. The Marshalls were strangers in Mount Pleasant, and Marshall, fighting against tuberculosis, stayed on his farm most of the time and made few acquaintances in the town.

Marshall found it hard going but he raised two thousand White Leghorns. The family was gaining strength and confidence every day. Then, on July 6th, a tornado roared over the rolling fields and twisted the house of the Marshalls into a pile of wreckage. Marshall, weak from his illness, burrowed a way out of the wrecked home and carried his wife and baby out also. He saw that the work of months had been destroyed, his farm buildings shattered, hundreds of his chickens killed and crippled.

Rescue parties carried the Marshalls to a hospital in town. Meanwhile members of Bob Tribby Post of Mount Pleasant

and the post's unit of the Auxiliary were gathering at the Marshall farm. They carried clothing to the hospital and a Legionnaire took the baby into his own home. On the following day, the Auxiliary salvaged all the household equipment which could be saved—gathered clothing and bed linen from the wreckage, laundered it and stored it. On the day after that the post members began work on a house—a temporary home. It has two rooms, is wired for electricity, and it was ready for the Marshalls when they left the hospital.

Out in California the future looked dark to Mrs. Ramon Ochoa when her husband died in a hospital and she found herself alone with her children and homeless. Legionnaires of Ventura County Post solved the problem of her urgent immediate need by putting up a little house for her and equipping it with the things she needed in her battle to keep her family together. The post had previously given the family much other help while Mr. Ochoa was a patient in hospital, undergoing a series of

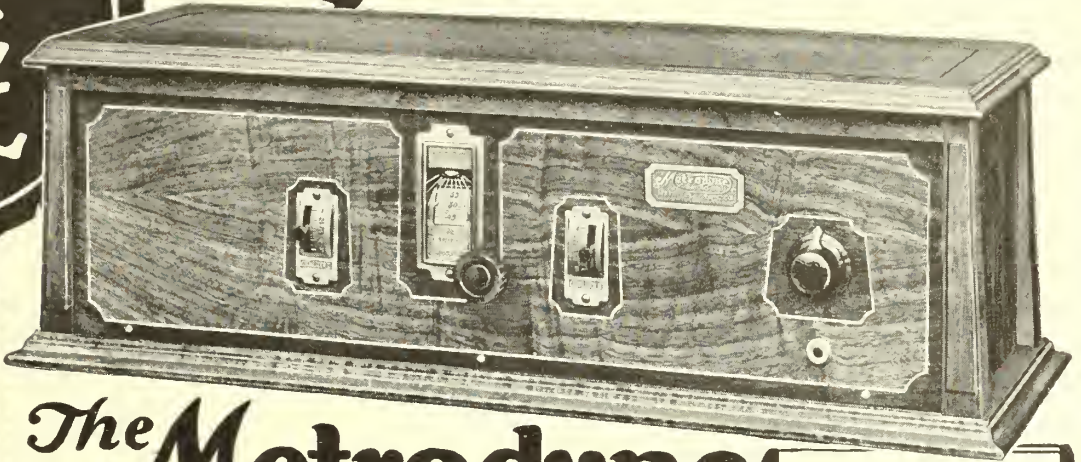
operations. Members of the post and its Auxiliary unit are continuing to keep in touch with the Ochoa family.

JUST as baseball is America's national sport, so is photography America's national hobby. From earliest childhood to the sunny days of old age, we like to take pictures. The boy who starts with a box camera while he is going to grade school graduates to a more (Continued on page 77)

The Legion's helping hand. Above, Ventura County (California) Post building a new home for Mrs. Ramon Ochoa and her children after the death of Mr. Ochoa in a hospital. Below, Bob Tribby Post of Mount Pleasant, Iowa, replacing the tornado-destroyed home of Mr. and Mrs. Berton Marshall, newcomers in the community

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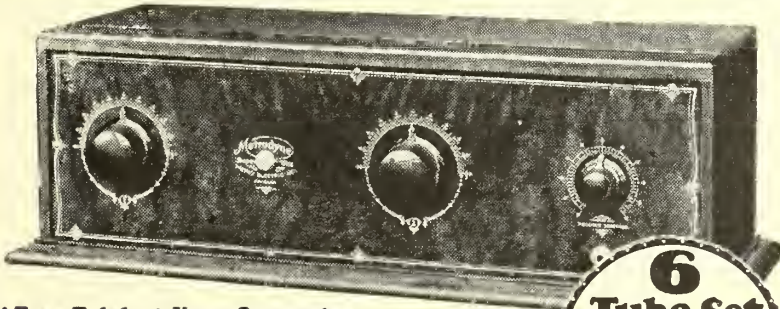
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Our Agents and Dealers make big money selling Metrodyne Sets. You can work all or part time. Demonstrate the superiority of Metrodynes right in your home. Metrodyne Radios have no competition. Lowest wholesale prices. Demonstrating set on 30 days' free trial. Greatest money-making opportunity. Send coupon, a letter or a postal for our agent's proposition.

Metrodyne Super-Seven Radio

A single dial control, 7 tube, tuned radio frequency set. Tested and approved by Popular Science Institute of Standards, Popular Radio Laboratory, Radio News Laboratory and by America's leading Radio Engineers. Designed and built by radio experts. Only the highest quality low loss parts are used. Magnificent, two-tone walnut cabinet with beautiful, gilt metal trimmings. Very newest 1928 model, embodying all the latest refinements.

Easiest set to operate. Only one small knob tunes in all stations. The dial is electrically lighted so that you can log stations in the dark. The volume control regulates the reception from a faint whisper to thunderous volume, 1,000 to 3,000 miles on loud speaker! The Metrodyne Super-Seven is a beautiful and efficient receiver, and we are so sure that you will be delighted with it, that we make this liberal 30 days' free trial offer. You to be the judge.



30 Days' Free Trial—3 Year Guarantee

Metrodyne Super-Six

Another triumph in radio. Here's the new 1928 model Metrodyne 6 tube, two dial, long distance tuned radio frequency receiving set. Approved by leading radio engineers of America. Highest grade low loss parts, completely assembled in a beautiful walnut cabinet. Easy to operate. Dials easily logged. Tune in your favorite station on same dial readings every time — no guessing.

Mr. Howard, of Chicago, said: "While five Chicago broadcasting stations were on the air I tuned in seventeen out-of-town stations, including New York and San Francisco, on my loud speaker horn, very loud and clear, as though they were all in Chicago."

We are one of the pioneers of radio. The success of Metrodyne sets is due to our liberal 30 days' free trial offer, which gives you the opportunity of trying before buying. Thousands of Metrodynes have been bought on our liberal free trial basis.

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Let us send you proof of Metrodyne quality—our 30 days' free trial offer and 3 year guarantee

Mrs. Wm. Leffingwell, Westfield, N. J., writes: "The Metrodyne Radio I bought of you is a wow! This is as good as any \$225 machine I have ever seen."

N. M. Greene, Maywood, Ill., writes: "My time is up and the Metrodyne works fine. I got Havana, Cuba, Oakland, Calif., Denver, Colo., Toronto, Canada, all on the loud speaker."

J. W. Woods, Leadville, Colo., writes: "Received the 7-tube Metrodyne in fine condition. Had it up and working same day received. Was soon listening to Los Angeles, San Diego, Oakland and other California points; also St. Louis, Kansas City and other east and south stations—all coming in fine. Am more than pleased. Sure enjoying it."

We will send you hundreds of similar letters from owners who acclaim the Metrodyne as the greatest radio set in the world. A postal, letter or the coupon brings complete information, testimonials, wholesale prices, and our liberal 30 days' free trial offer.

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Gentlemen:

Send me full particulars about Metrodyne 6 tube and 7 tube sets and your 30 days' free trial offer.

Name

Address

If you are interested in AGENT'S proposition, place an "X" in the square

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Then and Now

*Is Finch's Friend Found?—Native Newsboys
Sold the A. E. F. Newspaper—Facts About German Prison
Camps—Hank Gowdy's Claim to Fame—Any Other I-Knew-Him-When's?*

LEWIS T. FINCH, Meriden, Connecticut, writes in *Then and Now* in the August Monthly, "says Legionnaire James P. Mooers of Roxbury, Massachusetts, in a letter to the Company Clerk, "in regard to a Yank of the Seventh Machine Gun Battalion, Third Division, who yelled to him, 'Hey Finch—Lew Finch!' while passing him on the road from Coulommieres to Epernay, about noon of May 31, 1918.

"Well, I was on one of those Ford vans that he met, and can remember the six camions that he was leading, but I am sorry to state that I was not on the truck that held the Yank who yelled to him. I guess some of the boys did quite a bit of yelling that day, because we had ridden all night and there were many sore fingers from pushing cartridges into machine gun clips while on the way. Also those whom we did meet in the way of refugees and scattered English and French troops offered us for encouragement the information that we would be annihilated if we did not turn back with them.

"But, as history shows, we kept on going and some of us were lucky enough to see the day that we could take an excursion on the Rhine. Two of my buddies on the trip to the Marne left the Rhine in 1923. Sergeants Leister Kelbaugh and Dewey H. Kitner had the honor of lowering the last American flag in the American occupied area in Germany, an honor given them because they had ridden to the Marne on that day which seemed so dark to everybody except a few hundred tired Yanks.

"I am writing this letter, however, to try and help Comrade Finch. Through some books and other memos I find that we had a fellow in Company A, Sergeant John Hines, who as I recall it came from around Meriden, Connecticut. He left us in the Argonne, wounded, and my memory is rather vague as to what became of him afterwards.

"Our outfit was made up of men from all over the country and if the Yank in question was not a service acquaintance of Finch's, I figured he was probably from somewhere near Finch's home town. So it may be that Sergeant Hines was the man.

"While in Germany, the Seventh Machine Gun Battalion had pictures taken in the town of Kell. I ordered one of Company A, one of Company B and one of the Battalion and paid for them, but have heard nothing from the photographer. A year after I was home I learned from a comrade that he had received his pictures from the photographers, Robinchak and King, Millersburg, Ohio. I wrote to them but found they

had gone out of business. I want particularly a print of the picture of Company A, Seventh Machine Gun Battalion, and if some comrade has a duplicate, I wish he would sell me the extra print. Or someone might lend me a print so I could have a copy made."

BY the time this issue of the Monthly is distributed, most of the members of the Second A. E. F. will have embarked for home or will have made arrangements to return to this country. Without question, among the souvenirs being brought back will be copies of *The Stars and Stripes*, official newspaper of the original A. E. F., which was to be revived in Paris during the week of the Legion convention. We wonder if any of the French newsboys pictured on this page applied for the job of distributing copies of the temporarily revived newspaper? No doubt most of them are now of an age when they are serving their terms in the French Army. Legionnaire E. J. Beckman of Lima, Ohio, who sent us the snapshot, supplied us also with this information:

"The picture shows the only squad of real French newsboys that ever sold *The Stars and Stripes* in France—or anywhere else for that matter. I have the word of Stue Carroll, circulation manager for the A. E. F. weekly, for this.

"A French lad used to call regularly at *The Stars and Stripes* office at Nantes for a paper for the major whom he served as a sort of dog-robber. Within a month he was getting a half dozen papers for American officers and before I knew it I had signed him as the first newsboy. Sales went quite well with him and so he brought a relative, then another, as salesmen.

"This was after the rules forbidding the sale of papers for money had been rescinded. The crew was faithful every week and disposed of from 500 to 1,000 papers a week, depending on the number of troops in the Nantes area. None of the boys could talk American — about all they could say was 'Sars et Sripes.'

"The boys never had money so they were given 25 or 50 papers which they sold on the streets and then returned with the money for an accounting. Unsold papers were taken back and the boys all made a good commission. Not one failed to return with enough money to settle for his papers.

"The dirty, filthy, crumpled and torn paper money that was turned out of the damp trouser pockets made the counting an unwelcome but a necessary evil. A small brother of one of the squad, aged about 5, and unable to say more than about



"Sars et Sripes" was the nearest these real French newsboys could come to the name of the official paper of the A. E. F. which they sold in Nantes, France, in 1918-19. But E. J. Beckman of Lima, Ohio, snapped with his squad, reports that they produced. They were the only squad of French kids to hold such important jobs in the A. E. F.

three words in French, was the youngest salesman. Every time he helped, the money came in wadded into balls the size of BB's. I think he kept them in his mouth. I am positive he could not count money, yet he was never short and his system of keeping the money was perfect for he never lost any.

"Dick Daley, one time Notre Dame basketball captain, and a sergeant who hailed from Alameda, California, but whose name I have forgotten, helped at different times to command the squad.

"Yes, that's the commanding officer of the troop in the picture."

WHEN we made up our I. and O. report for the September Monthly, we gave a hint regarding the unidentified picture of American prisoners of war which was used in Then and Now on page 57 of the July Monthly. [For the uninitiated, "I. and O." means Intelligence and Operations. Yep! We were in the Intelligence Service.] We promised more information regarding this interesting picture which Legionnaire James R. Vance purchased for two packages of cigarettes from a barber in a Holland fishing village back in 1919. So let's go! Get set for the denouement:

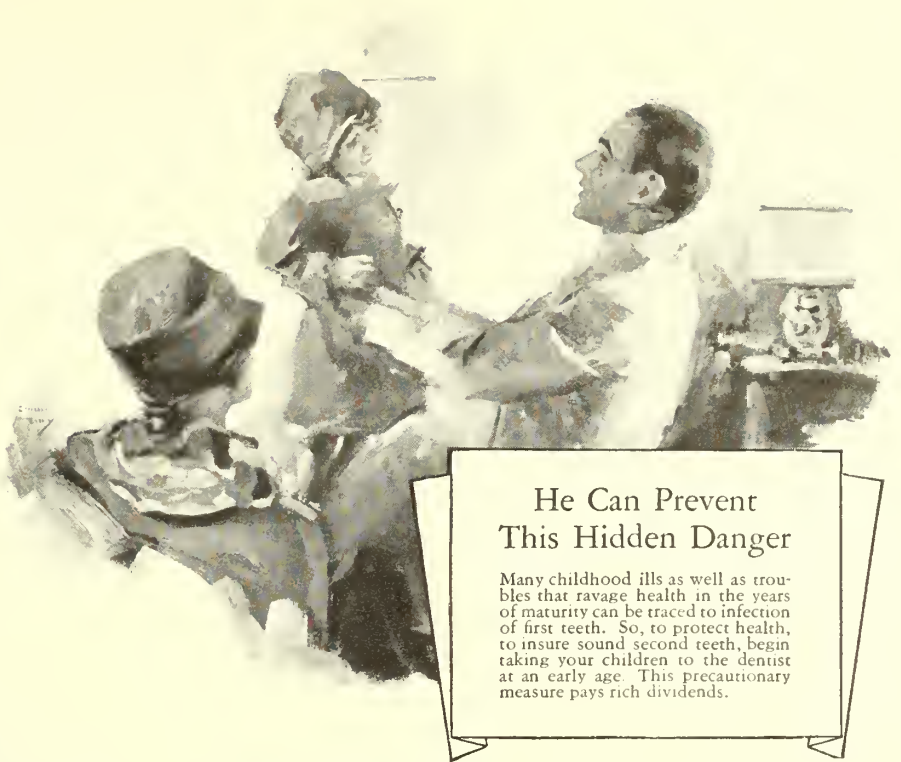
"Referring to the picture of American prisoners on page 57 in the July Monthly," says Legionnaire Charles W. Knowlton of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, in his letter to the Company Clerk, "will say that I can identify and explain the picture as I am a member of the group.

"The picture was taken at Camp Rastatt in Germany by a German army photographer. The camp contained about one thousand American prisoners at the time. All of the men in the picture are Americans even though the clothes they wear might indicate otherwise. The occasion for the picture and the grins on the men are accounted for as follows:

"A German staff officer was making an inspection of the American prison camps and pictures were being taken to be distributed as propaganda. While talking to the group in the picture, the officer spied the tall colored American soldier and started to question him on various subjects. He asked him how he liked the German gas at the front and what effect it had on him, and the American replied, 'It didn't bother me any, sah, but it rusted all the buttons on my coat!' Hence the laughter in the group.

"The greater portion of the men in the group were from the Yankee Division, (26th of New England), who were captured at Seicheprey, a couple were engineers taken at Cantigny, a few Marines, and the two at the extreme left were American aviators. I served with Company D, 165th Infantry, (old 69th National Guard of New York), of the Rainbow (42d) Division, and was taken prisoner in the Baccarat sector in Lorraine on May 6, 1918. I was returned to France in December, 1918.

"A few months after this picture was taken, the (Continued on page 84)



He Can Prevent This Hidden Danger

Many childhood ills as well as troubles that ravage health in the years of maturity can be traced to infection of first teeth. So, to protect health, to insure sound second teeth, begin taking your children to the dentist at an early age. This precautionary measure pays rich dividends.

Why 4 out of 5 are penalized

Look around you. The faces of men and women you pass on the street reveal the appalling truth. Neglect is taking its toll in health. And 4 out of 5 after forty, and thousands younger, are innocent victims of that grim foe—Pyorrhea.

At These Uneven Odds . . . Don't Gamble

What an insidious enemy it is! Its poison that forms at the base of teeth creeps through the body. Health is destroyed. Such troubles as rheumatism, stomach disorders, anemia and facial disfigurement often follow.

But two simple preventive measures will protect health. Let your dentist examine teeth and gums at least twice each year. And start using Forhan's for the Gums, regularly, morning and night.

This dentifrice, the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S., for many years a Pyorrhea specialist, prevents Pyorrhea or checks its vicious course—if used regularly and in time. It firms gums; also it keeps teeth white and protects them against acids which cause decay!

You Can Be Sure Of This

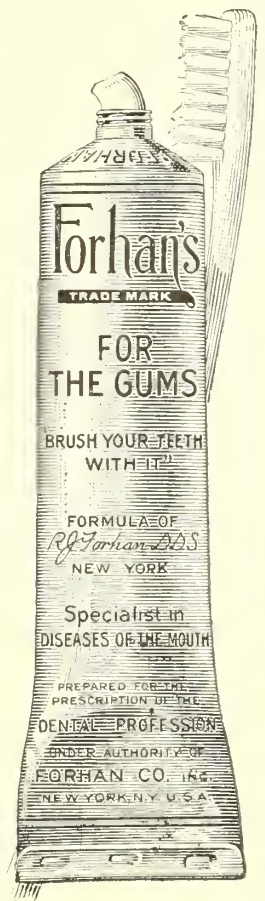
Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant does just what we promise for it. It safeguards mouth, nose and throat against oral infection and relieves unpleasant breath instead of concealing this embarrassing trouble behind a tell-tale odor. Thousands are now keeping breath sweet and fresh this sensible way. Try it. At all druggists, 35c and 60c.



So, to be on the safe side, start using Forhan's for the Gums, now. Teach your children this good habit.

Unlike ordinary tooth pastes, it contains Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid used by dentists everywhere in the treatment of Pyorrhea. It is health insurance. All druggists, in tubes, 35c and 60c.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan Company, New York.



Forhan's for the gums

MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE . . . IT CHECKS PYORRHEA



Movie Directors Wanted

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HAVE you heard about the newest of all dramatic arts . . . *Movie Direction*? No previous experience is necessary.

Tomorrow you can be "on location." Directing your own movie. Making your own action-shots — close-ups—love scenes. With all the joyous thrills and fun that go with movie making.

The very first thing to do is to get a Ciné-Kodak. Thousands are using it with professional results.

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Highbrow

(Continued from page 21)

thought. When you looked in the big double doors there was a long, high hall all covered with Chinese hangin's an' there was all manner o' Chink doodads settin' on stands here an' there. I might o' been fooled myself only I read the little brass sign on the door an' happen to know what it means. It says:

"Hamilton Brothers, Auction Rooms."

I tell Gerry it ain't as bad as he thinks an' send him about his business. When he's on his way I go in to see how bad it is.

I drift up in an elevator with the crowd an' come to a big room where there's a stage an' a lot o' people sittin' in rows o' chairs. There's a fellow up in a kind of a pulpit on one side o' the stage makin' all the outlandish noise.

The things he says! It ain't Greek nor German nor Yiddish. It's worse than any of that.

"An' now," he's sayin', as I come in, "we have this lovely Hispano Moresque Pottery Plaque."

I know that's the way it went 'cause they gimme a catalogue an' it was all spelled out in it. With a picture o' the thing that was up on the stage that he was talkin' about. When you looked at it it was nothin' but a kind of a plaster dingus that you hang on the wall. An old used one too. You'd give maybe two bits for it if you was flush an' had a few drinks under your belt. Do you know what it sold for up there? One hundred an' eighty dollars! Them folks sittin' there in the audience bid for it an' the guy that got it for one hundred an' eighty was all pleased up.

There was a lot o' other old stuff with names that'd bend a billygoat's tongue into bow knots if he even tried to eat the paper they was printed on an' they went for prices that'd make a head-waiter in a Broadway night club blush for shame. I've seen some gyp joints in my time but this place had 'em all stopped. The worse condition the stuff was in the more money they asked for it.

An' to hear this fellow in the kind of a pulpit that was doin' the announcin' yell out the names o' them things!

"Ispahan polychrome faience tile. Hand painted Talavera hunting jardiniere. Terra-cotta bas-relief with moulded volutes an' canalated pilasters. Brass sacristy lavabo. Two-handled wrought iron gadrooned urn emitting naturalistic branches of foliage with tulip-form bebeches in polychromed metal."

Wow! They don't mean anything bad, but don't they sound terrible? I know I got 'em right 'cause I took 'em out o' that catalogue.

I see Eddie an' the girl he's with settin' together both peekin' into the same catalogue as interested as if it was the

low-down on a front-page scandal story. Then they lugged a kind of an old-fashioned bureau out onto the stage an' the announcer yelled out the name of it an' what happens but the girl bids for it an' buys it.

They get up to go then an' I try to duck, but Eddie spots me an' I get a knockdown to the girl in the hall outside.

Her name is Helen Thornton an' she hates prizefightin'. She works in an interior decorator's shop an' part of her job is goin' around to these auctions an' buyin' stuff.

"What did you think of the auction?" Eddie asks me, grinnin'.

"Them names!" I says. "I know they don't mean anything bad, Eddie, but don't they sound terrible? It almost made me blush to set there an' hear 'em with women around."

"I hadn't thought of it that way," he says, an' then a funny look comes in his eyes an' he give a long whistle.

"You think this highbrow stuff is no good for a prizefighter, don't you?" he says.

"I know it's no good," I says.

"Listen an' learn," Eddie says, be-ginnin' to laugh. "Watch an' find out. I got an idea."

"I know you have," I says. "You got lots o' ideas. That's what ails you."

"Graceful reclining nude figure of a winged putto!" Eddie says.

"What?" I says. "What's that?"

"What does it sound like?" Eddie ask me.

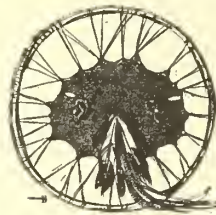
"I'm ashamed to tell you," I says.

"That's good enough," Eddie says, laughin'. "They say that what you don't know don't hurt you but that's the bunk. What you don't know's what hurts you worst. Wait an' see."

We go in trainin' for the second McGurk battle an' I spend the most o' my time warnin' Eddie not to leave McGurk get his goat again.

"He thinks he's got your number, Eddie," I told him over an' over again. "He's goin' to start cussin' you out from the bell, an' if you let him get you sore like he did last time you might just as well take one on the chin in the first round an' save yourself a beatin', 'cause he'll lick you sure."

He just laugh at me when I talk to him like this an' go on with his regular trainin'. He kept hours as good as always. Didn't drink nor smoke. The only thing worried me was he'd go out of an afternoon an' drop in at them auction rooms with this Helen Thornton. She hated prizefightin' but it was easy to see that there was one prizefighter at least that didn't make her so sick to look at.



The night o' the fight come an' Eddie was as fit as I ever seen him. The only thing I was scared of was his losin' his temper again, an' right up to the time the bell rung I kept beggin' him to keep cool an' not pay any attention to what McGurk said.

They come together an' touched gloves an' then squared off. Right away McGurk started. What he called Eddie won't do to put down. Instead o' rushin' in at him this time, though, Eddie danced away scowlin', an' he spits out, as mean soundin' as he could make it: "You scrolled pediment on fluted columns with ormolu Corinthian capitals you!"

McGurk's mouth comes open an' he half drops his guard. Eddie's in on him like a flash with a hard straight left to the nose an' a right smack to the kisser. Then he's dancin' away again without a return, an' as he circles he says to McGurk, "You lobed oval reticulated basket you! Put that in your ovoidal Spanish Majolica bottle with incurvate neck an' see how you like it."

"What's that you're callin' me?" McGurk yells at him. "What's that you said?"

Eddie fainted him into a bow knot an' smacked him groggy. McGurk clinched, an' as they punched an' wrestled I could hear Eddie pourin' the auction-room stuff into his ear in a steady stream.

"Cylindrical alabaster lamp with gadrooned base an' ovoid pendant!" he was growlin' it out. "Enriched with Greek key pattern enclosing Gorgonian masks painted in old red!"

The referee broke 'em. McGurk was so mad an' mixed up he was almost bawlin'.

"What's he callin' me?" he asks the referee. "Did you hear him? Make him talk American."

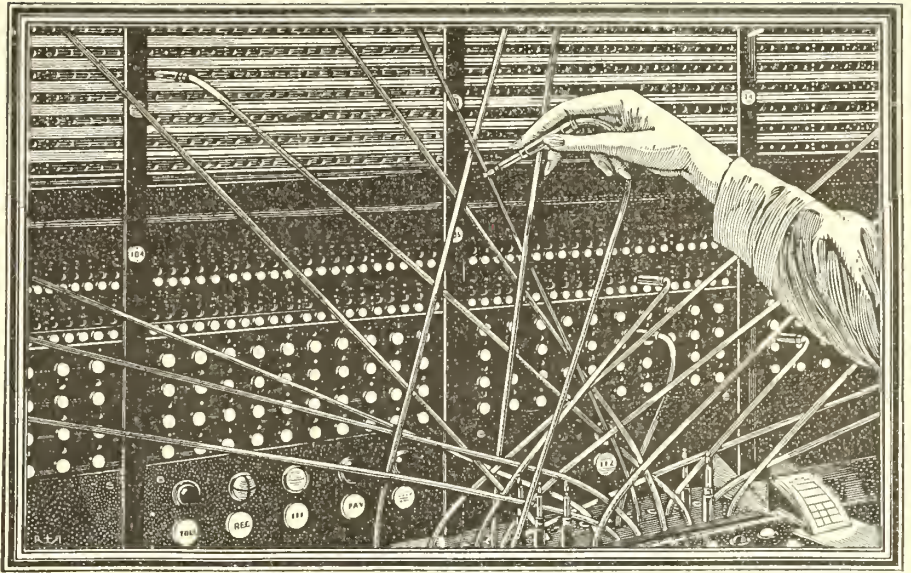
"Fight your fight, boy," the referee says. "I don't know what he's callin' you an' as long as it's nothin' against the rules I don't care. Fight your fight."

Them was good orders, but McGurk couldn't take 'em. Them terrible soundin' names was too much for him. He'd plunge in at Eddie, cussin' a blue streak an' swingin' wild. Eddie'd sting him on the nose with a left an' then send him for a return trip on his heels with a right, an' say: "You gothic ivory coffret with truncated dome cover and inset plaquettes carved in bas-relief! Why, I thought you could fight, you acajou marqueterie commode mounted in cuivre doré! Come in and get it, you undulating scrolled lip! You sculptured bambocci cabinet!"

At the end o' the round McGurk was groggy from the beatin' he'd had an' beggin' everybody to tell him what Eddie was callin' him. Eddie set on his stool laughin'.

"What price education now, low-brow?" he asks me. "Is my new stuff any good in the ring?"

I got to (Continued on page 58)



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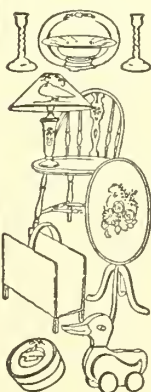
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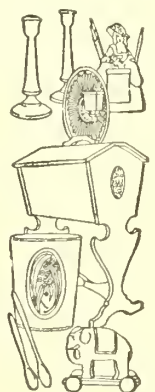
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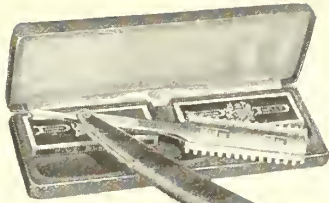
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Highbrow

(Continued from page 57)

admit for a minute that he's right, but even then I know it ain't so.

Eddie goes out in the next round an' knocks this McGurk thing for a round trip to sleepy-town with a long stopover after kiddin' him goofy again with a lot o' them long terrible soundin' names, an' when the referee's done his countin' my boy's in line for a shot at the championship at last.

It looks like I'm all wrong but I know I'm right, an' I am. There's a guy at the ringside owns one o' them auction places an' he hear all this stuff Eddie spills. He gets interested an' looks him up to find out how come a prizefighter knows about all them words. This owner offer Eddie a job announcin' in

his place, an' when this Helen Thornton hear about that she tell my boy she'll marry him if he'll take the job an' give up the ring forever. Eddie fell for it an' there you are. He announced in that place for a few months an' then the guy staked him an' Helen to a place o' their own up on Park Avenue, an' now Eddie's got his own home on Long Island an' wears spats.

Mind you, I ain't sayin' he ain't done well by himself. If what he is is what he wants to be, then he's a success. All I claim is that good books an' nice people an' stuff like that ruined him as a prizefighter, an' I'm right. I tell you again good fighters come out o' the gutter an' the best of 'em don't come far.

I've Never Been to America

(Continued from page 13)

Countess for several days. The affair would not have been so widely reported had it not been for the fact that the girl was not a countess at all. Everybody saw then that the place had made itself look ridiculous.

But to my mind this discovery merely heightened the joke and did not create it. What business had the town to make such a fuss about a Russian countess? Why—for that matter—indulge in such antics for anybody? There is of course a good side to all this, that very warm and genuine spirit of hospitality of which every visitor to America tells a rousing tale. But there is a difference between private generosity and these absurd public ceremonies. I do not believe that these last are sustained altogether by a desire to do honor to people or certain anniversaries, which are often nothing more than an excuse to call meetings and have dinners and walk in processions and make speeches and let off fireworks—in short, for a little public excitement.

No doubt it is wrong of me to have such a distaste for these occasions of public excitement, for flag-waving, processions, speeches, and the rest. Nevertheless there does seem too much of it in the America of today. There is something unhealthy, hysterical about it. All is not well with people who never wish to be quiet, alone or in the company of their family or a few old friends, who shrink from exploring their own minds, who are not happy unless they are in a noisy crowd, all making a fuss. Naturally at this distance I

hear little about the quiet people and a great deal about the noisy ones, but even when I have made all allowances for that, I still feel that American life shows too much of this curious hysterical herding.

Everything is rushed to ridiculous extremes. The visit of a foreign celebrity sets the whole country on fire. A political campaign becomes a kind of orgy of enthusiastic banner-waving partisanship, in which mere difference of opinion, argument, debate, are swept away. The success of certain religionists, mountebanks of the pulpit, suggests that the crowds they swayed so easily were only too willing to be infected with a crude excitement. What has become of the cool drawing American with his independent spirit and shrewd humour? Has he disappeared altogether or is it that he can no longer make his voice heard? Did he belong only to the Mark Twain generation, who went roughing it, and has the newer age, more comfortable but less leisurely, with its mass production and standardized living, gone to the other extreme for its prevailing type, turning out citizens who have an hysterical desire for excitement and a distrust of independence? I may be allowed to ask these questions, though it is not for me to answer them.

Mention of independence carries us forward from private life to private persons. I happen to like individualism, and one of the most depressing things about the modern world is that there is so little of it. Now America is very



typical of the modern world and for an excellent reason, because she has begun to lead it. We can say—in more senses than one—that now she calls the tune to which we must all dance. But in this matter of individualism, or rather the lack of it, she seems to me to have gone a great deal farther than any other civilized country. What she is doing now must make the original founders of the Republic, who were stout individualists to a man, turn in their graves. To a certain extent she cannot help what she is doing, because her problem is widely different from theirs. They belonged really to a small country, in which everybody knew everybody else, and their one desire was not to be interfered with, to be left alone.

Now America is a very great country, which has the task of manufacturing enormous numbers of new citizens, and it follows that the emphasis is upon uniformity. But there appears to me—and dozens of thoughtful Americans bear me out—that there is a great deal too much emphasis. Individuals are not left to develop themselves in their own way. Variety of character, temperament, thought, is disliked. Everybody must think and act like everybody else. Thus you have great masses of people who move together and echo one another's opinions, and one standard way of living across a thousand miles or so of territory. People I know who have spent a good deal of time lecturing in the Middle West have told me how they have stayed the night in one town, traveled all day in the rain, then apparently arrived in the very same town they left, stopped at the same hotel, lectured in the same room to the very same people, and so on and so forth. The very thought of this monotony depresses me.

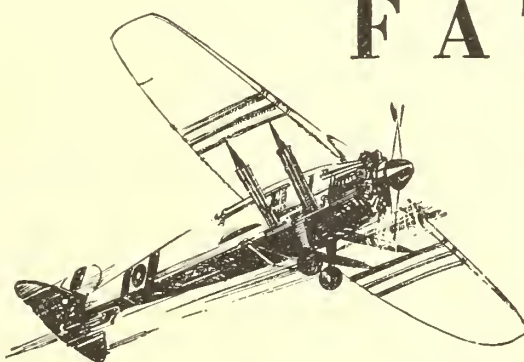
Everything there is comparatively new, of course, and there has been little opportunity for varied development. This I understand. Some of you, I imagine, however, will prefer to take the offensive rather than remain defensive, and will accordingly point out to me that there is nothing wrong with uniformity and standardization in living so long as the pattern itself is a good one. If it has been discovered that one way of thinking and acting is better than any other, why should not everybody think and act in that way? For a complete answer to this question, I recommend John Stuart Mill's "Essay on Liberty", which we should all do well to read over again. So long as we can live decently and at peace with one another, the more variety there is in our modes of life, opinions, temperaments, characters, the better it will be for all of us. If there is one grand secret of life, no one yet has discovered it, so that within reasonable limits we cannot have too many experiments. That is the value of variety to the race. To the individual its appeal is obvious, for it makes life infinitely richer and more entertaining.

I do not find as much of this sturdy individualism (Continued on page 60)

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I've Never Been to America

(Continued from page 59)

as I should like here in England. I feel that I should find still less in America, except in odd corners. I do not like the modern idea of government in England, but the form it takes in America would be still less to my taste. The business of a civilized government is to combine the maximum amount of law and order with the minimum amount of interference with the personal liberty of its subjects. Law and order you must have, otherwise nobody has any freedom; but the task of the ruling power is only to see that we do not hurt or interfere with one another. Now in America there appears to be too little law and order and not enough respect for the public authority. There are far too many crimes of violence, murders and gang fights and robberies on a big scale. London is a much larger city than Chicago,

for example, and yet it has nothing like the same amount of crime. This is because its citizens are more civilized. Faulty as our laws may be in this country, we are yet more able to trust them than the average American is. Too many people in America seem to regard the public authority as a kind of joke, so that they tend to take the law into their own hands. That I maintain, is very bad indeed, uncivilized. If the laws are bad, they should be mended; if they are good, everybody should see that they are enforced. People who take the law into their own hands should be regarded as criminals and not as heroes. All talk of "unwritten laws" and the like is either savagery or sentimental slush. We could all begin to make "unwritten laws" for ourselves, and by the time we had made a few and put them into practice, civilization would have perished.

But American government seems to me equally faulty on the other count. Not only does it not obtain the maximum amount of law and order but it also passes far beyond the minimum amount of interference with personal liberty. It spends so much time taking glasses of whisky out of people's hands that it is unable to take away their revolvers and machine guns. It was of course inevitable that we should come to Prohibition. I believe, however, that this question is so important that it cannot be discussed too often, for its consequences are far graver than any matter of having or not having a

drink. Yet even that is important enough. If I go to America I am faced with the alternative of not drinking at all, saying goodbye to my glass of beer at lunch or wine at dinner, or of swallowing in secret all manner of noxious spirits. Actually I should refuse, though I am told that such refusal tends to hurt people's feelings. And the very fact that the law creates a situation for an ordinary decent visitor spending a day or two with ordinary decent hosts shows that it is a bad law, taking policemen into places where they are not really needed.

But Prohibition is more important still as a symptom, or a signpost showing where we are going. The irritating temperance laws, deciding that a man should have a drink at this hour but not at that hour, were a step in the wrong direction here, but the Volstead

law seems to me a long walk in the wrong direction. It does not make for the creation of a civilized populace, able to enjoy the good things of this life—and wine is one of them—without having to be controlled as if they were little children or wild beasts. The way to cure the so-called drink evil is to civilize the act of drinking, making it a recognized thing in our social life and not a slinking

hole-in-the-corner business. If the reformers, instead of attacking your public houses and closing your saloons, had insisted that they should have their proper place in our social life and therefore be clean and comfortable and bright; places where anyone could go and meet a friend, and had then further insisted that whatever drink was served there should be pure and wholesome of its kind, they would really have begun to solve the problem. In France, the most civilized country in the world, the problem does not exist.

Once you can forbid a man to drink what people, really civilized people, have been drinking with enjoyment for innumerable generations, you can go on to forbid him doing all manner of things that some of you, not the majority either, but if necessary a mere handful who happen to be forceful and influential, chance to dislike. I think I read somewhere that cigarettes were being banned by law in one place in America. There is a good deal to be said against women wearing short skirts and silk stockings, and the majesty of the law



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might be called in to attend to them. But I do not think anything will happen in that direction in America because the feminine influence is too strong.

Is it true—and I ask because I really do not know—that American husbands and wives do not share sufficiently a common life, something they have created together as partners and comrades (and this is the fun of marriage); that the men are too busy earning money and the women are too busy spending it? Do not misunderstand me. This is not an attack upon the American woman. What I have seen of her I adore; and my friends who know her better than I do are forever astounded by her beauty and brisk efficiency and flow of spirits. But sometimes I wonder if there is quite enough common sense and sheer friendliness in the relations of the sexes in America, particularly in the attitude of the men to the women. When I have met thousands and thousands of Americans, I shall perhaps be able to see whether it is true that the men tend to run to extremes in their views of women, now seeing them as pretty dolls, now as goddesses radiant in a mist of idealism, but rarely as fellow creatures with whom to create and share the good life. And suppose that were true, suppose there were not enough common sense and solid friendliness and mutual help in these all-important relations, would it explain, if only in part, the restlessness, the touch of hysteria, the craving for excitement, for life in public as against life in private, the absence of quiet and ease and independence, of reverie, dream and thought?

There, I have had my say. It is for you to "cry 'Havoc!' and let slip the dogs of war." I would only point out that I have written an article on America not only without ever having been there but also without mentioning Hollywood, jazz, wood alcohol, skyscrapers, Ford cars, co-eds, Broadway, baseball, cowboys, or Mr. H. L. Mencken. And I should also like to make a promise. In spite of all these remarks, I hope to pay my first visit to America next year, and indeed am looking forward to a stay of several months. It is nothing that I have mentioned so far that has kept me back, but something quite different, namely, a rather large and—fortunately—growing family. Well, when I have seen with my own eyes and heard with my own ears, I shall be ready to write another article on America, and if I have to take back all I have said, if I have to apologize for every word I have just written, I will engage to do so in these very columns, if the editor cares to offer them to me. Thus those patriots who are already sharpening their pens will do well to wait, so long as it is only their pens they are sharpening.

The American Legion Monthly will be happy to extend to Mr. Priestly the freedom of its pages for another article on America at the conclusion of his projected visit to the United States.
—THE EDITOR.



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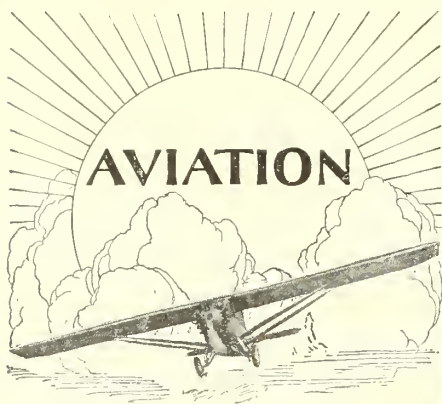
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Napoleon, Junior

(Continued from page 17)

for Mr. Blanque to hand to Governor Claiborne.

"Monsieur," wrote the outlaw, ". . . I offer to you to restore to this State several citizens who, perhaps, in your eyes, have lost that sacred title. . . This point of Louisiana which I occupy is of great importance in the present crisis. I tender my services to defend it. . . Should your answer not be favorable to my ardent desires. . . I shall instantly leave this country to avoid the imputation of having co-operated towards an invasion which cannot fail to take place. . . I have the honor to be Your Excellency's, etc., J. LAFFITTE."

Believing these communications put a new face on Laffitte's affairs, Governor Claiborne held up the sailing of the Patterson-Ross expedition to destroy Barataria, and summoned the commanders to a conference at his house. The whole thing was threshed over. General Jacques Villere, commanding the Louisiana militia, agreed with General Claiborne. Everyone else disagreed, particularly Commodore Patterson and Colonel Ross. It was a trick of Laffitte's to outwit justice. Claiborne gave way and the expedition sailed, but that very night Pierre Laffitte miraculously escaped from the Calabozo, and the knowing *Gazette* joshed the authorities.

Pierre joined Jean at Grand Terre with word of the impending attack. Jean said there would be no resistance, even with the power of the British fleet at his call. Pierre was free and the promise implied would be kept. Jean and Pierre and a few personal followers slipped away to the Côte Allemand, a stretch of river above New Orleans, to await events.

The abandoned empire of Napoleon, Junior, fell without a scuffle. Patterson's gunboats simply went in and rifled and burned the place—which, however, detracts but little from the stirring literary quality of the commodore's report of that operation. The spoil he and Colonel Ross took to New Orleans, and went to law in a squabble over the division of, was worth half a million dollars.

Mr. Claiborne permitted the Patterson-Ross raid on the assumption that the Laffitte papers were forgeries. But he sent copies of them to Andrew Jackson on the assumption that they were genuine. General Jackson was in Alabama. He answered the Nicholls proclamation, taking notice of Captain

Lockyer's visit to Monsieur Laffitte at Laffitte's kingdom of Barataria:

"Louisianians! The proud Briton, the natural enemy of all Frenchmen, has called upon you to aid him in his tyranny. . . [The British] have courted an alliance with. . . the pirates of Barataria. . . They insult you by calling on you to associate. . . with this hellish banditti."

General Jackson's first move for the defense of New Orleans was a blunder.

But Edward Livingston smoothed matters out somewhat. On the information supplied by his client, Laffitte, a mass meeting was called at the Hôtel du Trémoulet. A Committee of Defense was formed—Livingston, chairman; Jean Blanque, Pierre Foucher, J. A. Destrehan, Dussau de la Croix, Augustin Macarty, Dominique Bouigny—an imposing roster. They wrote a proclamation. "Fellow Citizens! . . .

Listen to the voice of honor, of duty, . . . Unite. Form one body, one soul, and defend to the last extremity your sovereignty, your property, your lives. . ." The hellish banditti of Barataria were not mentioned by that or any other name.

Some nine weeks later the day of December 2, 1814, dawned sunless and damp—which is the nearest to winter they have in Louisiana.

But New Orleans was astir.

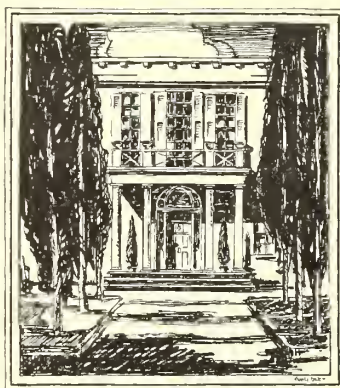
Five or six mounted men slogged through the mud of the Bayou St. Jean Road which approaches the city from the east. The chief of the party was a gaunt man with tousled sandy hair streaked with gray. His worn face betokened one physically exhausted. He wore a leather cap. A stained riding cloak covered a threadbare uniform. It was hard to believe that he was only forty-five.

Edward Livingston was at the head of a small company that rode out from New Orleans to meet General Jackson and his staff. The two parties went to the mansion of J. Kilty Smith on the edge of town, where an elaborate breakfast had been prepared. Mr. Smith, a bachelor, had invited a neighbor and his wife so that the lady might superintend the affair.

Jackson messed over his victuals and the company resumed their journey.

"Ah, Monsieur Smith," exclaimed the host's Creole lady friend, "you asked me to your home to meet a great general. I find a Kaintuck flatboatman without epaulets or moustache."

The town was out to see rotund old



Mayor Girod extend the formal welcome. Jackson said something in response which Livingston repeated in French. As translated it made a great hit. That night there was a banquet. What a change in a man! Jackson appeared in a splendid uniform, all grace and urbanity. He sat between Mrs. Livingston, a Creole, and Mademoiselle Chotard, who spoke English. He charmed them. He offered a toast which charmed everybody.

Next morning there was a veritable cyclone of activity at No. 106 Royal Street, where the general had established his headquarters. Colonel Edward Livingston, special aide-de-camp, was in the midst of it. Orders, letters, decrees, proclamations, requisitions. Jackson seemed never to sleep or eat. In fact he was unable to eat, except for a few spoonfuls of rice at intervals, because of bowel trouble. Always hungry, always ill, before the campaign was over he was simply skin and bones. That banquet had been worse than a battle.

An army of fourteen thousand of the best that England had was mobilizing to assault New Orleans. Wellington, later the hero of Waterloo, was picked to lead it. But it looked like such a cinch that the Duke, who had glory enough, sent his brother-in-law, the young and ambitious Sir Edward Michel Pakenham.

To receive these forces General Jackson found in New Orleans the Patterson-Ross armada of a few little gunboats (to give them a grand name) and four companies of Regulars. But there was also General Villère's Creole militia, six hundred strong and "variously" uniformed when they "exercised" twice a week.

The three-story building at 106 Royal Street shook with activity. The starving Jackson, with fever in his eyes, lay on a sofa and wore out a dozen robust aides. Orders to John Coffee, whom Jackson had left behind in Alabama: Bring your men in a hurry. Letter to Billy Carroll, who ran a hardware store in Nashville: Raise a brigade and come on. Letter to Thomas in Kentucky, letter to Hinds in Mississippi: Do likewise. Proclamation to the citizens of Louisiana: Form you the battalions. General orders: Drill, drill, drill; find rifles, powder, lead; find artillery, find gunners. We win or die here.

Perhaps it was Colonel Livingston who first intimated to General Jackson that the chances of winning would be better with trained artillerymen, and trained artillerymen could not be improvised like infantry. Fortunately, though, trained artillerymen might be had.

Who and where were these men? Ah, General, but one man in all Louisiana could answer that. His name was Jean Laffitte.

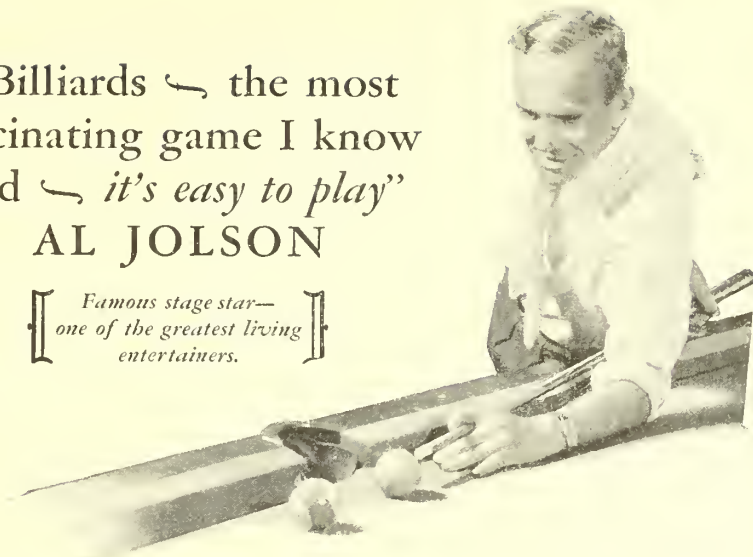
Laffitte the pirate? Yes, General, sometimes mistakenly so-called.

Andrew Jackson said the battle would be won with— (Continued on page 64)

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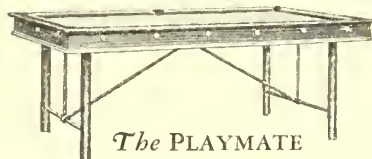
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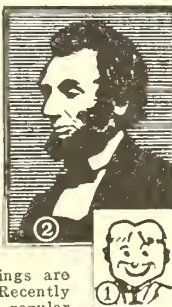
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Napoleon, Junior

(Continued from page 63)

out help from the hellish banditti, and wrote Coffee, "You must not sleep until you reach me."

The British fleet had anchored off the Louisiana coast and the vanguard of the landing force was pushing toward New Orleans by way of Lake Borgne, one of the three water routes from the Gulf to the city. Commodore Patterson's little gunboats barred the way, in charge of Lieutenant Jones, the second in command. The British under Lockyer attacked Jones, who resisted splendidly but was wiped off the lake, losing ships, gunners and guns.

The shortage of artillerymen was now critical, and the feeling grew in New Orleans that Jackson's scruples were misplaced. A committee of the Legislature called at 106 Royal Street. They did not stay long. Old Hickory refused to traffic with a brigand in any extremity.

Finally Laffitte said he would see the general himself. Fiery old Dominique Hall, the Federal judge and no friend of the Baratarians ordinarily, no longer pressed the suit against Jean and guaranteed him safe conduct into the city.

No account of the interview that followed exists outside of fiction. Jackson never made a statement on the subject and Laffitte made none. No one else was present. This is a pity. Jackson was one of the hardest men in the world for a culprit to face. Men of ordinary spunk literally quailed before his look. History would be richer for an account of the meeting of these uncommon men.

Only the result is known. Members of Laffitte's crews who were still in jail were let out. Others appeared from nowhere. Artillery companies were formed—under cross-eyed Pierre, under Dominique You, Belluche Pluché, ex-Mutineer Gambio. A detachment went to man the guns at Fort St. Philippe down the river, another to Fort Petites Coquilles on Lake Ponchartrain—posts of honor where no man was to surrender. Jean was there and everywhere on reconnaissance, returning with information, men, arms and flints. New Orleans was less tense. Jackson had won its confidence.

On December 20th Coffee's fifteen hundred backwoodsmen marched in. Their raccoon caps, long rifles and hunting knives were a heartening sight. Next day Brigadier General Billy Car-

roll came with two regiments more, drilled on flatboats as they drifted down the river. The newcomers split rations with Captain St. Gême's Foot Dragoons, the Louisiana Blues of Captain Maunsel White, the Carabaniers d'Orléans of Captain Roche, late of the army of Napoleon Bonaparte.

At one o'clock in the afternoon of December 23rd Dussau de la Croix and Major Gabriel Villère burst upon Jackson, who was looking at a map. Young Villère was a son of the Louisiana militia general. His clothes were covered with mud.

They said the British had avoided the forts and had begun to land nine miles below the city. They had captured one of our outposts. Major Villère was the only man to escape.

Jackson offered his callers a drink and took a glass himself.

"Gentlemen," he said, "we must fight them tonight."

"Yankee Doodle" and the "Chant du Départ" sounded in the Place d'Armes. Coffee's backwoodsmen and some Creole contingents marched out behind Jackson. Coffee attacked that night in the dark, swapped two casualties for four hundred and stopped the enemy's advance. Pierre Laffitte was the victor's guide and interpreter. Jackson cited him for gallantry and conspicuous services.

But the real battle was to be fought. Jackson studied the ground and began a breastwork from the river to the woods, six miles below the town. This took five days and four nights to finish, during which Jackson did not sleep.

Pakenham landed more men and got ready to assault on the morning of January 8, 1815. His storm troops numbered 3,500 men. The battle reserve of 1,400 and support of 4,700 were not engaged. In the estimation of Europe better soldiers did not live.

Jackson's fighting force was 3,200. He had 1,400 at posts not attacked or in reserve. Except for 650 Regulars the infantry was militia raw from the plow.

At four o'clock in the morning of the eighth Jackson inspected his lines. He was confident. He believed in his backwoodsmen as he believed in the hereafter. He had faith in his artillery. There were eight batteries, thirteen guns in all and hardly any two alike. Three batteries were commanded by United States Navy lieutenants, one by



a Regular Army captain, one by an army lieutenant, one by an army corporal, one by an exiled Bonapartist, General Garrigues Flaujeac, and one by Dominique You and Belluche Pluché. The crews were even more cosmopolitan than that.

Jackson paused by the Baratarian battery, which was really a double battery of two twenty-four pounders. The crew was dripping coffee over a fire. It was as black as tar and nearly as thick.

"That smells like better coffee than we can get," the general said. "Smuggle it?"

"Mebbe so, mon Général," said Captain You, handing over a tincupful.

The famished Jackson drank it off and strolled away from Battery No. 3.

"Livingston," he said, "I wish I had five hundred of those devils at the butts."

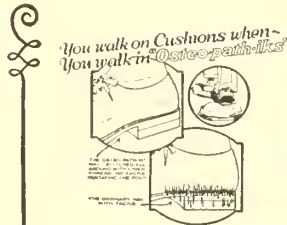
As to the outcome of the battle Colonel Livingston may have been as sanguine as his commander, but a chaise was hitched outside his house in New Orleans to carry his wife and little daughter to safety if the British won. With them would ride Pierre Laffitte—by Jackson's personal permission.

But Pierre did not have to leave his guns at the east defenses of the city. He did not even get to fire them. Pakenham attacked the main breastworks at dawn. At eight o'clock Pakenham was dead and his army in flight, leaving 2,237 dead, wounded and prisoners behind. Jackson lost six killed and seven wounded. His artillery had demoralized the assault, his frontiersmen obliterated it with rifle fire more accurate than any European could dream of.

There is no authentic account of Jean Laffitte's whereabouts or activity during the battle. His work had been done before anyone fired a shot.

"Had Laffitte assented to the proposals of the British," wrote Judge Alexander Walker, who was in New Orleans during the battle, "and permitted them to occupy Barataria, giving them the use of his small vessels, they would have been able to transport their army to a point above New Orleans, thus cutting off reinforcements and supplies. The capture of the city would have been inevitable."

Jackson obtained a presidential pardon for Jean and his men. Dominique You settled down and was elected alderman from a river-front ward, and was buried with civic honors in 1830. Belluche Pluché became an admiral in the Venezuelan navy. Jean Laffitte put up with retirement and the hero business for nearly two years, when, out of sheer boredom, it seems, he sailed away with his three brothers and founded another Barataria on the site of Galveston, Texas—then Mexico. There Jean dabbled in local revolutions a little, but confined himself mostly to his personal quarrel with Spain, dying, of natural, though unrecorded causes on a beach in Yucatan in 1826, aged forty-six years.



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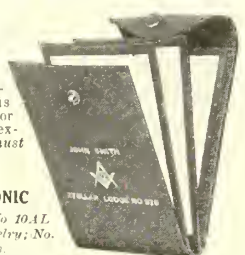
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The Handicap

(Continued from page 11)

eight years ago, and that had been approached by three college coaches.

Wind was bad, too. He used to climb the stairs to the fifth floor offices of Kendall and Haley, but not any more. The climb left him panting and perspiring. He laughed aloud, and was a trifle shocked at the sound of his own voice. Hadn't heard himself laugh for—well, it might be years. Come to think of it, he didn't get much fun out of life, did he? Of course, business was fun, but other men managed to crowd in other enjoyments without affecting their careers.

He shook his head angrily. He didn't want other enjoyments. Success, that was the only thing that mattered. He'd be content with that if he could achieve it.

But blindness—he whistled softly. This was a rather serious matter. He'd sleep on it.

Now, common sense was the strongest feature in Sid Tracy's character. His ability to think clearly, without prejudice, had been the most important factor in his success. He was not a brilliant man, but an exceptionally sane one, whose sanity had been aided by application. He lay awake most of the night, and in the morning his mind was made up.

"The doctor said six weeks, Mr. Burney," he said to his chief, "but I want to play it safe. I want three months off."

"You get it, young-feller-me-lad," said Burney. "Lord knows what I'll do without you, but your eyes are mighty important to this concern. Draw on the cashier for anything you like. Your salary continues—"

Tracy shook his head impatiently.

"Not worrying about that, sir, but—well, I've never asked anything, have I?"

"You haven't needed to," said Burney, gruffly. "This firm recognizes merit, and—"

Tracy laughed deprecatingly. "I certainly can't complain, Mr. Burney; you've all been wonderful to me. But—you know—the managership of the South American branch—will my vacation interfere with my chances of getting it?"

Kendall and Haley were planning a consolidation of all their South American interests. The man who got the job of managing that consolidation, and who made good in the job, would be a partner within five years. Many a good man had his eye on that position, but Sid Tracy knew that, despite his youth, his chances were as good as any.

Burney eyed him speculatively.

"Can't make any promises, Tracy, but—well, if we decide that you are qualified for the position your vacation won't make any difference. Take care of yourself, and try to have a good time."

Assepequa, Maine, is probably the only resort which lives up to the advertisements. There is tennis, pretty good golf, wonderful fishing, mountains to climb, forests of pine to explore, and the lake is twelve miles long, three miles broad in places, dotted with islands, and there are brooks which one may explore in a canoe.

You arrive at Assepequa tired out, run down, nervous. Toast and coffee, after a night of broken slumber, has been your usual breakfast. But you sleep twelve hours in the marvelous beds of the Assepequa Inn, and you enter the dining hall with the same restraint that a famished wolf shows when he sights meat. You eat two oranges, a stack of buckwheat cakes, a small steak, some potatoes, a flock of muffins and drink three cups of coffee. Then you make your will and prepare to die. Only you live, and at luncheon you triple the breakfast ration, topping it off with two pieces of pie. Supper—they don't dine at Assepequa—is a repetition of the previous meals. Then you yawn your way to bed at eight-thirty.

Sid Tracy arrived at the lake after twenty-four hours spent in his home town receiving congratulations on his success, and sympathy for his ocular trouble, from his boyhood friends. He went through the usual routine of heavy eating and heavy sleeping for the first day, hardly noticing that there were other guests at the Inn.

But they noticed him. I believe I've mentioned that the boy was no gargoyle. There was much speculation about him. Would he fill in at bridge? Could he dance? Golf? Swim?

On the second morning Sid Tracy looked out upon the lake from the little veranda of the tiny cabin which he occupied. A swim before breakfast, to add accent to his already ravenous appetite, seemed the proper thing. He slipped into a bathing suit, ran across a carpet of pine needles, and dived into icy water from the end of a little pier.

At least, it seemed icy at first, but after a dozen strokes a warm glow spread over his body. Gosh, this was good! He pushed himself high out of the water, turned over and swam down into the almost transparent depths. He emerged in time to see a figure poised on the edge of the dock.

Did I say a figure? How inadequate language is! One sixteen in her one-piece suit, five feet four from the crown of her black bobbed head to the soles of her feet, and in between, oh, in between! Everything, boys, everything! Eyes, blue that shaded into violet when she was angry; straight nose, generous mocking mouth, determined chin, and that boyish form that doesn't fool you for a minute.

Yes, indeed, Sid Tracy knew that this was a girl. And how she could dive! A

jackknife, performed almost as well as Aileen Riggan can do it. Then a disappearance that lasted fully a minute, when a towseled wet head appeared right at Sid's shoulder.

"Brrrrr," said the head. "C-cold, eh?"
"Sort of," said Sid.

He hadn't come here to gallivant with girls. He was tired; he hadn't realized how darned tired he was. An effort to talk.

"Beat you in," said the girl.

Sid almost laughed aloud. This slip of a girl challenging him to a race? Well, no use being a crab. Also, the thrill of the water awoke something dormant in him, the love of competition. He fell into the double overhand stroke that had been the envy of his pals in the old days, and started for the dock. And a sleek shape, using the most approved six-beat crawl, flashed by him with ridiculous ease. In a forty-yard race he was beaten by over ten yards.

She had swung herself onto the pier when, puffing and blowing, he reached shore.

"You've the strength," she pronounced, "but you can't do anything with that old stroke. I'll have to teach you the crawl."

"Much obliged," said Sid stiffly.

He walked past her without further word, reddening with indignation. Teach him how to swim, eh? Who did she think she was? Gertrude Ederle? If Assepequa had many more like this he'd seek another vacation spot.

He was still indignant when he entered the dining hall. He passed the table where she sat, and returned her bow coolly. But she wouldn't have it that way.

"I'm Martha Blake," she announced. "This is my father. You're Sidney Tracy, aren't you?"

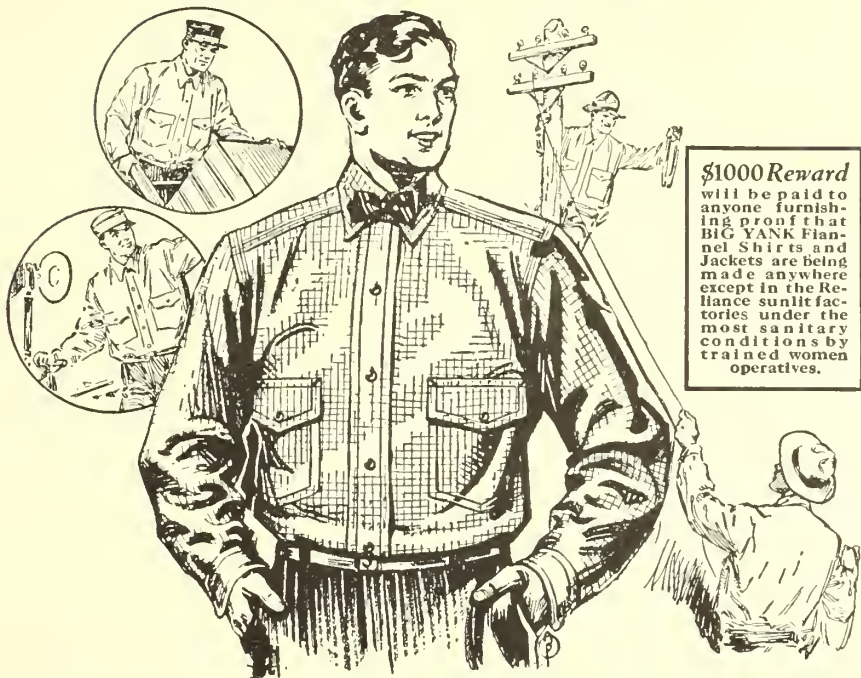
He acknowledged his name, shook hands with her father, and walked stiffly to his table. Heaven knew he wasn't high-hat, but just because two people happened to stop at the same inn they didn't need to be chummy, did they? This was one of those modern girls that thought they were men, and—oh, well, he'd freeze her. Nice old gentleman, her father, though. Probably knew business conditions, and might be interesting. Only he wasn't going to talk business. He wasn't even going to think it. This was a vacation.

He wolfed down an enormous breakfast, nodded to the Blakes on his way out, and went to his cabin. There he gathered up fishing tackle, and ten minutes later he was out in the lake, paddling a frail canoe. He found a shady bank and began casting. He tried for fifteen minutes, without any luck, when he heard the soft swish of another paddle. There was Martha Blake.

Reluctantly he noticed that she wore a pretty silk blouse and that her hair was prettier, even, dry than wet. Also, she could cast. Sixty feet from her canoe the fly lighted on the water, and immediately it was gobbled up by a bass that looked, as he leaped, at four pounds. (Continued on page 68)

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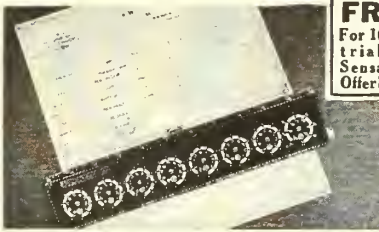
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The Handicap

(Continued from page 67)

"Have to teach you how to cast," she said, as she landed her third big fish.

There was no conceit in her tones, just friendliness. But she annoyed Sid.

"Thanks," he said. He reeled in his line and paddled away. Five minutes later her canoe drew alongside.

"Going to blow," she announced. "Better hurry home."

Her canoe shot by him. He glanced at the sky. She was right, and he set in pursuit of her. Kneeling, swaying slightly as she dipped her paddle, her every movement was grace itself. Sid found himself perspiring, laboring, but still the slight girl gained on him. She was a hundred yards ahead of him when she reached land.

And he'd been paddling his hardest, too. His mouth set grimly as he moored his canoe.

Swimming, fishing, and paddling. Well, what else? Then, because he was naturally nice, he grinned. He'd find out what else.

And he did. She beat him at golf, at tennis, and took him on as her partner at bridge, teaching him the game, never scolding, but advising him kindly. Nothing swell-headed, mind you, but sort of—maternal.

But little by little, as the weeks went by, Tracy began winning from her. He could paddle faster now. As a matter of fact, she almost ceased using her paddle. It was pleasanter to lie in the bow, facing him, while he propelled the craft.

His natural strength and speed overcame her skill at tennis. His golf swing came back to him, and he gave her two bisques in each nine. She still could swim faster, but not so far, and her bridge game would always be better than his. But man's superiority had been demonstrated at the end of three months, and Sid Tracy liked her better.

How he had escaped adoring her is hard to understand. But he had. The darkened movie house never incited him to seize her hand. The picnics on the islands never seemed to him opportunities to steal a kiss. When, a trifle tired, they paused between sets, or rested on a bunker at the fourteenth, his arm never slipped about her waist. Even when they danced as, after the first week, they did every evening, he never held her any more closely than the dance demanded.

Of course, all the guests thought it was a match. Other girls, who vainly coquetted with him, chaffed Martha.

The older people smiled meaningly. But Sid never knew what it was all about. Love never entered his consciousness. He had a career ahead of him, and he liked Martha because she was interested in his career. They never talked pretty nonsense. A good sensible girl. Beautiful, too, if that mattered. But sensible and amiable. And he could beat her at most sports, which was a sop to his vanity, that had been slightly bruised at their first acquaintance.

What Martha thought of him—does it need to be told? Boys, don't ever think that a girl pals with you because you like the same games, or the same books, or the same people. The eyes of girls never light with intellectual fervor. Women's eyes, yes, but the light in a girl's eyes is for you.

And then he said goodbye to her. His three months were ended.

"My eyes are in great shape," he told her. "I owe a lot to you, too, Martha.

Bully pal you've been. Maybe I can see you in New York."

They were canoeing. Sid's trunks were at the station. At eleven that night he would board his train. A glorious full moon was shimmering on the placid surface of Lake Assepequa.

"Why, yes, indeed," said Martha brightly. "Father and I are going abroad a couple of days after we reach New York, but perhaps I can crowd you in."

He lay awake quite a while on the train that night. She could crowd him in, eh? Considering how chummy they'd been, that wasn't very cordial, was it? Oh, well, what did it matter? Tonight was Thursday. He'd be in New York at noon tomorrow, drop in and talk with Burney, pay a visit to Dr. Underwood, go over his correspondence on Saturday, and on Monday get back to work.

And oh, if the work could only mean South America! If he could receive that appointment which meant the fruition of all dreams. . . .

"You're looking fine, Tracy," Burney greeted him.

"Never felt better in my life," said Sid heartily.

He looked it. He was hard as nails, bronzed, and his step had the litheness of one who had worn moccasins nearly all the time for months.

"But I'm glad to get back," he added. "Going to see Dr. Underwood, but only as a matter of form. My eyes are great. Haven't done any reading at all. Gave them a complete rest."



"Good boy," said his chief. He looked at Sid and read the eager question in his eyes. "I know what's on your soul," he went on. "Wish I could give you a definite answer about that South American matter. But Mr. Kendall has the final word, you know. I'm for you, Tracy, but there are other good men in our employ, you see, and Mr. Kendall has postponed making a choice. But he's going to decide definitely between now and Monday."

"Thank you, sir," said Sid.

He felt a bit depressed as he left the office. He hadn't realized, in the past three months, how terribly he wanted the South American chance. And why hadn't he realized it? Suddenly, he knew.

Because he'd been so engrossed in the companionship of the sweetest girl on earth that ambition had been a secondary thing in his life. What a dumb-bell he'd been! He ought to have made love to her. Why, there were other men at the Inn. That young Gilbert Parkinson had tried to crowd in all the time. Maybe—perhaps—

He stood stock-still on the sidewalk. Of course, if he dashed back to Maine—what would Mr. Kendall think of a man who wooed and wed so impetuously? They'd never give the South American job to a man newly married. And you could bet the last button on your last shirt that Sid Tracy wasn't going to South America without Martha!

Was he crazy? The appointment meant a fortune, definite success, everything that he wanted. Everything? God, no! He wanted that slip of a girl more than he wanted anything on earth, more than he could ever want anything in this life.

Kendall and Haley would not entrust the job to a man whose interests were divided. A newly married man would be thinking too much of his wife. . . Damn the job!

He burst into Assepequa Inn at ten the next morning. Martha Blake was out in her canoe. In his city clothes he stepped into a canoe, went in search of her, found her, made her paddle to shore, and there, beneath a great birch, stammered incoherently his love.

"And there's to be no long engagement, Martha," he stated flatly. "You're to marry me today. I've got to be back in New York—been away three months—a married man has to have a job—Martha, please!"

She lifted tear-wet eyes. She'd been crying two nights. Her lips found his. And that, my children, was that.

Papa Blake was not the old-fashioned obdurate father.

"Liked you the minute I saw you, Sid," he said. "Martha's twenty-one, old enough to know her own mind. You've been together for three months. Let that stand as the engagement. If you've got to be back in New York to go to work on Monday, Sid, why—if Martha wants—be good to her, young fellow, for she's—"

They shook hands. Mr. Blake, two hours later, (Continued on page 70)



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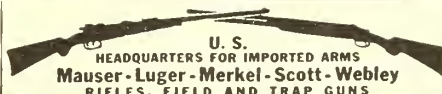
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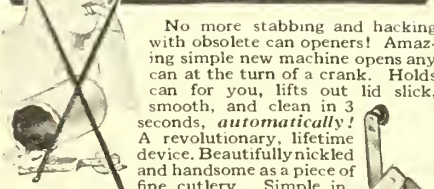


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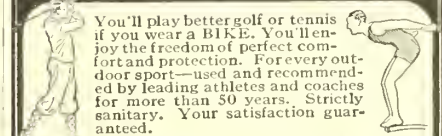
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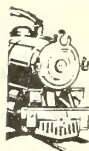
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The Handicap

(Continued from page 69)

gave the bride away, and young Gilbert Parkinson eagerly pleaded to be best man. And then, in the Blake motor-car, the bride and groom sped away.

The girl you love and the man you love and life before you. . . Sneer, cynical graybeards, but look back. Remember when SHE said yes? Oh, there've been bickerings, since, but just the same, weren't those early moments cheaply bought no matter what unhappiness may have followed? The mystery of her, the sweetness. And you, you matronly ones who worry about the children, about the bills, and possibly—though I hope not—about your husbands' neglect, what about those moments when bliss found you, when the goddesses envied you? Wasn't it worth all else?

You know it was, both of you. Go kiss each other now, my silly ones.

On Monday morning Sid Tracy tore himself away from his charming bride. A trifle later than his usual hour of reporting for work, he entered Burney's private office. Mr. Kendall was there, deep in consultation with Sid's immediate chief. They looked up at his impetuous entrance.

"Glad to see you, Tracy," said the austere Kendall. "Looking remarkably fit. Just been talking to Mr. Burney. I regret to say that I have decided to keep you here. There will be other opportunities, but just now, the South American place should be filled by—"

Sid Tracy slapped the head of Kendall and Haley on the shoulder.

"Forget it," he said. "I've just married—day before yesterday—the loveliest girl that ever lived, and I don't care a tinker's dam about anything else in the world."

"Married?" gasped Kendall. "Well, my dear young fellow, I congratulate you most heartily."

"Same here," exclaimed Burney.

They shook his hand warmly, almost effusively.

"Hate to ask it," said Sid a moment later, "but we can't stay on at a hotel. May I have a few days more in which to look for an apartment?"

Burney looked at Kendall, and Kendall looked at Burney. The austere chief partner in Kendall and Haley cleared his throat.

"I—er—ah—wouldn't do that, Tracy. You see—ah—the reason why I decided that you would not go to South America was because—ah—I felt the firm's interests would be better protected by—ah—a man with the responsibilities—ah—of marriage. You—and Mrs. Tracy—I trust—ah—will find the trip to Brazil a delightful honeymoon, and—ah—Kendall and Haley feel certain that the firm could have no better representative in South America."

I LIKE those old adages about marriage. I'm so pleased when I can prove they're wrong.

Time is Money

(Continued from page 33)

must be made, under the law, *on or before January 1, 1928, which is next New Year's Day.* At the end of last July more than seven hundred thousand veterans eligible to receive adjusted compensation had not yet made application. At the rate at which applications were being received at that time, not more than one hundred thousand of these veterans would apply in time to receive the benefits to which they are entitled. Making liberal allowance for men who have died without dependents, for applications in transit or returned for correction, and for all other exigencies, about half a million members of the wartime forces may never receive that which a just and grateful nation has awarded to them. Unless they act before the first day of next January, there will some day be perhaps a half million widows, mothers, fathers or children of veterans who will have no Adjusted Compensation benefits, or veterans who, after twenty years, will not be among those with matured certificates to present to the United States Treasury to be paid in full.

Contrast the fortunate circumstances

which brought Adjusted Compensation insurance to the mother of the naval aviator with the failure of the prominent American Legion official, who died last spring, to file his application. This veteran had been active in a place of leadership in the long fight before Congress, and subsequently urged every service man in his State to make prompt application. Himself a bachelor, he had given no thought to applying personally for his certificate. He was entitled to the maximum Adjusted Service Credit for overseas service, which is \$625. This basis credit, plus twenty-five percent allowed by law, when figured into the certificate value of paid-up insurance which it would have purchased at his age, entitled him to about \$1,700 face value for his Adjusted Service Certificate.

He did not apply. Early this year he married, and within a few months was seized with an attack of spinal meningitis from which he died. Today his young widow, instead of receiving the \$1,700 insurance in a cash payment, is receiving the Adjusted Service Credit of \$625 in ten quarterly installments

of \$62.50 each. That is the difference between having filed an application and not having filed one. After the first of next January not even the Adjusted Service Credit will be paid to the dependents of veterans who die without having filed their applications.

Not only is adjusted compensation the absolute and well-earned right of every veteran of the World War for himself, as a part of the pay he earned in the service, but it becomes a sacred duty for every man with dependents to make his application, and make it at the earliest possible moment.

When the dirigible *Shenandoah* crashed before an Ohio hurricane on September 3, 1925, dashing fourteen members of its navy crew to destruction, the widows of two members of that crew were living in Washington, and were left practically penniless. Fortunately, their husbands held Adjusted Service Certificates. The Navy Department made an immediate effort to ascertain the circumstances of the bereaved families, and in these two cases certified the deaths of the two men to the Veterans Bureau without delay. Within forty-eight hours after the disaster the claims had been paid. The widow of one of the officers of the same airship also presented a certificate calling for about \$1,200. Unluckily, as the law then stood, the Government was instructed to withhold from any such claim any sums owed to the Government by the veteran. This officer had been charged by the Comptroller General with approximately \$1,200 on a disputed payment for commutation of quarters, involving a debatable ruling which at that time was holding rather widespread attention in navy circles.

The officer's widow was advised that the Veterans Bureau could pay her less than forty dollars, being the excess of the certificate over the Comptroller General's claim. She asked what recourse she had in appealing for what she felt were her rights. Another of those human beings in the Veterans Bureau remarked, perhaps not altogether seriously, that nobody but the President of the United States could expedite a settlement.

"All right," said the young widow. "I'll see the President."

She did just that. Exactly what transpired is not of record, but within a very short time the Comptroller's claim against the Adjusted Compensation Certificate was withdrawn, and the payment in full was promptly made. Since then the amendment of July 3, 1926, has provided that no counterclaim of the Government shall be made against an Adjusted Compensation Certificate. It is no longer necessary to see the President, but that brave little navy widow of the *Shenandoah* officer had helped greatly to inject more humanity and less red tape into the operations of at least one law.

The *Shenandoah* claims were not the quickest of settlement among the 33,000 and more death claims which have been paid on (Continued on page 72)

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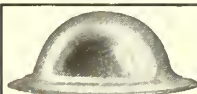
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Time is Money

(Continued from page 71)

Adjusted Compensation Certificates. The record is held at twelve minutes, in the case of a widow who, accompanied by a claims officer of a veterans' organization, went in person to the Veterans Bureau with the necessary proofs and went away in just one-fifth of an hour with her check. Perhaps that is not a fair criterion, as the Bureau had been advised of the call by phone some minutes in advance, but it is a fact that the Bureau has been able to render very prompt service where the necessary proofs have been properly filed with the first claim.

When the submarine S-51 was sunk by the steamer *City of Rome* on September 25, 1925, the bodies of the thirty-three victims of the disaster were not recovered for many weeks. The death claims of beneficiaries of men in the crew who held Adjusted Service Certificates had been paid up before the submarine had been raised. The Veterans Bureau accepted navy certificates of death in the absence of the corpus delicti and customary death certificates.

The whole record of administration of the Adjusted Compensation Act is unusually efficient, and the relative simplicity of filing applications for Adjusted Compensation makes it the more remarkable that more than a half million veterans have neglected for more than three years to apply for this pay adjustment which is theirs for the asking. The Army, Navy and Marine Corps, co-operating with the Veterans Bureau, have made the regulations and forms for applying as simple as possible. They have done everything they can to assist the veteran, keeping in mind, of course, their responsibility for accurately administering the disbursement of a very large total of government funds.

Those veterans, and dependents of deceased veterans, who have not applied, will do well to recall the nature of the benefits which they may receive by the mere formality of filling out a short application blank, signing their name, and mailing it to Washington so that it will reach there not later than next January first—or, in case somebody raises a technicality about New Year's Day being a holiday, and also a Sunday, not later than December 31st of the present year.

The law allows to every veteran of the World War of rank not above cap-

tain in the Army or Marine Corps or lieutenant in the Navy an Adjusted Service Credit of one dollar for every day of home service and \$1.25 for every day of overseas service between April 5, 1917, and July 1, 1919, provided they entered the service before the Armistice—November 11, 1918. Certain exceptions are made as to officers on special duty and men on special forms of service, and those having less than sixty days of service, but a total of about 4,200,000 form the eligible list. The wives, children, mothers or fathers of veterans deceased prior to passage of the law, or prior to making application under the law (but not later than January 1, 1928.) are entitled to the Adjusted Service Credit of the veteran if they were dependent on the veteran for support when he died, or if

they become dependents prior to January 1, 1928. Hence we may say Adjusted Service Credit is a right accruing to every veteran, dead or alive.

In the case of those dying without having applied, the Adjusted Service Credit alone is due dependents, and is payable on application in ten quarterly installments.

In the case of either veteran or dependents whose Credit amounts to less than fifty dollars, it is payable in one sum.

The sixty dollars paid to veterans on discharge from the service is deducted from the Credit.

The maximum credit allowed is \$500 for home service and \$625 for overseas service. When the Credit amounts to more than fifty dollars it is not paid in cash, but is converted into a certificate of paid-up twenty-year endowment insurance. The face value of this certificate equals the amount of paid-up insurance which could be bought by the Credit, increased by twenty-five percent, at the age of the veteran, based on regular insurance mortality tables, and interest at four percent, compounded annually.

That sounds complicated, but the complications all work to the advantage of the veteran. The added twenty-five percent, plus the compound interest for twenty years, means that the certificate calls for paid-up insurance in a sum about two and one-half times the amount of the Credit. In practice this has worked out to an average of a little more than one thousand dollars per certificate. The younger you are the more you get, which was one good



reason for applying early—the same principle which applies to all insurance.

After you get this certificate you have nothing to do but live twenty years and collect the whole thing in cash. If you die, your beneficiary gets the full insurance, also in cash. You can name any beneficiary you please—relative, friend, charitable institution, or merely your estate. After it is two years old the certificate also has a loan value, which we will discuss later on.

That is substantially all there is to Adjusted Compensation. Congress, on behalf of your country, voted it for you. It is up to you to file your application not later than January 1, 1928. Every post of The American Legion has application blanks. So has every office of the Veterans Bureau, and every Army, Navy or Marine Corps recruiting office.

You fill out the application with the facts of your war service, and you will probably have to look up your discharge in order to get the dates. You mail it in the envelope which accompanies the blank form. The Army, Navy or Marine Corps record sections at Washington check up on the facts, certify to the Veterans Bureau that you did serve so many days at home and so many abroad. The Bureau issues your check, if your Credit is less than fifty dollars, or your Adjusted Service Certificate if it is more than fifty dollars. You put the certificate in a safe-deposit vault or other safe spot and proceed to live twenty years and collect, or die, if fate wills it, knowing that this much added provision is made for those you leave behind. Some twenty thousand veterans are dying this year, and next, and will die in greater numbers hereafter. None of us expects to be among that number soon, but some of us will.

The complicated cases arising under the law are many, like that of the naval aviator who signed but never completed or filed his application. The 1926 amendment validated thousands of border-line cases. Those veterans who died right after the law was enacted, May 10, 1924, and before application blanks were distributed formed a special classification. The 1926 act provides that if they died between May 10 and July 1, 1924, their widows might apply in their names and get the full certificate value. This took in perhaps a thousand cases. Scores of other special cases, many of which were rejected on first application, are now eligible. If you are in doubt about your own case, ask the nearest Legion welfare officer or Veterans Bureau office—and file before January 1, 1928. The law now places with the secretaries of War and the Navy and the director of the Veterans Bureau authority to decide points not clearly covered in the law itself. The purpose is complete fairness to the veterans and their dependents in all cases.

Mothers and fathers of deceased veterans are now assumed to be dependent, and allowed the benefits of the Act, if they become (Continued on page 74)

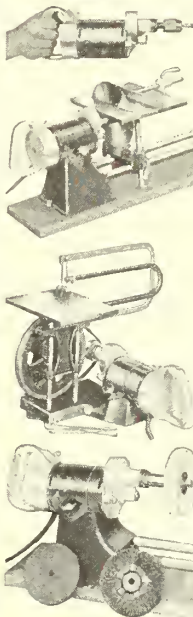
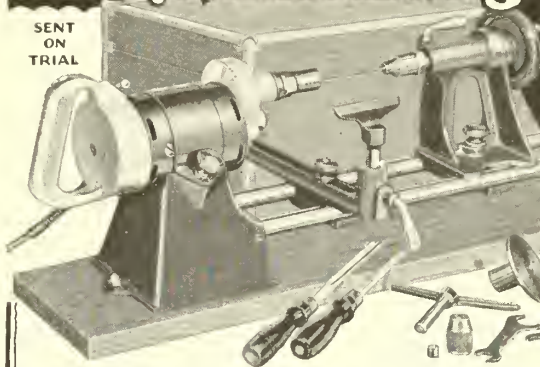
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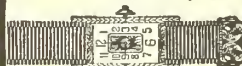
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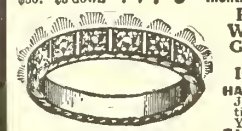


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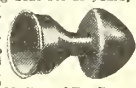
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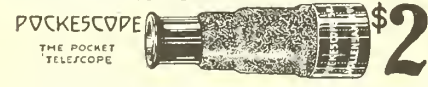
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Time is Money

(Continued from page 73)

sixty years of age prior to January first next. This takes in a large number of cases. Space herein does not permit telling of every benefit covered by the Act and the 1926 amendment. When in doubt, by all means apply.

The loan provision of the "bonus" certificates forms a separate and distinct benefit, and one which unhappily is being wastefully used by some careless veterans, although it is proving a genuine blessing to others.

Two years after an Adjusted Service Certificate is issued it begins to have a borrowing value, although only a small fraction of the face value can be borrowed at that time. The loan may be had from a bank, or direct from the Veterans Bureau through any of its fifty-four regional offices. If the loan is repaid when due, the certificate is not affected. If it is not repaid by the veteran, the Veterans Bureau pays the loan and deducts the loan and interest from the face value of the certificate. And in that case the interest continues to run throughout the life of the certificate.

The first certificates issued were dated January 1, 1925, and became available as security for loans on January first of the present year. Loans have been made on many thousands of them, and after July first these certificates and the promissory notes began to come in to the Veterans Bureau at Washington from banks all over the country. Several hundred thousand veterans had borrowed on their certificates and failed to repay the banks. These shortsighted veterans will lose materially in the long run. Probably many of them do not realize that interest will continue to run on their borrowings until they pay the loan, or until the certificate matures eighteen years hence. No doubt some of them were in real need

of the loan and have been unable to repay it, but there is also no doubt that others simply took the loans as a quick way to collect on their certificates, regardless of the ultimate loss. They are losing the cumulative value of the certificate, and the interest on the loan, and many, when they find this out, will deeply regret their hasty borrowing.

An even more serious trouble awaits a number of veterans who have altered the dates on their certificates in order to borrow on them more quickly. This may have appeared to them as a mere technicality—just a little scheme to speed up the day when they could cash in on their "bonus". Alas, no. It is no mere technicality, but is, in law and in fact, practically the same thing as counterfeiting. It is the altering of a government document, and the penalty may be as much as fifteen years in a Federal penitentiary. Had they realized this fact, probably the veterans who altered the dates of issue would have waited the full two years, at least, before seeking loans.

The loan value of the certificates is of great value as a last resource, a final aid in case of illness or real distress. To borrow on the certificates under any other circumstances is pure folly. Every loan must be repaid, with interest, or it rolls up a heavy cumulative loss on the final value or insurance value of the certificate. Those who borrow on them recklessly, without thought of repayment, are merely robbing themselves or their dependents.

With the period in which application can be made for adjusted compensation drawing to a close at the end of this year the Government has made no especial effort to advertise the fact that half a million veterans are in a way to let their rights go by default. Prob-

Applications for Adjusted Compensation

| | |
|---|-----------|
| Law passed and applications became receivable May 19, 1924. | |
| Last legal date for acceptance of applications January 1, 1928. | |
| Number of veterans eligible (estimated) | 4,200,000 |
| Number of applications received by Army, Navy and Marine Corps and transmitted to Veterans Bureau, July 1, 1927 | 3,425,504 |
| Number of eligibles who had not filed applications by July 1, 1927 | 774,496 |
| Rate per day at which applications were being received in midsummer—approximately | 600 |
| Number who will have failed to apply by expiration date January 1, 1928, calculated on above figures and with allowance for veterans who have died without dependents, unless applications are speeded up—approximately | 500,000 |

Requirements for filing applications by veterans of the World War, or by widows, children or their guardians, mothers or fathers of veterans who depended upon them for support at the time of their death, or have become dependent on outside support, are simply to secure application forms at nearest American Legion post, United States Veterans Bureau office or hospital, Army, Navy or Marine Corps recruiting office, fill out and forward to Washington in envelope which accompanies the application blank.

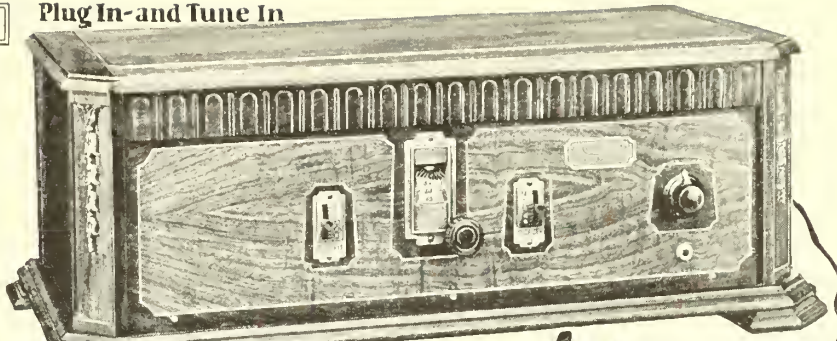
ably the daily papers will spread the news, at almost the last moment, and probably there will be a last-minute rush of applicants. Since the actual signing of an application and filing it with the Adjutant General of the Army, Bureau of Navigation of the Navy, or United States Marine Corps are the essentials for getting your claim on record not later than January first, a late rush can be handled by the Government departments without great difficulty, but in a late rush a lot of people are quite certain to be too late. The Army, which carried the bulk of the original rush of filings in 1924, had more than 2,500 officers and clerks handling the applications at one time. Now the force is much smaller, but adequate for whatever rush occurs. The Veterans Bureau has the more involved job of making out the certificates, but time is not so essential there.

It is quite possible that a mere mailing of an application before January first will not be sufficient. Actual receipt of the application in Washington will be required if a strict interpretation is placed on the law, and the United States Comptroller General has shown every disposition to be strict. That is his business. When the date for reinstating and converting government insurance expired last July, a postmark on an application was accepted as a date of filing. Such lenience is not certain about Adjusted Compensation filings.

Why have so many failed to file? Not because they do not intend to. The Adjutant General of the Army once asked, through the press, that eligible veterans who did not intend to accept Adjusted Compensation write and tell him so. Exactly 182 veterans responded with declarations that they would not file. There may be others, but not half a million of them. It may be that many of the careless ones are single men, without dependent relatives, who have given little thought to their possible death, or their possible needs twenty years hence. There may be others who have the intention of giving their adjusted service pay to charity. The first death benefit on a certificate which went to an organization was paid to an American Legion post. The veteran had named his post as his beneficiary. A number of certificates have The American Legion Endowment Fund as beneficiary, and one of these has been paid since the death of the veteran who made this choice of disposing of his adjusted pay. Those who just "intend" to give their "bonus" to charity are daily approaching the date beyond which their good intentions will be merely paving stones for you-know-where.

Most of those who have not filed are probably just plain careless. Such carelessness has already cost thousands of widows, children and parents of veterans many thousands of dollars. If you have not filed claim for your Adjusted Compensation, the hour glass of your opportunity is running low. A good time to act on your intentions is today.

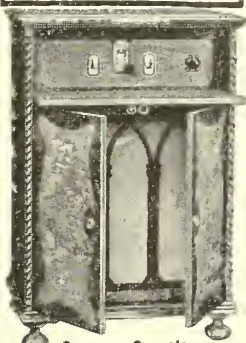
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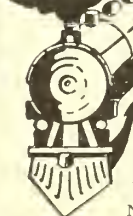
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- () Stenographer-Secretary

NAME.....ADDRESS.....

A Personal View

(Continued from page 43)

OF ALL EXPERTS on this subject the Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Armies in the World

Not America, Marshal Foch

that we shall have another World War in twenty years. "The nation in arms will comprise every man, woman and child, since all will have been allotted some definite task. Planes will fight in masses." He sees this future war "as localized in no sense of the word. Every country will take part in it."

Gathering forces in rivalry for power from Europe's end to Asia's end, while bargaining and scheming diplomacy fans racial antipathies, seem to bear out the great soldier's prophecy.

However, must every nation be in that struggle which is to surpass 1914-'18 in horror? Must America? Not unless America chooses. Not if we are wise and on guard; not if we prepare in peace time to make the most of our resources, man-power and isolation when the emergency comes. Then, as both sides to the conflict face each other, and we have the ready force to throw into the arena, either side will know that our entry against it will mean defeat. Our forces will be the balance.

So the very threat of our armed pressure may decide—better, it may prevent—another World War without our having to send a single soldier and sailor under fire or subject a single mother to the suspense as to the fate of her son at the front. We may be the arbiter and guardian of world peace. When the great sage of war looks ahead, let America listen and also look ahead.

And this means that, the Navy being our first line, we must recognize the result of the late Geneva Conference. After the War, with the greatest navy in the world in the making, we called the Washington Conference at which we agreed to scrap nineteen capital ships in order to limit ourselves to parity with England, which scrapped none. That was our part in deeds, not just words, for peace and to stop the race of armament.

No limitation was set on light cruisers. England began to build light cruisers rapidly. We did not build. We did not keep up our naval equipment. We have drifted into second place. We went to Geneva proposing a limitation on cruisers. There Earl Jellicoe, commander of the British fleet in the early years of the War, revealed the extreme British apprehension lest more German light cruisers should get through his line to raid British commerce Emden fashion. Britain would agree to no limitation at Geneva that meant anything less than a free hand for her in cruisers. And the Geneva Conference failed.

Anywhere beyond the range of the

guns of battleships the swift light cruisers command the seas. In a future war over vast ocean areas their preponderance may be decisive. Britain now has about three times our strength in cruisers; and Japan, whose ratio should be three to our five in naval strength, according to the Washington Conference agreement, is stronger.

It takes four years to build a cruiser. We must begin building cruisers at once. We must build not only cruisers but submarines and aircraft and take up the loose ends in every branch while we strengthen our shipyards and merchant marine. That is, we must if we are to have parity, and if, in face of all our hostages on the North and South and East and West from our long double coast line, we are to be ready for the terrible emergency which Marshal Foch foresees. This without malice and in all good faith of both national and world responsibility.

NINETY-FIVE PERCENT of all the automobiles in the world were made in America, in face of higher wages and

"Made in America"

cost of materials in other lands in eager after-war competition. A tribute to our industrial organization and our labor and skill in that mass production for our vast home market on the American principle of real industrial democracy—a good thing at a reasonable price for the many instead of at a high price for the few. With an automobile for every one in five Americans there is one in forty-five in Argentina, 294 in Italy, 444 in Brazil and 133,323 in Abyssinia. The market is not yet supplied at home or abroad.


PREPAREDNESS FOR NOVEMBER in October. California having made November 11th a legal holiday has all day to celebrate it. How? That is up to the California Legion, which backed the law. A note may be taken

And Now California

from Natchez (Mississippi) Post, of the Legion, which has a programme of talks on the causes of the War, on America's part, with patriotic songs for school children. Any Armistice Day celebration fails unless it puts over the War's great lessons to the coming generation.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL FRANK MCCOY, gallant soldier and patient administrator, clean as a hound's tooth, is to see that an honest election is held in Nicaragua. This is not enough to save our conscience if we withdraw supervision right after the election. Duty requires that we remain long enough in

Do the Whole Job



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Leader, Saxophone Soloist Jean Goldkette's Victor Recording Orchestra. Has probably done more recording than any other saxophonist, all on a Holton.

EVERY one of the 27 sockets on a Holton Saxophone is silver-brazed to the body—a hand operation requiring extreme care and skill. Just as a machine-made violin can never imitate a Stradivarius, so machine-made saxophones lack the perfect tune and rich resonance of a Holton.

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AGENTS Write for big commission and territory proposition.

Nicaragua to school a new generation in how to carry on right.

SEVERAL CORRESPONDENTS IN answer to my query have reminded me of the accepted tradition that the superstition's

Again, Why Thirteen?

origin was in the thirteen at the Last Supper. Is it still older? A correspondent from Marion, South Carolina, refers to Esther iii, 12. It was in the thirteenth day of the thirteenth year of Ahasuerus's reign that Haman summoned the people against Mordecai. On the thirteenth too, Esther ordered that Haman's ten sons be hanged.

NO SESQUI-CENTENNIAL AT Philadelphia last year, no U. S. A., but for the victory of which this year is the sesqui-centennial anniversary.

It Was at Saratoga

In 1777, on October 15th, one hundred fifty years ago and one hundred forty-one years before we were in the thick of it in the Meuse-Argonne, Burgoyne's army surrendered at Saratoga. He had failed in his drive to take the Hudson Valley and cut the colonies in two. It was a great decision.

OBJECTIONS HAVE BEEN taken to my statement that "Europe leads in commercial aviation" as implying that our aviation companies lacked enterprise. No such thought. European commercial aviation had a

The Way to Lead

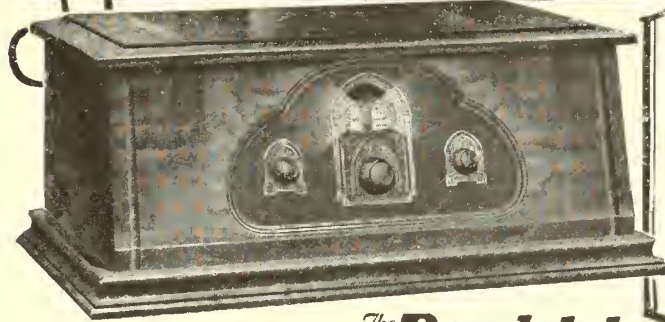
big start over us owing to government subsidies and public support. As tourists Americans would ride in planes abroad, but not when they were at home. We have the capital, the enterprise; our aviators have shown the way, winning world applause. Now let our pioneers get their reward in government and public support and plenty of airports, and our leadership is assured.

Keeping Step

(Continued from page 52)

complicated camera in adolescence and in time becomes a postgraduate amateur photographer with his own motion picture camera. Those who make a business of developing and printing film say that babies would keep their business booming even if everybody stopped photographing other things. And dogs, and automobiles, and houses—there are lots of subjects for pictures which make this a nation of camera owners. The things closest to a man's heart he preserves in pictures. Photographs are simply enchanted memories—memories that time can't change. The American Legion being close to every Legionnaire's heart, the camera is busy all over the United States making the permanent record of the (Continued on page 78)

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The Randolph 7-tube single control is the wonder set of the day. Out-performs any other radio regardless of cost. Sent for 30 day test and comparison at our expense. Can be operated with batteries or connected direct to electric light socket—no batteries, no chargers—just plug in and tune in. **Single Control—Illuminated Drum**

One illuminated drum dial brings in all stations. Easy to operate. Hairline selectivity. Tremendous clear tone volume. Completely shielded.

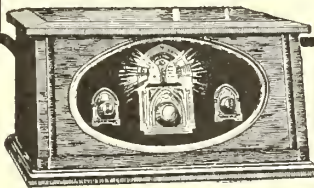
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1914 1918

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THE FIFTEEN best photographs submitted between September 25, 1927, and April 15, 1928, for publication in the Keeping Step Department of The American Legion Monthly, will be awarded cash prizes.

- \$100—1st prize
- 50—2nd prize
- 25—3rd prize
- 15—4th prize
- 10—5th prize
- 5—Each for the next ten best

In addition to the cash prizes, the Monthly will pay \$3 for each picture submitted in the Competition which does not win a prize, but is considered good enough to publish.

All prizes and payments will be awarded on April 16, 1928.

Every Post in The American Legion has a chance to win the big prize. A Post Photographer is as necessary as a Post Historian—in fact, the two jobs go together. Get your Post Photographer on the job, try to win for your Post a prize in the Monthly's Photograph Competition.

Every individual Legionnaire who knows how to use a camera effectively has a chance to win a prize for himself. If his Post isn't participating in the Competition, he can make a bid for a prize on his own account.

Photographs will be judged on the degree of interest to Legionnaires and on their photographic excellence. There are no restrictions on the choice of subject—any picture with an American Legion interest, direct or indirect, is worth submitting if it is sharp and clear. A study of photographs which have already appeared in the Keeping Step Department will indicate in a measure the types of pictures which are worth submitting.

Photographs should be mailed flat—not rolled or folded. They should be on glossy paper, preferably. Postage should be sent if return of photographs is desired. Each picture should bear on back the name and address of the sender, whether a Post or an individual Legionnaire. Each photograph must also be accompanied by adequate caption or explanatory data.

HERE'S AN OPPORTUNITY TO SERVE YOUR POST AND YOUR COMMUNITY. TAKE A PHOTOGRAPH OR PHOTOGRAPHS AND ATTACH TO COUPON PROVIDED BELOW AND SEND TO EDITOR, PRIZE PHOTOGRAPH COMPETITION, THE AMERICAN LEGION MONTHLY, INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.

Editor,
Prize Photograph Competition,
THE AMERICAN LEGION MONTHLY
Indianapolis, Indiana.

Please enter the attached photograph (or photographs) in the Monthly's Prize Photograph Competition.

My Post is _____ 192____
Name _____ Number _____
Town _____ State _____

If this entry wins a prize or is accepted, please make award or payment to { me personally.
my Post.

My name is _____
Street or R. F. D. _____
Town _____ State _____

Keeping Step

(Continued from page 77)

things Legion posts and Legionnaires are doing. Every post ought to make the camera its Post Historian.

THE photographs published in the Keeping Step department of the Monthly constitute a sort of topical review of Legion activities everywhere, the kind of a review you see in the news reels in the motion picture theaters. Most of the photographs published have been submitted by post officials or post members inspired by a desire to let the rest of the Legion know about the significant, extraordinary or novel things their posts have done. The Monthly wants to provide an additional incentive to posts and Legionnaires to send in photographs of exceptional interest and general worth. On this page appears the announcement of the Monthly's \$250 Prize Photograph Competition, open to all posts and all Legionnaires. The big prize is \$100 for the very best photograph submitted. Fourteen other prizes, ranging from \$50 to \$5, will also be awarded, and pictures submitted which do not win a prize but are published will be paid for.

Read the announcement, polish up the lens of your camera and start sending in photographs.

IN each issue of the Monthly the editors attempt to give a fair geographical distribution to the photographs published, giving representation to all departments, although the deciding factor must be always the excellence of each individual photograph. A study of the photographs which have already appeared in the Keeping Step department should enable any Legionnaire to determine whether it is worth while to send in a particular picture on behalf of his own post.

Study not only the photographs used as illustrations in the Monthly but also those in other high grade magazines using photographic illustrations and in the rotogravure sections of the leading newspapers of the country. You will note that the photographs which appeal to you most have a number of characteristics in common. They are, first of all, good photographs. They are sharp and clear, not foggy or blurry. The elements of the picture are clearly separated, background and foreground and center of scene. Main characters stand out clearly and in sufficient size, and they appear against a contrasting background. A man dressed in a dark suit is shown against a white wall or other light background. Where central figures are in the same color tones as background or foreground, insufficient contrast is apt to produce a photograph which does not register quickly and clearly on the eye and consciousness of the person who inspects it.

Photographs should also have plenty of life and action in them. Wherever

possible a photograph should show people, and the people should be doing something in keeping with the story which the picture attempts to tell. Moreover, they should be shown doing it naturally, and not in a camera-conscious and stilted pose. The picture should seem to have been taken while those shown were unaware the photographer was about. Group pictures, stiff rows of persons seated or standing, lack that natural effect, the effect of plausibility which should be sought.

ASIDE from the few simple general rules already listed, there are few helpful hints which can be given. Originality in selection of subjects for photographing is so much a matter of experience and knowledge based on observation that it is not worth while to attempt to set down in detail the classes of photographs which can be used in the Monthly. In general any photograph, pictorially good, which tells a clear story of any Legion activity or exemplifies an American Legion principle is a logical candidate for the pages of the Monthly. It should be remembered, however, that each picture should have sufficient differences from other pictures of the same general character published in the past to recommend it for selection. Obviously, parade pictures tend to look alike. So do banquet photographs, photographs of cornerstone layings, of governors signing bills, of somebody handing somebody else a check. It is possible, however, to obtain photographs of conventional happenings which are vastly different and better than the ordinary run of pictures.

In determining whether a picture is good enough to send to the Monthly, ask the question: *Is this picture so good or so unusual that it will be of interest to Legionnaires everywhere and not simply in the community in which the picture was taken?* Every photograph has a definite and measurable appeal to a certain percentage of readers. Some pictures are so good that we may assume that every reader will be impressed by them. Others are not quite so good, but still have a forceful appeal to perhaps ninety percent of the readers. When a photograph is in the doubtful class—interesting to but a small group of the whole reading audience—it is probably not selected for publication.

CERTAIN photographs have an element of timeliness which must be considered. They possess an appeal if published while the subject they concern is of general Legion interest, but lose that appeal when held for the length of time which must elapse between receipt of pictures and publication. Each issue of the magazine is made up more than two months in advance of the date it bears. Obviously a Christmas picture is hard to use in March, although it might be held and used the following December. Quite often it is necessary to hold pictures a year or more before use. A really

good photograph does not lose its effectiveness by delay, because when published it is new to the overwhelming number of readers.

The editors of the Monthly are always glad to receive photographs even where the sender is in doubt whether they are suitable. Pictures will be returned after use or if found unavailable, if the return request is marked on the back of the pictures.

Straight group photographs, pictures of a lot of people standing or seated in rows, ordinarily are uninteresting. An exception to this rule is a group picture showing notable persons. For instance, a picture showing President Coolidge, General Pershing, several Past National Commanders of the Legion and other nationally-known Legion officials does have sufficient general interest to warrant publication, despite conventional grouping.

Conventional photograph portraits of individuals, either in uniform or civilian clothes—the kind seen in photographers' show cases—are rarely good enough for use.

KANSAS joins the list of Legion departments furnishing inspiring examples of the Legion's helping hand in time of family disaster. Tragedy overwhelmed a little family in Howard, Kansas, when Legionnaire David Nigh, was hurt in the sawmill in which he worked and was carried home to die. Mrs. Nigh cared for her husband while three little children, too young to know how fate was robbing them of their father, romped about his bedside, the youngest less than a year old. For three months the stricken husband and father fought off death.

After the funeral debts loomed insurmountably to the widow. But Carter-Rader Post and its Auxiliary unit had not forgotten Mrs. Nigh. As if answering her prayer a committee from the post quietly began work. It succeeded in having most of the debts cancelled and raised a fund of \$300 to meet the family's pressing needs. Then, following the precedent set by many other posts throughout the country, the Howard Legionnaires built Mrs. Nigh and her children a three-room house. The post members did most of the actual work of construction, while the Auxiliary unit provided furniture.

There are eleven hundred persons in Howard. Exactly 155 of them are Legionnaires and one hundred belong to the Auxiliary unit. No membership campaigns are necessary in Howard. The spirit that provided Mrs. Nigh and her three fatherless children with a new home is the bond that is more powerful than all the statistics that might be compiled, stronger than any orator's appeal.

ABRAMHAM HUGHES—who knows him and where is he? Several months ago he was a patient in the Veterans Bureau hospital at Livermore, California, but he left without leaving a forwarding (Continued on page 80)

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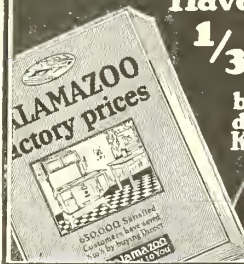
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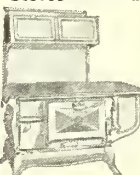
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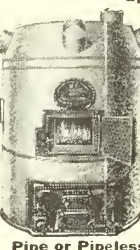
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Describe your case fully so we can give you definite information at once.

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Keeping Step

(Continued from page 79)

address for mail. The Step Keeper wants to know where he is now so Mr. Hughes may receive something he has asked for. In June Mr. Hughes wrote:

"The photograph on page 40 of the Monthly for June shows my boy. He was in the Legion's care at Sawtelle, California, when the picture was taken. I have no picture of him and would appreciate one of these with all the yearning of a father. It has been a number of months since I have seen my boy."

The photograph was sent to Mr. Hughes shortly after he wrote, but it was returned by the hospital authorities with the notation that Mr. Hughes' present address is unknown. Perhaps in California there is an American Legion post or a Legionnaire who will bring gladness to a father's heart by letting the Step Keeper know where Abraham Hughes is now.

AFTER Paris, a new year in the Legion and a new effort to raise the Legion's national membership even higher than the record-breaking enrollment for 1927. Reports from everywhere tell how posts went over the top this year—many of them have an inspiration for the whole Legion. Here are a few:

Leland R. Gilbert, until recently Executive Secretary of Portland (Oregon) Post reports that Sheridan (Oregon) Post, although only two years old, maintains a membership of 125 in its town of one thousand persons, owns a \$10,000 home, free of debt, has its own voiture of the Forty and Eight and a thirty-piece band. Incidentally, the bandmen bought with their personal funds the band instruments which cost \$2,200. The band uniforms cost \$1,300 and \$1,200 was spent for music lessons and \$200 for music. . . . North Shore Post of Chicago held an Old Timers Night, entertaining all former members who could be found—a member-getting idea that ought to be good in any large city. . . . In Atlanta, Georgia, when Argonne Post began its membership drive, Charles D. Montgomery, father of the first Atlanta officer to give his life in the Argonne, served as general commanding the campaign. . . . Raleigh County Post of Beckley, West Virginia, broke West Virginia membership records by enrolling 443 members before January first, 106 more than the quota assigned to it for 1927. It told National Commander Howard P. Savage it hoped to have 750 men in line before September. Wheelhorses in the membership campaign advanced payment of dues for thirty-eight members who couldn't be reached while the drive was on. Post Commander J. G. Umstadd is going to report later on his outfit's plan to provide a community building for its city. . . .

No Legionnaire in Durham, North Carolina, has done more for his post than John Markham. Although partly paralyzed, he personally enrolled 160 new members for Durham Post, conducting his individual member-getting campaign in a taxicab he hired. Markham got a great ovation when he appeared at the last convention of the North Carolina Department. . . . Twenty percent of all the men and women in Caldwell, Ohio, belong to the Legion or the Auxiliary, reports Carl Behnlein, Past Commander of Noble Post. Caldwell has 1,800 inhabitants, Mr. Behnlein adds, and when the Auxiliary unit enrolled more than 180 members, the post kept pace by more than doubling its own membership of earlier years. . . .

As a part of the membership campaign conducted by the Denver (Colorado) posts, a series of twenty statements, presenting reasons for belonging to the Legion, and signed by the most prominent men in Denver public life, were published in the *Rocky Mountain News*. . . . Never was a harder membership battle fought than that between two teams of Exeter (California) Post, because the team which lost was pledged to appear in a parade dressed as flappers and, so dressed, to serve as waiters at a dinner for the entire post. . . . Maywood (California) Post also had a dinner at the end of its membership campaign. The winning team ate chicken and its accessories provided by the losers, while the losers, across the table, ate beans. . . . Fox River Post of Geneva, Illinois, with its town's population four thousand, enrolled 228 members for 1927, every service man living in Geneva.

THE bugle sounds in New York City's East Side on Memorial Day and flags flutter from thousands of windows and store fronts while hundreds of service men of the World War parade in steel helmets and olive drab carrying bayoneted rifles. In its demonstration of patriotism, East Side Post of The American Legion displays a fervency that is born of a deeper appreciation of America and things American than is customary on the part of most citizens who have never had a chance to contrast life here with life in less favored countries. For East Side Post is composed of men of thirty-two nationalities, men born abroad or the sons of parents who came to the United States from overseas.

Italy and Poland, Russia and Germany, Austria and Great Britain all have contributed to the united American ranks of East Side Post and the post's Memorial Day celebration reflects the spirit of all races. On last Memorial Day Post Commander Jack Hollander headed his own post and detachments from other Legion posts in a

parade in which Medal of Honor men, National Guard units, Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts and fraternal units took part. Twenty thousand persons heard speeches in Hamilton Fish Park. Department Commander Arthur Brundage and many others spoke. Next Memorial Day East Side Post expects to have an even larger celebration.

Its Memorial Day observance is only one of many activities which have endeared East Side Post to the most cosmopolitan section of New York City. The post established a boys' summer camp at Haverstraw, New York, where the boys of the East Side enjoy privileges of country life. It maintains six Boy Scout troops and an eighty-piece drum and bugle corps among East Side boys. It conducts Americanism classes throughout the year and gives assistance to men becoming naturalized. It made a special campaign to induce service men to renew and convert Government insurance. It distributed flags and presented copies of the Legion's flag code in East Side schools. In mid-July the post had 815 members.

THE American Legion Auxiliary, which rallied magnificently to the call of distress from thousands of Mississippi flood sufferers in the late spring, has not forgotten those sufferers in autumn when the sufferers no longer are mentioned on newspaper front pages. Throughout the whole flood region, American Legion Auxiliary units, operating as relief units, are still carrying on the work of helping stricken families. They are working under the direction of the Auxiliary's National Flood Rehabilitation Committee, whose chairman is Mrs. R. H. Tucker of Jackson, Mississippi. The committee has been spending a sum of more than eleven thousand dollars, contributed by units throughout the country, for direct relief. In addition it has been co-operating with the Red Cross. It is still operating central supply bases at such centers as Jackson, Mississippi, and Monroe, Louisiana, from which supplies are sent to the units in charge of distributions.

Among the unusual activities in the flood relief work was the distribution of almost ten thousand pounds of candy to flood sufferers, in response to appeals from doctors who said sugar was urgently needed to keep down sickness in refugee camps. The candy was donated by candy manufacturers in the flood States after Mrs. Adalin W. Macauley, National President of the Auxiliary, had told them of the refugees' need. One of the continuing needs of the sufferers which the Auxiliary is meeting is the supplying of milk to families with children. Wherever possible the relief units are arranging to provide milk regularly for children, in the hope of reducing the unusually high death rate among the young. More than four thousand dollars was appropriated for milk on August first.

Miss Jennie O'Kelly, President of the Department of Louisiana, reported that

the supply depot at Monroe, Louisiana, up to mid-summer had distributed clothing to 33,000 persons, giving an average of twelve garments to each person or 400,000 separate garments.

ARGONNE Post of Callao, Missouri, qualifies for high place in the building-for-the-future contest.

"Six years ago, on one of the best corners of the business district of our town was an old livery stable, a public nuisance and a dangerous fire hazard," reports Post Commander J. E. Agee. "Working for community betterment and wishing to erect a home of our own eventually, Argonne Post, with the co-operation of business men of the town, organized The American Legion Community Building Association. The affairs of the association are managed by a board of six men, half elected by the post, half designated by town officials. We purchased the livery stable property, consisting of the building and four lots. We salvaged the building, a polite way of saying that we tore it down. We planted grass on the whole tract, making of it a delightful park. This year we paid off the last of the indebtedness on the site and erected a World War monument. We are now going ahead with our plans to put up a community building of the type the town always has wanted, a building for everybody but with special quarters for the post and its Auxiliary unit."

Commander Agee says the strength of his post is due largely to the fact that it draws members from five towns in Macon County, the service men of the county believing that one strong post with a big membership is preferable to a collection of smaller posts. Service men of Elmer, Ethel, New Cambria and Bevier share honors and activities in the post with the service men of Callao. Incidentally, Commander Agee himself lives in Bevier.

LEGIONNAIRES who have contributed leading articles to this issue of the Monthly number half a squad, a representation quite a bit smaller than the usual line-up which faces the Step Keeper when he does his monthly chore of listing names and posts. Marquis James, author of "Napoleon, Junior," in this issue, will be recalled as the author of many articles on important episodes in American history published in earlier issues of the Monthly. He is a member of S. Rankin Drew Post of New York City. . . Charles Phelps Cushing, who wrote "Bringing the Channel to America," also belongs to S. Rankin Drew Post of New York City. . . A. B. Bernd, who contributes something of his own experiences in "Who Said the War Was Over?" belongs to Joseph N. Neel, Jr., Post of Macon, Georgia. . . Richard Seelye Jones, author of "Time Is Money," is a member of National Press Club Post of Washington, D. C., and Chairman of the Americanism Committee of the District of Columbia Department.

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The Second Line

(Continued from page 29)

provide for young men an opportunity, a holiday, a physical regeneration and education. In 1920 the enrollments in them had gone up to more than 34,000. But economy stepped in to demand that the appropriation cover only 31,000.

These are some of the cuttings and pairings, as startling as they are gentle and noiseless. They have gone on steadily since the National Defense Act went into effect seven years ago.

As one Senator remarks so pointedly: "The general attitude is, 'Oh, well, never mind. We made cuts last year and nothing happened and we will cut again next year and nothing will happen. The world will go on just the same and the country seems to be safe.'"

And the shrinkage of the Regular Army, of the National Guard and Reserves, of the appropriation for education in military leadership, of the opportunities for citizen training at the camps, continues fast or slow but always insidious. The hose is cut a few inches each year until it won't be long enough to reach the fire if the fire comes.

Then too, what about materials? We shrink our man-power and save. We take out less and less of this cheap form of insurance until our policy not only fails to cover the property or the insurance risk or the increasing value but also becomes, like the egg almost fresh enough, an insurance that would not be collectible at all—but which instead creates a new risk by its very existence. For an army just large enough to lose to a shock attack is an army of wasted human life.

But what about materials? Now here the plain fact is that we have been sliding along on our left-over war stocks. By deterioration or consumption we have drawn upon our supplies and ammunition until the end of our perfect day is in sight. Horses grow old, and some of them even grow too senile to operate a battery or carry a cavalryman. Explosives become ineffective. Guns, with somewhat more longevity, nevertheless finally become obsolete. Motor trucks and automobiles are now falling to pieces.

As an example of the kind of policy which is applied to already decreasing stocks on hand we may cite the appropriations on ordnance:

| | |
|------|--------------|
| 1920 | \$20,805,634 |
| 1921 | \$22,880,186 |
| 1922 | \$13,425,060 |
| 1923 | \$ 6,850,050 |
| 1924 | \$ 5,812,150 |
| 1925 | \$ 7,751,272 |
| 1926 | \$ 7,543,802 |

I am able to state the consensus of fact-finding and opinion of the General

Staff as to our situation as to material preparedness. Assistant Secretary of War Hanford MacNider has already stated that our ammunition is not enough to last during a first onslaught.

The following facts are well known to the General Staff: We have manufactured no ammunition or weapons to amount to anything since the Armistice. This of course means that factories themselves deteriorate or go out of existence. Large quantities of material, particularly ammunition, were left over after the war, and the cost of practically all target practice by the Army has been met from use of left-over stocks. Now we have reached the point where the reserve stocks of ammunition in good condition necessary to carry us into an emergency are being dug into.

Congress, by failing to make appropriations to take care of the annual expense of target practice, is forcing the War Department to do one of two things: to sharply reduce the amount of target practice, which is already the minimum for adequate training,

or to cut further into the reserve stocks.

The artillery, automotive equipment, machine guns and rifles which the Army is now using are all designs of fifteen years ago. Practically no new equipment of the new designs which are constantly being drawn by experts, and which are used in foreign armies, has been manufactured. No provisions are being made for the taking advantage of the great advance in technical construction of either small arms or field artillery. The program for replacement and manufacture of new equipment worked out by the General Staff will only be possible with adequate appropriations by Congress.

The General Staff knows that the situation as to raw material for manufacture of large stocks of ammunition in an emergency is somewhat more reassuring. The new process of securing nitrate by air fixation is being developed so rapidly that the United States will soon be able to meet its own needs and will no longer be dependent upon Chilean nitrate. The Government also carries a small reserve of sodium nitrate, enough to tide over an emergency. The increase of by-product coke ovens in the United States assures an adequate supply of ammonia, which is necessary for the manufacture of nitric acid for explosives. But the arsenals and ammunition depots are not in good condition. The Department has had just enough funds to take care of absolute needs, but has not had enough to take care of needed improvements or to prevent deterioration at certain places. These establishments are not in as good condition as they were before the war.

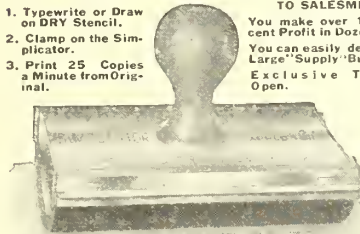


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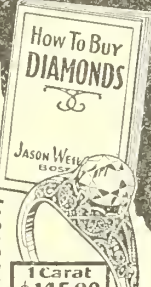
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Furthermore the 1927 appropriations for experimental and development work of the Ordnance Department were \$980,500; the 1928 estimates have been cut to \$792,500. The amount for service tests dropped from \$598,900 to \$453,000.

So far as I have been able to discover there is no one who asserts that our housing of officers and men is as yet anywhere near adequate to create favorable conditions which with the proper food and proper pay will assist in creating competitive standards with the advantages of life outside the army. Even in the case of volunteers—of a voluntary citizen army—a niggardly policy of provision for decent comforts is a fatal policy.

It has not been my purpose to sound an alarm as to the weakness of our second line of defense.

I do assert after months of investigation the following charges:

One. The Army, particularly the Army as designed to be built of citizen volunteers around the nucleus of a Regular Army, is slipping.

Two. The blame for it may be placed upon the ignorance of those pacifists or economy advocates who are so blind that they cannot see:

A—that the way to avoid militarism is to encourage citizen training and citizen service in national defense.

B—that offering ourselves as bait to a world not yet anywhere near purged of war-temptations is the worst service we can possibly render to peace.

C—that there is no cheaper insurance in the world to protect our lives and our property than a reasonable investment in our machinery of defense.

The only temptation I have had to feel resentful about the subject of that defense has arisen from the falsifications and hypocrisy which have marched along with the slow attrition now afflicting our defense machine, whether it be the Army, or the Navy, or aviation, which will be treated separately.

One of these pieces of hypocrisy is the assertion that the insurance is costly.

In 1926 the total military expenditures for Regular Army, National Guard and Reserves were less than seven and one-half percent of the total national expenditures.

The other piece of hypocrisy is that a will to peace and disarmament has been established in the world.

What is the truth? What is the truth with some menace and danger in it?

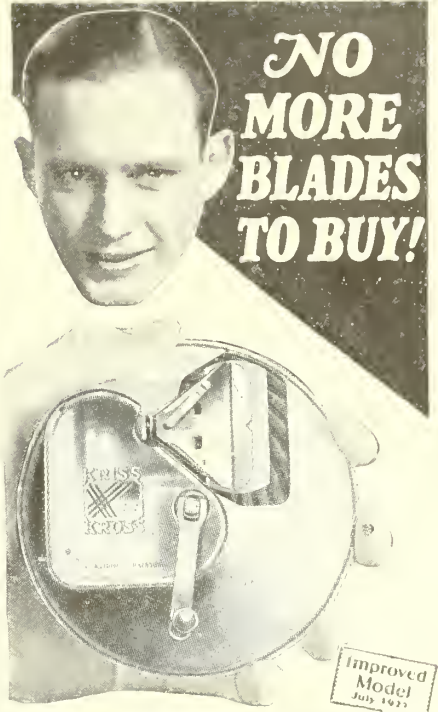
It is this: For every million dollars of national wealth we have four regular soldiers.

England has 22, France 80, Japan 55, Russia 150 and even Germany 15.

It is this: For every one thousand square miles we have forty-four regular soldiers.

England has 2600, France 2300, Italy 1900, Japan 1200, Russia 67, and even Germany 540.

A third article by Mr. Child on the problems of national defense will appear in next month's issue.



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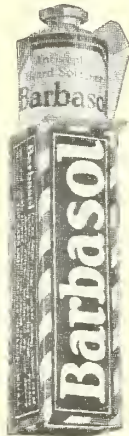
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Then and Now

(Continued from page 55)

Red Cross sent us new clothes and food and we made quite a different appearance. We certainly looked and felt like bums even if the picture does register happiness.

"I have never come in contact with any of the boys in the picture since returning from overseas and I would be extremely pleased if any more should write to identify the picture, if my address is given to them. I am the seventh man from the right of the picture, without any hat on."

THEN our friend, "Red" Ryan,—pardon us, Department Adjutant Ernest A. Ryan,—of Topeka, Kansas, wrote to tell us that when Legionnaire Leslie E. Edmonds of the Topeka *Capital* saw this picture in *Then and Now* in the Monthly, he recognized one of the men, the fourth one from the right, sizing up the photographer, as Jack (John J.) Payne, Service Officer of Capitol Post, Topeka. Edmonds got busy, wrote a feature story and ran it with a reproduction of the picture in his paper. We are going to reprint, with permission, part of Edmonds's account:

"In the July number of the American Legion magazine the editor of the 'Then and Now' section asks for identification of a photograph of Allied prisoners of the German Army. It is the picture reprinted here. With its reprinting, however, there is no longer need for its identification. Hundreds of Topeka Legionnaires have lifted it from an unnamed and unknown bit of wartime photography by discovering a speaking likeness of John J. Payne, far better known as Jack, First Division veteran, proprietor of the Keystone Dairy, resident of 808 Lane Street and member of Capitol Post of the Legion.

"Before the picture was taken—and since,—Jack Payne's Irish heart, so set on its owner's fighting that it caused him to enlist the day war was declared, must have beaten faster many times. Jack's story may not be unique but it is a war epic that only the chance printing of his picture by a veterans' magazine has made possible the telling.

"It includes his tour of duty with the First Division, his promotion from private to sergeant in an organization that still held jealously to the principle of high efficiency in the non-commissioned officer, his experiences in battles and raids, his capture by a crack Prussian raiding company after a veritable hell of shell fire, his dangerous tilts with officers of the German Army, his forced migration across the length and breadth of Germany as an exhibit, his devoted services to buddies in the prisoners' camp, his calm self-repatriation by way of Switzerland after the Armistice, his latter service with his old outfit in the Army of Occupation and his return to the comparatively calm and peaceful milk industry. Payne won't talk much

about himself and the war except when some comrade induces him to reminisce."

EDMONDS goes on to tell that Payne enlisted at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, on April 6, 1917, and just a little more than two months later was part of a gunsquad on a transport heading for France. Landing in St. Nazaire, training in the Gondrecourt area, the division was in line in August, with Payne as a platoon sergeant. One morning in March, 1918, his outfit was surrounded by an enemy box barrage and by noon he was a prisoner of the Germans. A raid which penetrated the gap between the First Division and a French unit on its right did the work. Seventeen prisoners, including Sergeant Payne, the highest ranking man of the group, were taken, although the Prussians left fifteen of their number dead on the field. Edmonds continues:

"Once behind the enemy lines many of the prisoners lost their shoes and much of their other equipment. The Germans had been too long without new issue and the dubbin-soaked hobnails were a God-send. But not Jack Payne! There and then began his career of rebellion that might have cost him plenty. The blonde soldier in feld-grau who gestured his desire to possess himself of Jack's footwear was answered by:

"No, by God, you can't have a non-commissioned officer's shoes.' Probably Heinie didn't grasp all that but a fighting Irishman's eyes speak a common language. So Jack kept his shoes.

"Well to the rear, the party was halted for examination by the Intelligence branch of the corps staff. Jack's chevrons won him instant attention. . . . Jack broke down at once and promised to tell all—where the Americans were located, what time chow was delivered, where the defense weak points were, when the next relief was expected. The German representative of All-highest fairly beamed. Jack was taken to private quarters. An orderly brought tea and sandwiches. . . . A yet-higher officer strode in. . . . He read the first page of Payne's story and then glanced through the latter pages and with an oath that would have been good in any language tore the entire report cross-ways. . . . Jack hadn't told a word of truth in two hours and the only honest thing he had done was to eat sandwiches and drink tea. . . .

"Late that night Payne in company with fellow prisoners was placed aboard a train en route to Berlin. Four days later the handsome American non-com was parading 'Unter den Linden' which had been his objective all along. To be sure the parade was under slightly different auspices than he had planned it but for hours the Americans were exhibited to hordes of big and little kraut-eaters. During his captivity, Payne

was paraded in Berlin four times. Seemingly the Germans desired to make by frequent reappearance a semblance of much prisoner-taking.

"Most of his captivity was spent at the prison camp for Americans at Rastatt. Here Payne had his biggest and probably most dangerous thrill. The camp was commanded by Captain Rudolph von Tosher, who promptly attempted to put all prisoners to work. Now Payne had found out that non-com prisoners were not supposed to do manual labor under international war agreements. And no work would he do.

"He was obdurate and even an appearance of Captain von Tosher, personal representative of Gott in those parts, had no effect. . . . Payne's time was left free to give to his fellows. To help the wounded and sick, to pay America's last respects to those who died in prison. He was given a 'Feldwebel' brassard and from that hour his persecution ceased.

"It was this same von Tosher who is the center of the group of prisoners in the picture used in the Monthly. He is asking questions of a big colored soldier from the 92d Division. The whole proceeding was calculated to put the prisoners in cheerful humor so that the picture could be used to show the light lot of prisoners of war in German hands.

"The coming of the Armistice was felt by the group of American prisoners. Days before November 11th they knew the end was near. The people in southern Germany were through and admitted it. 'The Prussians, of course,' says Payne, 'weren't whipped then and they aren't now but the other German peoples had had enough.' With the Armistice there was not even a pretense of looking out for the prisoners. Payne stayed a week to help sick comrades and buried two of them who could not survive even with the tonic of victory. Then he entrained for Berne, Switzerland, and eventually rejoined his division as it marched into Germany."

A FEW years ago," reports H. Work of the Library Committee of Howard Gardner Post of Tyrone, Pennsylvania, "we discovered that the State

Library at Harrisburg had some extra copies of Archives of Pennsylvania, Papers of the Governors, and histories of Pennsylvania regiments in the Civil War, and we were fortunate enough to secure about 125 volumes. These included histories of most of the better known regiments. This gave us quite a good start for a post library and additions have been constant.

"An important collection is partly missing from our shelves and that is the complete set of our own magazine. We have the three last volumes of the old American Legion Weekly bound and want to get the earlier ones in permanent form. So far we have not been able to locate sets for 1919 and 1920 in the attics of Tyrone. Certain numbers are missing from the years 1921, 1922 and 1923, also.

"We have all the copies of the overseas *Stars and Stripes* except Vol. I, No. 47, December 25, 1918, and Vol. II, No. 2, February 22, 1919. Can you help us out with any of these back issues of the Weekly or of the *Stars and Stripes*?"

The Company Clerk was able to furnish a few of the 1921, 1922 and 1923 numbers of the Weekly and was able also to tell Comrade Work where the remaining numbers for those years were obtainable. The exchange plan for back numbers of the Weekly, suggested in these columns several months ago, had brought responses from quite a number of the Then and Now gang. It

was impossible, however, to help any toward getting the 1919 and 1920 Weeklies. If anyone has duplicate copies of the Weekly or can furnish the two copies of the *Stars and Stripes* wanted, will he please report? Work advises that he has quite a number of duplicate copies of the *Stars and Stripes* which he will trade.

Historian Alfred T. Flint of William B. Cairns Post of the Legion in Madison, Wisconsin, is also on a still-hunt for back numbers of the Weekly to complete his post's files. He needs all numbers of Volume I, which are dated from July 4 to December 26, 1910, and also the first seven numbers of Volume II, 1920. A list of extra copies available for exchange (Continued on page 86)



Sojourners in the "duckboard city" of the A. E. F. will remember this appropriate archway and insignia erected at one of the gates. You're right—it's Camp Pontanegen, Brest. Barney Goss of Long Beach, California, is the veteran who snapped the picture

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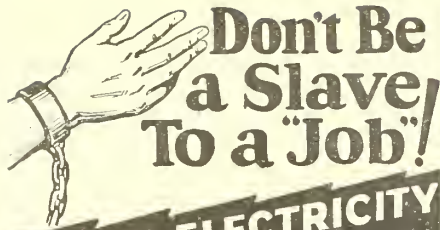
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Then and Now

(Continued from page 85)

was furnished to the Company Clerk by Historian Flint.

NOW that the low-down on ex-Sergeant Grover Cleveland Alexander, late of the 342d Field Artillery, 89th Division, and now star pitcher of the World Champion St. Louis Cardinals, has been given to us by members of the Then and Now gang and broadcast in these columns in recent issues of the Monthly, let us turn to another former major league player who had the distinction of being the first big-timer to join up for the international World Series of 1914-1918 after America entered its team.

"While we're on the subject of baseball players who saw service," writes W. H. Nugent of New York City, "don't let us overlook Hank Gowdy. When Hank returned from service, he got his old job back with the Boston Braves, then in 1923 returned to the Giants, with whom he had his first big league berth in 1910 when he wasn't quite twenty-one years old, later went over to the Columbus, Ohio, team of the American Association and is still in the game, catching for the Minneapolis team.

"I remember distinctly the afternoon of August 5, 1924, when Hank Cowdy in baseball uniform waited at the home plate of the Polo Grounds in New York. Near him stood one major general, two brigadier generals, a few incidental colonels, majors and captains, all bespurred and Sam Browne.—John A. Heydler, president of the National League and John J. McGraw, manager of the New York Giants.

"Hank and his escort were reviewing

a platoon of the 18th Infantry, parading across the green diamond as a bugle corps blared out the well-known marching tune, 'You're In the Army Now.' As the platoon front neared a line of Hank's direct vision, its commander gave 'Eyes right!' The color bearer dipped the flag of the 165th Infantry in salute. Hank, in acknowledging the courtesy, executed one of the snappiest salutes ever seen in a baseball park.

"Then from a sheet of paper, one of the brigadier generals read in a distinct, clear voice, so that all in the stand could hear, what it was all about:

"Headquarters of the Infantry School, Fort Benning, Georgia, May 24, 1924.

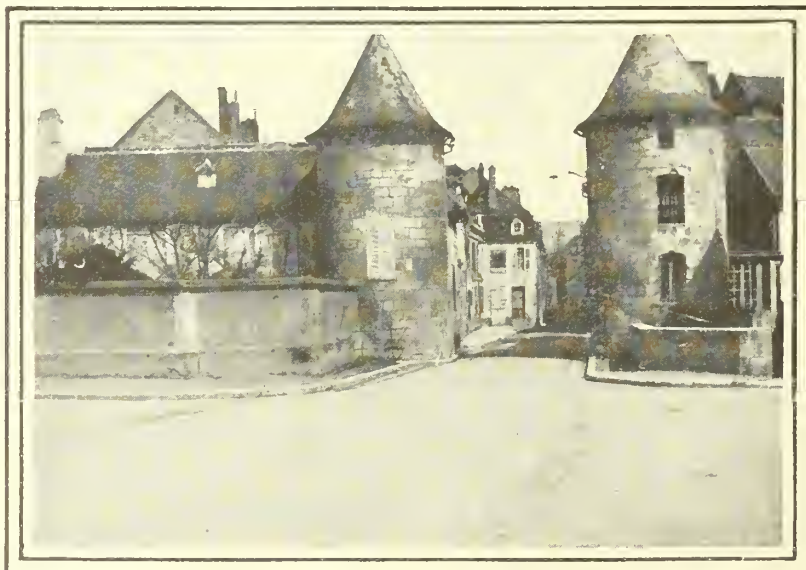
GOWDY FIELD.

1. The baseball field at the corner of Wold avenue and Ingersoll street, part of the recreation center project, is hereby named Gowdy Field, in honor of Harry Gowdy, catcher of the Giants.

2. Harry Gowdy was the first major league player to enter the services after the declaration of war in 1917.

3. He enlisted June 2, 1917, at Columbus, Ohio, his home; was assigned to Headquarters Company, Fourth Ohio Infantry, made Color Sergeant July 14; mustered into the Federal Service July 24; sailed for overseas October 17; arrived November 2; sailed for United States April 18, 1919, arrived April 25; discharged at Camp Merritt, New Jersey; character, excellent.

4. He served as Color Sergeant, 166th Infantry, 42d Division, in the Luneville, Baccarat, Esperance Souvain and Essey-



Looking toward the town square of Chablis, Yonne, France, well known to thousands of A. E. F.-ers. This town, southwest of Chaumont, was revisited in 1921 by John F. Lynch of Yonkers, New York, a former 90th Division man, when the picture was taken

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"General Wells, on completing the reading, handed Hank an embossed copy of the order. The spectators stood up and cheered, clapped hands, shrieked, gave the Rebel Yell and the Indian war whoop. Then, with Hank behind the bat, the Giants celebrated Gowdy Day by defeating the Cubs, 2 to 1 in ten innings."

Probably some former Buckeye veterans of the Rainbow Division who served with Hank will give us some inside information regarding Hank's activities while in service. While we're on the trail of celebrities who wore the uniform during the great fracas, suppose we hit the trail of some of the other baseball heroes, stage and movie stars and other men in the public eye who suspended their careers long enough to give us a lift in the war. For instance, George J. Taylor of Gloster, New Jersey, propounds a problem which he thinks someone of the Then and Now gang may be able to solve. He writes: "One of my former buddies in Headquarters Company, Advance Sector, S. O. S., called on me awhile ago and told me that our company commander, Lieutenant John L. Good, is now the well-known 'Buck Jones' of the movies. Have you anything on hand to put us right? I have gone to see a 'Buck Jones' picture purposely since he told me but cannot be certain whether it is he or not."

Nominations in the "I knew him when—" contest will be welcomed by the Company Clerk.

SEVERAL months ago we reported in these columns that through the co-operation of the Then and Now gang, we were enabled to complete the files of Weeklies in the New York Public Library, in the libraries of several State Historical Societies and of other organizations. All of which goes to show that interest in the Legion publication extends far beyond the bounds of Legion posts and their members.

Now we have a request from foreign shores. Legionnaire Edwin W. Thorn, Manager of the France Convention Office of the Legion in Paris, tells us that he has a request from Dr. Burton Stevenson of the American Library of Paris, who wishes to obtain a complete file of The American Legion Weekly and The American Legion Monthly for the shelves of the library. The members of the Second A. E. F., had they known of this want in time, might have delivered some of these copies to Dr. Stevenson at the library located at 10, Rue de l'Elysee, Paris. At this late date, however, it might be better if they and the other Then and Nowers, who with the Company Clerk were forced to remain in this country during the convention, (Continued on page 88)

Reduce This Fleishy Spot



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Name

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Then and Now

(Continued from page 87)

send their extra copies to this office.

Bound volumes of reprints of the overseas *Stars and Stripes* are no longer available. Requests for these souvenirs of service continue to be received and if any of the gang has extra copies of the bound volume, the Skipper informs us that he will be willing to pay for them. Make report to the Company Clerk.

ONE consolation is left to some of us stay-at-homes who failed to make the grade to the Paris convention of the Legion, and that is that the old outfits are still holding reunions on this side of the pond. A last minute notice comes from the Adjutant of the 107th Infantry Post of the Legion announcing that a reunion of all former members of the 107th Infantry and the unveiling of the regiment's memorial to its dead will take place in New York City on September 20th. A dinner will be held that evening in the Hotel Astor. Reservations and information may be obtained from Adjutant Elias Schlank, 113 West 42d street, New York City.

Additional notices received by the Company Clerk follow:

317TH FIELD SIGNAL BN.—Ninth annual reunion in Boston, Mass., Oct. 22d. For particulars address John J. Doyle, sec'y., 61 First st., Medford, Mass., or I. C. Austin, 301 Congress st., Boston.

EVAC. HOSP. No. 8.—Seventh annual reunion at the Pennsylvania Hotel, New York City, Oct. 15th. Address Herman C. Idler, sec'y., 1500 East Susquehanna ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

RESERVE OFFICERS ASSOC.—Sixth annual convention will be held at Milwaukee, Wis., Oct. 23-26. Headquarters will be maintained at the Elks Club. Brigadier General Roy Hoffman of Oklahoma City, prominent Legionnaire, is president of the association. Address Emil J. Blasczy, publicity manager, 86 Michigan st., Milwaukee.

THE COMPANY CLERK.

Who Said the War Was Over?

(Continued from page 42)

this. To us it was as interminable as waiting for leave to Paris.

Really, the Legion Monthly had no right to expect so much of a man. I hadn't bargained for anything like this. What about our wives and children at home? Had my past work for the magazine been of such character as to make them want to get rid of me? I would have stopped writing if they'd only asked me to. They didn't have to kill me off, to dry up my typewriter. . . Anyway, if I lived through this, they could never again expect anything from me more violent than a knitting tournament of the Auxiliary.

"Remove the hoodwinks!"

Ah, do you remember those first few joyful days after you got back from France? Do you recall the smiling faces about you, the fine thrill of hap-

piness because you had passed through the holocaust and come out alive? If you do, then you can imagine a tenth part of an iota of the relief which surged through the few P. G.'s who were still on their feet when this new war was ended.

I believe several voyageurs crowded about and congratulated me. Of this I have only a hazy recollection. A great many persons in the crowd seemed vastly amused at what had happened. Evidently sadists, I thought. You never can tell what will tickle some people.

We went back to the Assembly Hall, heard a lecture and were permitted to kiss the pretty ma'm'selles. After the terrors of war, the ma'm'selles had no fresh rigors to frighten us.

In the evening the Army of Occupation had its innings. At the country home of a Columbus citizen had been prepared a feast termed by its designer a "Schnitzelbank." Enquiry of the originator revealed that this word meant workbench; yet one who recalls wiener schnitzel at Coblenz may be permitted a mild doubt as to that translation.

There was singing—"Ja, das ist ein Eisenbahn" with variations so far as

"Ja, das ist Sweet Adeline." There was the best Volsteadized substitute for genuine Pilsener. There was a delicatessen store outlay of eatables. And there were snatches of conversation: "I'd be an officer today if I hadn't forgotten the number of my post. All I could do was holler out, 'Corporal of the Guard! Post next to Finnegan's relief!' . . . "that Lieutenant at Seicheprey" . . . "ten men inside one of those tanks" . . . "guess I'll see her at the Paris convention" . . . "now, if I'd been Pershing, I'd have—" . . . "sold the best vinn blink in Juvigny" . . . "finest guy in the outfit and d'ye know what they did to him?" . . . "Monsoor le Chef de Gare, I wish to make a notion that we get another hot dog". . .

"It was the worst thing I've ever been through," said one voyageur who had been an humble P. G. in the afternoon. "Didn't you go through the war?" asked a listener.

"Sure," was the reply, "but it wasn't as bad as this."

"Say, buddie, what did you do in the war, anyway?"

"Me? Why, I counted clothes in the Quartermaster Laundry at Bordeaux. Gee, it was fierce!"

Bringing the Channel to America

(Continued from page 37)

eight or nine miles in the Narrows a strong headwind kicked up the meanest kind of choppy waves. In consequence, Dr. Edward C. Gow and his staff of nurses aboard the hospital ship *Sayonra* (a touch of grim humor in this christening, for it's Japanese for "good-bye") had their hands full treating the victims of exhaustion and cramps.

Dusk came, and with it another thrill. A reminder now of another famous expedition which descended upon the same goal from the same upper reaches of the lake—one hundred seventy years ago, Montcalm's armada, with an army of 7,600 aboard, bound for the slaughter of the garrison of Fort William Henry. Parkman tells about it:

"The red warriors embarked, and joined the French flotilla; and now, as evening drew near, was seen one of those wild pageantries of war which Lake George has often witnessed. A restless multitude of birch canoes, filled with painted savages, glided by shores and islands, like troops of swimming water-fowl. Two hundred and fifty bateaux came next, moved by sail and oar . . . [then] the provision bateaux and the field-hospital. . . So, under the flush of sunset, they held their course along the romantic lake, to play their part in the historic drama that lends a stern enchantment to its fascinating scenery."

An equivalent for Montcalm's armada had turned out for this summer day in 1927; and perhaps as large an army afloat in canoes, rowboats and sailboats, launches, yachts, barges, steamships and

speedboats, with a rear-guard hospital ship to complete the parallel.

One more matter for exultation came after sunset. The wind died as the leaders in the swim came out into the wider southern reaches of the lake; and then arose, almost straight over the goal in Lake George Village, a bright moon, nearly at the full. After all those threats of stormy weather the night turned out one of the finest of the whole summer season.

Most of the sight-seeing boats and thousands of motor cars then streamed on to Lake George Village. There the weary state troopers took posts on every corner as traffic cops and the two main streets of the little resort town were thronged with sidewalk crowds and a jam of motors like Surf Avenue in Coney Island on a Fourth of July. Caldwell's drug store at the intersection of Canada Street and the road to the Fort William Henry Hotel's wharf pergola (the finish line of the race) became a bulletin center, around which the visitors surged for hours. A band was tooting in the village park; another in the dance hall of the pergola; while a volunteer string-and-flute orchestra of Mexican lads serenaded by the roadside.

A good-natured crowd and game to stick. In fact, several thousand, of whom only about a hundred had any chance to see Keating actually cross the goal line, stayed on until dawn, and then raised such a racket of cheering and motor horns and boat sirens to welcome him that they got all the sleepy ones out of bed again.

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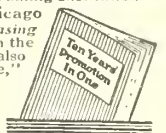
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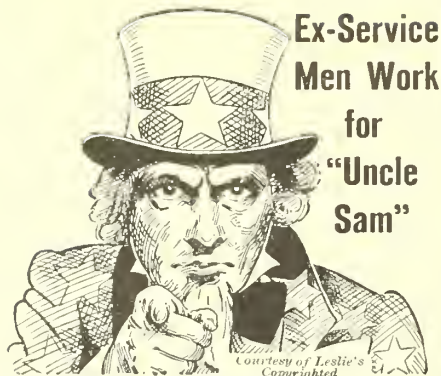
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(Continued from page 47)



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hauling ammunition from down below, and as such they couldn't help him out.

"Then you're going down empty?" Mary Vardon inquired, and when they answered her in the affirmative she found herself an opportunity to go A. W. O. L. for five minutes and lead them over to the ruined church where I was stabled. There she told them all about me, how I was her sweetheart's horse and how I'd come to France as a private mount.

"Hum-m-m!" said one of these hard bucks. "Belongs to a staff officer, eh? Catch me waitin' on a staff officer's horse."

"He belongs to the line," Mary Vardon flared up at him. "He's an artillery mount. Captain Burwell is a battery commander."

"Oh, well, seein' as how he's a red-leg," the soldier replied, "I guess we'll have to oblige you." He looked very hard-boiled, but even I could see he was just having his little joke. "What do you want we should do with this horse, Miss?"

"I want you to take him down to the rear as far as you can in your truck. The civilian population is coming back to the country the German artillery cannot reach and if you try real hard I'm sure you can find some peasant who will agree to board and stable this horse until his owner can send for him. Make the best bargain you can and pay in advance. Here's the money—" and she handed them a hundred dollars in United States bills. "There should be enough money left to give you two boys a good time. On your way back stop in at the hospital and give me the name and address of the peasant who has agreed to care for the horse."

"We'll take a good square meal, a couple of bottles of wine and about five dollars' worth of cigarettes out of it and bring the rest back," the hard-boiled driver assured her. "It's been four months since we seen the paymaster, but we're not graftin' off army nurses—yet."

They got some very heavy planks and made a ramp up to the tail of their ammunition truck. Then they threw in a lot of hay for a bed and Mary Vardon led me up into the truck and gave me the signal to lie down which Ern Givens had taught her in Camp Doniphan. She need not have bothered to make me lie down, however. I would have done so anyhow for I was afraid to stand up in that open truck. One of the soldiers held my halter-shank, the other took the wheel and away we went back over the bloody ground we had fought over in April and May.

Nobody bothered us until we got to the ammunition dump at the railroad and then an officer tried to keep us from going further. But the hard-

boiled driver told him I belonged to their division commander and that whoever interfered with his orders would probably wish he hadn't. So the officer growled a little while about sentiment being out of place in war and let them go on after warning them to hurry back.

Well, those were two good eggs, even if they did belong in a motorized battery. About ten miles farther down country they found an old woman puttering around the ruins of her little farm, so they unloaded me there and talked A. E. F. French to her for half an hour before they managed to make her understand what they wanted. At that I think those good old yellow-backed U. S. bills did most of the talking, for their language is something all French people can understand. This old woman's name was Yvonne Servieux but her address was a mystery, so one of the soldiers got out a pencil and a piece of paper and made a panoramic sketch of the country with her farm drawn in so accurately nobody could possibly fail to recognize it. With that sketch in his possession a fool could have found the place, even though he had never seen it before.

Then they started bargaining for my board, which, as far as I could see, was to consist of a wheat field trampled flat by the Third Division, and sugar beets uprooted by shell fire. Fortunately, the hard-boiled chap had only showed the old lady one twenty-dollar bill, so after she had figured that in francs she said it would do, and they gave it to her without further argument, climbed into their truck and left me.

I had been with Yvonne six weeks, when one day a motorcycle with a side car came put-putting up () what was left of her farm and in the sidecar was First Sergeant Ern Givens with a saddle, bridle, nosebag and saddle blanket.

If you think I wasn't happy to see my master again, O'Malley—or you, Taffy—you're both poor judges of emotion. My wounds had healed, all the stiffness and soreness had gone out of my quarters and I was in good flesh, albeit sadly in need of grooming and shoeing. At sight of Ern I whinnied and buck-jumped across the field to greet him. Yvonne Servieux was a little dubious about giving me up even on the strength of the panoramic sketch which Ern presented, until she saw how readily I recognized Ern; thereafter she made no protest.

Well, Ern got a pair of pliers out of the nosebag and pulled off my worn shoes and replaced them with a new set he had brought. Then he groomed me, saddled and bridled me and rode away, after giving my landlady five dollars extra for good luck.

The motorcycle had, of course, in the meantime departed. Ern sang as we

jogged along the litting cowboy songs he used to sing in the days when we worked cattle together on the Alamo ranch, and, although I well knew what we were going back to, there was a lilt in my equine heart, too. "We're headed for hell, old timer," Ern assured me as he stroked my neck, "but it's home to us."

Presently we overtook a regiment of French field artillery, and Ern begged a couple of feeds of oats for me from the supply sergeant. He had a loaf of bread and a can of corned beef in the saddle bags and at noon we lunched under a tree in a field off the road. Ern watched me carefully and did not push me too hard or too fast that first day. We made about fifteen miles, I should imagine, and bivouacked for the night with an engineer outfit. None of the enlisted men knew where they were going but there was a strong suspicion that troops were being quietly concentrated on the northern flank of the western face of the Marne salient, preparatory to smashing it in and driving the enemy back to the Vesle River. Ern further confirmed this suspicion with the news that the troops that had participated in the Cantigny offensive were being moved down to the vicinity of the Forêt de Villers-Cotteret.

We found our battery in some woods a mile west of a village called St. Pierre Agle, some eight miles southwest of Soissons, about daylight next day. All night long we had been in a jam of troops of all kinds, that lined every road, hurrying forward under cover of the dark. From the gossip along the line of march I learned that no troops moved during daylight and that Foch was planning a surprise attack.

What a homecoming THAT was! The echelon was only half a mile back of the firing battery, which was already in position, and practically all the men were there eating breakfast when Ern rode me in. They all dropped their messkits and made a rush for us, so, just to show them they weren't extending a welcome to a cripple, Ern reined me up on my hind legs and I walked forward about six feet, then knelt and bowed to the outfit. The men crowded around me, stroking me, examining my scars, and exclaiming at the good condition in which they found me. Lieutenant Galwey gave me a piece of bread with jam on it and The Skipper was so happy I thought he'd weep.

"Sergeant, I'm tremendously relieved," I heard him tell Ern Givens. "I wasn't at all certain that pass I secured for you from the colonel would get you by the M. P.'s, and I considered it a hundred to one shot you

wouldn't find The Professor when you got there. I feared you might waste time hunting for him, get back here too late for our new show, and be picked up for a skulker."

"I guess when a man soldiers in this outfit he gets what he goes after, sir," Ern replied happily. "Well, here's the captain's horse."

"You're much too kind, Sergeant Givens, but if I never needed him before I need him now. That taste of open warfare we had at Cantigny was just duck soup compared with that we're about to tackle now."

"When do we start, sir?" Ern asked in a voice so low none of the other men might hear him. Enlisted men, you understand, O'Malley, were not supposed to be in the confidence of the commanding officer, for in war secrets must be kept. But Ern Givens was the top sergeant and a good one, and although an enlisted man, he had his captain's entire confidence.

"The infantry jumps off at 4:45 tomorrow morning," The Skipper told him. "We lay down a rolling barrage ahead of the Second Brigade, consisting of the 26th and 28th Infantry."

"I wanner go home," Ern Givens wailed humorously, his way of inviting orders.

"You certainly will if I send you out with Lieutenant Galwey and one gun to accompany the infantry advance and shoot up machine gun nests and strong points."

"Ouch!" That was all Ern Givens thought about it.

At four thirty-five the barrage started. I thought I had heard noise before but I hadn't. Far to both flanks the orange colored flashes of the guns flared into the darkness and from the 155 batteries in our rear the big shells went rumbling over us; beneath the roar of the artillery we could hear the stuttering, minor rattle of the machine gun barrage.

I found myself tethered close to the big Norman, Banjo, who was now employed solely as a pack horse to carry the range finder, the B. C. telescope and the field telephone equipment. "Where's Bingo?" I asked.

"We left him in Cantigny, Prof. He rolled in mustard gas and sniffed too much phosgene, so the stable sergeant shot him." Banjo cocked his ears to the front. "Time for something to start dropping on us," he decided.

But nothing dropped on us, for the reason that the attack was a complete surprise to the enemy and he had no knowledge of our position, although Banjo and I knew he would glean that knowledge from his aircraft as soon as it was light. It was with considerable relief, therefore, that within an hour an order came (Continued on page 92)



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They Also Serve

(Continued from page 91)

down from the firing battery to bring up the teams.

"Infantry must be advancing steadily, when we have to move forward so soon," I told Banjo.

The drivers cinched their saddles and stood ready to mount, while Ern Givens cinched his horse and me, mounted and tethered me to his horse, a poor worn creature I remembered had a reputation as an outlaw when I first joined the battery in France. Under the attrition of war and Ern Givens's horsemanship, however, he had lost his high spirits and surrendered to the inevitable.

At Ern's order the drivers mounted and we went forward with the limbers; as soon as we got there Captain Burwell mounted me and galloped forward with the B. C. detail to select a new position and O. P., while Lieutenant Galwey followed with the guns. Within the hour we moved again, and at eight o'clock a plane came over and bombed and machine gunned the gun crews, but strangely enough we had but one casualty. And again I was proud of my outfit, for I could see them at work from the little patch of trees where I was standing with the horseholders and the horses of the B. C. detail. Even while metal was showering down on the position the guns never faltered in their incessant song. No, not even a sour note. The section chief merely dragged the dead man out of the way and took the latter's position at the trail, prepared to swing the gun if necessary.

About ten o'clock dozens of German prisoners came through the woods, their hands held high over their heads as they headed for our rear, with slightly wounded doughboys herding them forward. Plenty of German shells were going over us to the reserves in the rear, but our own planes quite generally kept the German planes from spotting us. At one o'clock we were each given two quarts of oats and a drink from the rain-water that had accumulated in old shell holes; the ration detail brought up a hot lunch to the cannoners and the B. C. detail and everything was as jake with us as we could wish, until about three o'clock when an enemy plane swooped down and machine gunned us. He flew right down the line of guns and as I stood watching him disappear into the north he suddenly dove into a ravine and did not come up again.

"Good work," Banjo decided. "A machine gun got that bird."

The rate of fire of our guns slowed perceptibly so we knew there were more casualties. In a little while spare cannoners came up on the run and the cadence of fire increased again. But that enemy aviator had dropped a rocket on us and a streak of yellow smoke now hung perpendicularly in the sky above us.

We were marked down at last! Sud-

denly a flock of whizbangs came over and dropped in front of the battery; then another flock came over and dropped in the rear. "Bracketed," said Banjo. "Here's where we get a through ticket to horse-heaven."

"I have observed that men lie down under shell-fire, Banjo," I informed him, and promptly flopped. The horseholder, for some fool reason, kicked me in the belly to make me get up, but I refused, and have never been sorry I did, for with the next salvo the enemy split the bracket. He was still over as far as the guns were concerned, but one shell landed among us. And then I couldn't have gotten up if I had wanted to, for the horseholder was lying on my head and Banjo's huge carcass was draped across my quarters; I could feel the heat from the deluge of blood that gushed from his torn belly. Yes, he had a through ticket for horse-heaven!

They split the bracket again, but this time the fragments whistled over us.

Apparently the fire was being observed from a balloon. On the next salvo they must have been down to a twenty-five yard bracket, for none of the fragments came near us, and three horseholders were tailed on to Banjo, dragging him off me. I stood up and shook myself and one of the men laughed in a queer, high-pitched nervous manner.

That shell had cost us the only bugler we had left, Banjo and two others whose names I never knew, not having had sufficient time to get acquainted with them.

Well, we stood there, looking at the overs and shorts crashing around the battery for about three minutes; then the fire shifted and went searching down the line—and presently more spare cannoners came running up. But our guns were never silent; never for a moment did they cease their savage search for the battery that was firing on us.

CHAPTER XXXIII

ABOUT four o'clock The Skipper came down from his observation post. He'd been looking through a high-powered field glass so long his eyes were badly strained, so Lieutenant Galwey went up to observe and The Skipper stood in the rear of the guns and counted noses while one of the lieutenants—he was a new man I had never seen before—gavè the crews the firing data. Presently he came walking sadly back to the horses and men grouped in the rear, looked us over, examined me for wounds, nodded to the horseholders and went back to the guns.

"The old man's feeling mighty bad about the casualties," I heard one of the horseholders say. "I hope he never gets it. I wouldn't feel safe in this battery with him gone."

Well, O'Malley, that first day of the drive to smash in the western front of the Marne salient was a fair sample of the long and terrible days that followed. We moved frequently, concentrating our fire on the places that needed it most, and food was very scarce, due to the harassing fire the enemy kept up on our rear areas. No hay reached us, but they did manage to get us up a little grain. As for the men, they were in luck to get one hot meal a day and not too much of that. Goldfish, corned Willie and hardtack, hitherto despised, became something worth fighting for.

We passed through many villages after the infantry had mopped them up, and I grew callous to the sight of the unburied dead, the long lines of walking wounded, the smelly ambulances and the horrible wreckage. All of the horses began to fall off rapidly in flesh; galls and scalds could not receive the proper attention and the sick report was heavy, with nobody marked "quarters," for while a horse could stand and even make a bluff at draft he was kept at it. Soon the weakest among us began to fall by the roadside. Replacements were hard to get and half broken when we got them and soon our men, forced by necessity, took to stealing any horse they found unguarded.

They stole them from forage wagons and supply trains, from French officers and Moroccans. But if I ever heard a hearty laugh it was the night a recent casualty replacement stole a poor gaunt brute whose tottering legs could scarcely bring him to our picket line and all the old hands recognized Boodler.

"Take him back to the man you stole him from," The Skipper commanded. "You're the worst horse thief in my battery."

But the soldier was afraid to do that so he turned poor Boodler loose. Two days later we passed him lying beside the road. He was down at last, never to get up, so our Skipper, for old sake's sake, put a pistol bullet in his brain. I imagine Boodler would have thanked him if he could.

Soon the B. C. detail was afoot while their mounts went into draft. And still the awful wastage went on. The infantry would be in not more than five days before what was left of it would be relieved, but they kept the artillery in while it could move and shoot.

At a place called Jauvigny Farm The Skipper got his. I heard Ern Givens say he'd lost his right foot, so I knew we'd not see HIM again. Then Ern Givens's mount slid on his nose one day and never got up, and after that Ern rode me. I think Lieutenant Galwey, who was now in command of the battery, would have liked to have me, but as he had a (Continued on page 94)



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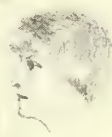
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SUPERWEAR HOSIERY CO.
Dept. 10-J, Minneapolis, Minn.

They Also Serve

(Continued from page 93)

pretty fair horse—a grey Arab recently stolen for him by his striker from a Moroccan contingent and dyed brown with coffee—Ern did not offer to let him have me.

Near a town called Vierzy I lost my master, and this is how it happened. A battalion of infantry was going to tackle Vierzy and No. 1 gun of our battery was told off to go forward with the infantry as an accompanying gun—or a pirate gun, as it was usually called: This is making infantry out of artillery—almost, but it is sometimes a necessary procedure and was resorted to frequently when the retreating enemy, fighting a rear guard action, mostly with machine guns, had to be cared for before he did too much damage with them.

A second lieutenant (I never knew his name) went in charge of the gun and the battery commander detailed Ern Givens to go with him. The infantry was attacking in the open, but we prowled down a narrow road through some woods and when we came to the edge of them we found ourselves on the flank of our own lines. Our job was to knock out machine gun nests pointed out to us by the infantry commander, and he certainly found plenty for us to do. It was close range work—nearly all direct laying, which means sighting the gun as one would a rifle—and with this sort of laying a good cool gunner can do deadly work and save many infantry casualties.

Ern had taken the teams back a little way and off on a flank, while the gun went into action. We could hear the infantry cheering, although unable to see them, and since we were under cover, only occasional bullets came our way and I suppose they were wild.

Suddenly shells commenced dropping on the edge of the woods, and a few minutes later one of the cannoners came running back to tell Ern to bring the teams up quickly; that we had been discovered and would have to move. Just as we reached the piece a salvo dropped on the position. I saw one hit the trail of the piece, another dropped between the wheelers and the swing, and when the black smoke eddied upward all the horses and drivers were down and the lieutenant had disappeared.

Ern and I were unhurt. I felt his spurs dig into me and in a bound we were off that road seventy yards into the woods, where he dismounted, left the reins dangling and ran back to the gun. I heard other shells bursting there and limbs and twigs fluttered down on me as the shell fragments hurtled through the trees. But I also heard another sound—and that was our strangled gun in action again! Not fast, O'Malley, but firing at a cadence that indicated a mighty short gun crew or a pause between shots to locate targets.

For about five minutes the racket kept up. Then the gun was silent and the enemy fire shifted. I waited five minutes but Ern did not come back to me, so presently I went over to the gun.

The caisson was smashed and its teams, too, were all dead or crippled. Likewise the drivers and cannoners. Ern Givens was standing by the open breech and an infantryman was tying up his arm.

"You stay with me, Bud," Ern was shouting, "and I'll make a real artilleryman out of you. Those Heines think this gun is knocked out but they have another think coming. A gun crew functions to the last man, and by Judas Priest, I can do direct laying. That case there contains the fuses. You wipe the dirt off them and the noses of the projectiles with that piece of sacking and screw the fuses in. There, that's bandage enough. Machine gun bullet I think. My left arm's all jake, though. Grab that trail and help me swing the gun . . . there, that'll do. See that little faint puff of dust on the hillside yonder? Machine guns—three of them. Now, then, hop to it, doughboy, and when you have a half dozen shells fused, slip one in the breech. I'll do the rest."

The doughboy was willing and intelligent. With his left hand Ern helped him screw the fuses in, and when they had half a dozen ready the doughboy slid one into the open breech, Ern closed it with a snick, traversed his gun, sighted, stood up and pulled the lanyard. The shell struck below the machine gun nest—a miss. But the third shell was not a miss, and with the other three Ern Givens raked the flanks of the position to make certain of his job.

"If I could manhandle this gun out into the open I'd get enough for a mess," he yelled to the doughboy—and then his glance rested on me. In an instant he had a trail rope out of the broken limber chest and the end of it he fastened to the pommel of my saddle; under his orders the doughboy cinched me tighter and then they both lifted the trail and turned the gun completely around. Quickly Ern tied the other end of the rope to the trail and while he and the doughboy shoved with all their might I got into draft in good old cow-horse fashion. I dragged too many hefty steers around in my day not to know what was expected of me now—so I pulled—and slowly the gun rolled out into the open. At Ern's command I slacked up and came in; he cast off the rope, gave me a slap on the rump and sent me back into the fringe of the woods again, while he and the doughboy swung the gun to the front and looked for new targets before running back to fuse more shells and carry them to the piece. When they had a dozen stacked

there, they went into action again, just as the peu-u-u-u, peu-u-u-u of a burst of machine gun bullets whined over them. I heard the bullets rapping against the shields—I saw them chipping pieces off the spokes—and then the doughboy crumpled across the trail. Ern looked down at him and shook his head, dragged the body to one side, then awkwardly, with his left hand, opened the breech and the empty cartridge case flew out. In went another shell; calmly Ern laid the piece and stood clear as he pulled the lanyard and the gun jumped back. The spade was in now, and Ern loaded the gun again and laid it; as he pulled the lanyard his arms went up and he fell over backward.

I watched him, dully, for what else could I do? In about a moment he rolled over on his belly and started slowly to rise. On his knees he crawled back to the breech and opened it, laboriously thrust in another shell and then began the sorry task of standing erect to sight. Up, up, slowly, clinging to the wheel, he came—and slowly—oh, so slowly, he laid the gun once more and reached for the lanyard. But he did not pull it with his hand. No, no. The weight of his body, as he collapsed again, did the trick; and as he fell the spade slipped out under the recoil and the gun wheel ran over his leg.

I ran over and smelled him, but he made no movement nor did he speak to me or seem to see me.

"Gone west," I thought, and then a madness seized me and I ran neighing, back through that narrow woods road until shells commenced falling in front of me. I changed direction by the left flank, and suddenly I was galloping through a French assault wave and shrapnel was falling on them. I felt a number of smart blows on my back and quarters and knew I had been hit by another high burst, but my speed did not slacken. Indeed, if that were possible it increased. Presently I stumbled—something I had never done in all my life before—and rolled down a ravine bank into a stream that ran red.

I was badly shaken up and for quite a while I lay there on my side in the ruddy trickle and rested while a line of French infantry—they were the reserves

of the outfit I had just galloped through—boiled into the ravine. Then they boiled out—all except one, who paused long enough to remove my saddle and bridle. Then he gave me a half-hearted kick in the ribs and I scrambled erect.

I stayed in that sheltered ravine all night and most of next day, for there was considerable grass growing along the edges of it and I needed that and the water to give me strength, for I was very weak. Eventually I followed the ravine until it opened on a meadow—or rather what was left of a meadow—so I crossed this slowly and painfully and came to a heap of rubble that had once been a fortified farmhouse. Close to this ruin I found a wrecked forage wagon, four dead mules and their driver. There were sacks of grain in the wagon, so I tore at a sack with my teeth until good red oats came cascading out.

I stayed at that wagon three days, and on the third day a detail of grave-diggers came by, picked up the dead driver and stowed him in a truck. There were some stretcher bearers and a medical sergeant with them.

"Well, I haven't any use for a horse in my business" the medical sergeant announced, "but this one looks as if he might have been a good horse once, so I'll just wash and dress his punctures. He must be given his chance like the rest of us."

So he fixed me up with first aid, and I stayed by that wrecked forage wagon a week longer. Then, feeling considerably stronger, I decided to put into execution a plan which had been slowly forming in my head. Yes, O'Malley I was through with war. I had no further interest in it. Rogan was dead, Tip was dead, The Skipper had lost a foot and would never command the battery again, my dear master was dead and I wished I were dead, too. I no longer owed allegiance to any man, I was a civilian horse anyhow and the thought came to me that somewhere, far back of the zone of operations, could I but last long enough to get there, I might find a new master and in comparative peace and comfort, round out the years that might be left to me.

I had decided to go over the hill!

(To be concluded)

The New Football is the Old Football

(Continued from page 25)

of these men against the soldier, the resentment of these men against football, was a natural thing. It is a result of their inferiority complex. These men were lacking in the qualities of courage, physique, and loyalty that go to make up a football player or soldier. Hence their natural resentment against both. However, these people are a small minority. The wonderful programs now being sponsored by our high schools and colleges throughout the United States assure the virility and physical fitness of our youth. The com-

bination of athletics and military for our youth should be reassuring to anyone who is fearful of what Japan or the Yellow Race may do to us in the future. We shall always have the objectors, the reformers, and the pseudo-intelligentsia. At times they get somewhat annoying. However, we might all take the point of view taken by Champ Clark when that statesman was assailed by some peggifogging nincompoop. Rising to his feet with ease and dignity, he merely flicked an imaginary particle from his coat as he said, "Shoo-fly."



Only 28 years old and earning \$15,000 a year

W. T. CARSON left school at an early age to take a "job" in a shoe factory in Huntington, W. Va., at \$12 a week.

He worked hard and long and he had greater handicaps than you will ever have. But he refused to quit. He made up his mind that he was going to get ahead in a big way and nothing could swerve him from that resolve.

Today W. T. Carson is owner and manager of one of the largest battery service stations in West Virginia with an income of \$15,000 a year.

He gives full credit for his success to the International Correspondence Schools and says he still refers to the I. C. S. text-books. Just a few months ago the faculty of a large college in West Virginia called him in to demonstrate the principles of battery construction to a class in electricity. That shows how thoroughly he understands his work.

If the I. C. S. can smooth the way to success for men like W. T. Carson, it can help you. If it can help other men to win promotion and larger salaries, it can help you.

At least find out by marking and mailing the coupon printed below. It won't cost you a penny or obligate you in any way to ask for full particulars, but that one simple little act may be the means of changing your entire life.

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THE PATHFINDER, Dept. M-7 WASHINGTON, D. C.

A TIP WORTH Considering



CITY OF SPOKANE
OFFICE OF THE CITY CLERK
D. A. SHIRES
CITY CLERK

July 23, 1927

Advertising Department,
American Legion Monthly
331 Madison Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

I read every word in every issue of the Monthly, and consider it the best magazine I get. I know of dozens of others who feel the same as I do, and, that being true locally, there must be a tremendous lot of loyal readers who are vitally interested in the Monthly as the mouthpiece of the Legion.

I suppose the vast majority of subscribers are men, and I personally know that the women read the Monthly just as religiously as the men.

It has always been a mystery to me why more products appealing particularly to men are not advertised in a magazine read by and appealing so particularly to men.

CIGARETTES - where are Old Golds, Melachrinos, Fall Walls, etc?

CLOTHING - why don't Kuppenheimer, Hart, Schaffner & Marx and others than David Adler and Son put their messages directly before readers who are such logical prospects?

SHOES - Legionnaires all wear shoes. Florstain and Douglas do not sell all the shoes the men are. Why don't Wilson Bros., Topkis, Hetchmy, and the rest get wise?

UNDERWEAR - BVD knows where the men are. Why don't Wilson Bros., Topkis, Hetchmy, and the rest get wise?

TOOTH PASTE - most of our six or seven hundred thousand members brush their teeth occasionally. Yet in the last issue Forhan seems to be the only one putting his message over to us.

RAZORS - We're most of us old enough to sprout whiskers. Why are Auto Strop, Gem, Everready, etc? where are the makers of safety blade shavers? I bought one of those Kris-Kross shavers the Rhodes Company after seeing it advertised in the Monthly.

-2-

LUGGAGE - most of us travel occasionally. Hartmann ought to try to sell us Wardrobe and auto trunks.

EDUCATIONAL - Alexander Hamilton, LaSalle and International Correspondence Schools should use more space for they should find us alert to improve our condition thru business training.

SHIRTS - Big Yank, by all means, ought to continue as a steady advertiser in the Monthly. Where are Emery, Manhattan, E & W, Arrow, etc?

HAIR PREPARATIONS - Finaud, Packers Tar, Watkins' shampoo, all interested in these hundreds of thousands of heads of hair and in the bald comes too - ought to profit thru use of our columns.

RADIO - nearly all of us enjoy radio. Not all of us have sets by any means. Go after the big radio advertisers like Crosley, Radiola, Atwater-Kent, etc.

WATCHES - The place to sell men's watches is where men are. Hamilton, Elgin, Waltham, Ingersoll - stir them up!

SHAVING CREAM - I'm partial to Ingram's and Berbasol. But Jennen's, Palmolive, Williams, all of them, ought to go after our trade.

AUTOMOBILES - strange none of the big manufacturers consider us north while prospects, when 9 out of 10 of us either have a car or are prospects for new ones.

TIES, SOX, GARTERS, COLLARS, HATS, CAPS - dozens of things men must buy should be spreading their messages before our eyes thru the pages of the magazine we really read. I thumb thru the pages Monthly, and many other magazines, but the one I read is the Monthly, and the product I feel most kindly toward is the one put up to me as a Legionnaire.

Knowing the seeming perversity of some advertising space buyers, I realize there are difficulties in the way of convincing all logical advertisers to use the Monthly. Perhaps not enough of us take the trouble to put our thoughts and our hopes into writing and thus give you cold figures and statistics on reader interest and thus give our membership is growing more consecutive year by year, and the advertiser who plays the game with us now will find us playing the game with him throughout the many years of Legion strength and usefulness ahead.

I hope some of these advertisers I've mentioned, and others, too, will soon realize what a market for their wares they're overlooking.

Very truly yours,
E. C. RICHARDSON

Spokane Post No. 9.

THE AMERICAN LEGION MONTHLY

Advertising Department

331 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

PRODUCTS ADVERTISED IN THE AMERICAN LEGION MONTHLY ARE WORTH WHILE

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THE NEW IMPROVED INKOGRAPH

"PENCIL POINTED PEN"

The Perfect Writing Instrument

GREATEST VALUE EVER OFFERED

\$1.50

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to anybody who can prove that these testimonials were solicited by us.

Inkograph has proven so satisfactory and has elicited considerable favorable comment an enclosing money order, please send me three more. J. Trow, Traveling Claim Agent, Joplin, Mo.

The Inkograph fully justifies all claims you make. I own a Waterman but Inkograph is far preferable. Frank R. Sargent, Oakland, Calif.

You have one of the best writing instruments I ever used regardless of price. I use the lowest grade stationery and there is never a blot or scratch because of its round smooth point. It is a wonderful invention. L. H. Oley, Albano, Va.

Oh boy, I am tickled skinny to have the Inkograph, it's a darling. I can now make carbon copies in taking orders and send original in ink to factory instead of a penciled sheet. It surely flows over the paper as if it was grease instead of ink. No trouble at all and a thing I could not do before to trace straight lines very fine and clean. No smear, no muss of any kind. It's just great. E. A. Simms, Jersey City, N. J.

My Inkograph is the smoothest writing instrument with which I have ever written. That is saying a lot. I am a teacher by profession. I have a \$7.00 pen and another that cost more than the Inkograph, but Inkograph is better than either. It is the greatest improvement in writing instruments since the Babylonians recorded their thoughts on clay tablets with a triangular pointed reed. John R. Atwell, Chadwick, N. C.

My Inkograph is the first and only writing utensil I ever owned that I can use with pleasure. To be without it for any time would upset my business day. It has always worked perfectly. I have never had any difficulty with it. Arthur L. Fox, Centerville, Mich.

I am a bank teller, have used all kinds of fountain pens but can honestly say for my work I never found a pen so easy and tireless to write. You can pick it up any time in any position and write immediately and all numbers and words will be the same. Try and do it with any other pen. My buddies all agree that it is best for our work. O. R. Morley, Allentown, Pa.

Delighted! It writes bully—you have invented a pen that is perfection. It is so much more rapid than my \$9.00 fountain pen. I wish you abundant success. S. L. Carlton, Aurora, Ill.

I am very well pleased with my Inkograph. It is just what I have been looking for. I have had several ink pencils but nothing like the Inkograph; it writes like the point was greased and it makes no difference what kind of paper, it is fine for shipping tags. S. T. Jarrett, Harrisville, W. Va.

The Inkograph is all that you claim it to be. Enclosed order for two. Robert Heller, Craigsville, Pa.

The Inkograph, I am thoroughly convinced, is the best writing instrument I have ever used. It is sure, sane and clean and always ready to use. I am very well pleased with it. J. E. Rampton, Pensacola, Fla.

NEVER before has any manufacturer of a standard writing instrument which is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, offered you so great a value. Remember, the Inkograph answers the purpose of both pen and pencil combined. Its point is shaped like a fine lead pencil point and writes with ink free and easy without a miss, skip or blur. The steady uniform flow of ink actually improves your handwriting. Won't blot, scratch, leak or soil hands.

You who already possess a standard fountain pen will find the Inkograph a most valuable addition to your writing equipment, for it will do everything any fountain pen can do and many very important things which it is impossible to accomplish with any fountain pen at any price.

Combines the Best Features

of both pen and pencil, minus the weak points of both, plus improvements not found in either. The lead pencil smudges, the point breaks and its writing soon is obliterated. Most fountain pens skip, scratch, flood, clog, leak, blot, soil hands and clothing. The old stylographic ink pencil dries up, balks, blots, writes heavy, flows unevenly and is never reliable. The Inkograph feeds as fast and uniform on the 20th page as it did on the first.

Cannot Leak

Not the tiniest drop of ink will spill, although one filling is sufficient to write thousands of words. Will write on any quality of paper.

Makes 3 to 4 Carbon Copies

at one time with original in ink. Bear down as hard as you like without fear of bending, spreading, injuring or distorting its 14 Kt. solid gold point. Are you a salesman?—use an Inkograph, make out your orders in ink and retain a duplicate for your records. Do you wish to keep a copy of your private correspondence?—use an Inkograph. Do you do office work which requires clear carbon copies?—use an Inkograph. Do you make out bills or sales slips?—use an Inkograph and make a permanent original in ink with carbon copies. You can permit any one to write with your Inkograph, for no style of writing can affect the Inkograph point as it will a fountain pen.

SAME SIZE AS \$7 & \$8.75 FOUNTAIN PENS

Draws Lines to a Ruler

Without smearing, smudging or blurring the paper. Writes with any color of ink.

Requires No Blotter

The ink dries as fast as you write, because the flow is fine, even and uniform.

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Prevents clogging. No complicated mechanism to clean or get out of order. A year's guarantee certificate with full directions accompanies each Inkograph and is your absolute protection.

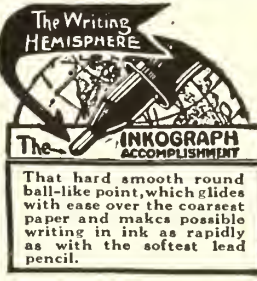
An Instrument of Refinement

In appearance, quality, workmanship and material it is the equal of writing instruments which sell for a great deal more. It's beautifully highly polished finest quality of black, hard rubber, it's 14 Kt. solid gold point and feed, safety screw cap, self-filling lever and clip make it an instrument of distinctive elegance and refinement. Each Inkograph is designed and finished to please the eye and fit the hand of all.

You Who Are Dissatisfied With Your Fountain Pen

Try the Inkograph—remember, all we ask you to do is try it, for if it does not prove thoroughly satisfactory and if it is not handier and does not write smoother and is not far superior to any fountain pen you ever owned, whether it cost \$5, \$6, \$7 or \$8, return the Inkograph to us and we'll refund your money—no questions asked.

Inkograph Co., Inc.
197-39 CENTRE ST.
NEW YORK, N. Y.



DEALERS

Stationery Stores, Drug Stores, Department Stores, etc., send for our catalog and trade prices.

SEND NO MONEY

Your name and address are sufficient. Pay postman \$1.50, plus postage on delivery. When remittance accompanies order, Inkograph will be sent postage prepaid. If within ten days the Inkograph does not prove satisfactory return it and we'll refund your money without further correspondence. It is because we are sure the Inkograph will meet your requirements to perfection that makes it possible for us to make you so attractive an offer.

This Coupon Properly Filled Out Is all that's necessary. Send it today and procure one of the New Improved Inkographs on a 10-Day Free Trial, with no strings tied to it. If you prefer smaller size with ring on cap to be carried on watch chain or ladies' soutoir, mark X here

INKOGRAPH CO., Inc., 197-39 Centre St., New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: You may send me your Inkograph. I will pay postman \$1.50, plus postage on delivery.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Received my Inkograph. Am surprised to know how well I can write with it. The Inkograph is a wonderful little writer, it's my friend now for good penmanship. I am writing this letter with it; can you tell the difference between Inkograph and pen letters? I can in my answer. C. R. Fuller, Patterson, Mo.

I received my Inkograph with which it is necessary to let me. I have purchased at least one dozen ink pencils. Yours seems to be the only one that gives perfect satisfaction. I believe you have solved the problem of the perfect writing instrument. Dr. Richard T. McLaury, Dunkirk, Ind.

The Inkograph is truly the best pen I ever had the pleasure to use barring no price or make of pen, after I take into consideration the high price I usually paid for a Parker, or a Waterman pen, I cannot see how such a low priced pen as the Inkograph can be put on the market and give such unusual service. Harwood L. Winston, Batwood, Calif.

In making out local requisitions, it is necessary to make an original and two carbon copies on very heavy paper, and the Inkograph does this twice as well as the hardest indelible pencil, and is much neater and the original is much more legible. Wm. L. Fortney, Placerville, Ia.

Your Inkograph is everything you state. It is just wonderful. So send me two more. Arthur Ollcott, Tucker, La.

Gave pen thorough tryout. Enclosed find sample of work I have to perform. Have been using pencil. Never got entire satisfaction. Hard pencil makes original too pale and soft pencil makes poor copy. I am highly pleased. S. M. Cooper, Inquiry Division, P. O., South Bend, Ind.

I found the Inkograph all you represent it to be and I was very well satisfied with it. I made a great mistake when I bought the Inkograph, as I did not take out Loss or Theft Insurance on the pen, for the pen is gone. I am writing this to ask that you send me another Inkograph by return mail, charges C.O.D. I can recommend the Inkograph very highly to anyone who needs a pen which will stand up under very hard usage. George B. Moore, Columbia, Fla.

I sure has improved my handwriting—I never took home any medals for penmanship but I can almost read my own writing since I got this pen. M. F. Johnson, Medina, Wis.

I want to thank you for the return of my Inkograph pen, which you repaired for me. I feel rather lost without this pen in my pocket. I prefer it to any pen I ever carried principally because of the ease with which one can write with it, not having to be careful whether you slide the pen to the North, East, South or West, it flows freely in all directions. Wm. B. Brown, New York, N. Y.

Received my Inkograph and same is filling a long-felt want. Kindly send two more of the same style by parcel post collect as soon as possible. Theodore Priestley, Akron, Ohio.

I bought one of your pens a year ago. You sure build the best pen on the market to my notion. Frank R. Ellsworth, Fargo, N. D.

I wouldn't take \$5.00 for the pen. I am writing this letter with it. I have a good fountain pen but don't write any more with it. I am proud of the Inkograph and that I can say this to you and mean every word of it. R. H. Wilson, Beckley, W. Va.

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